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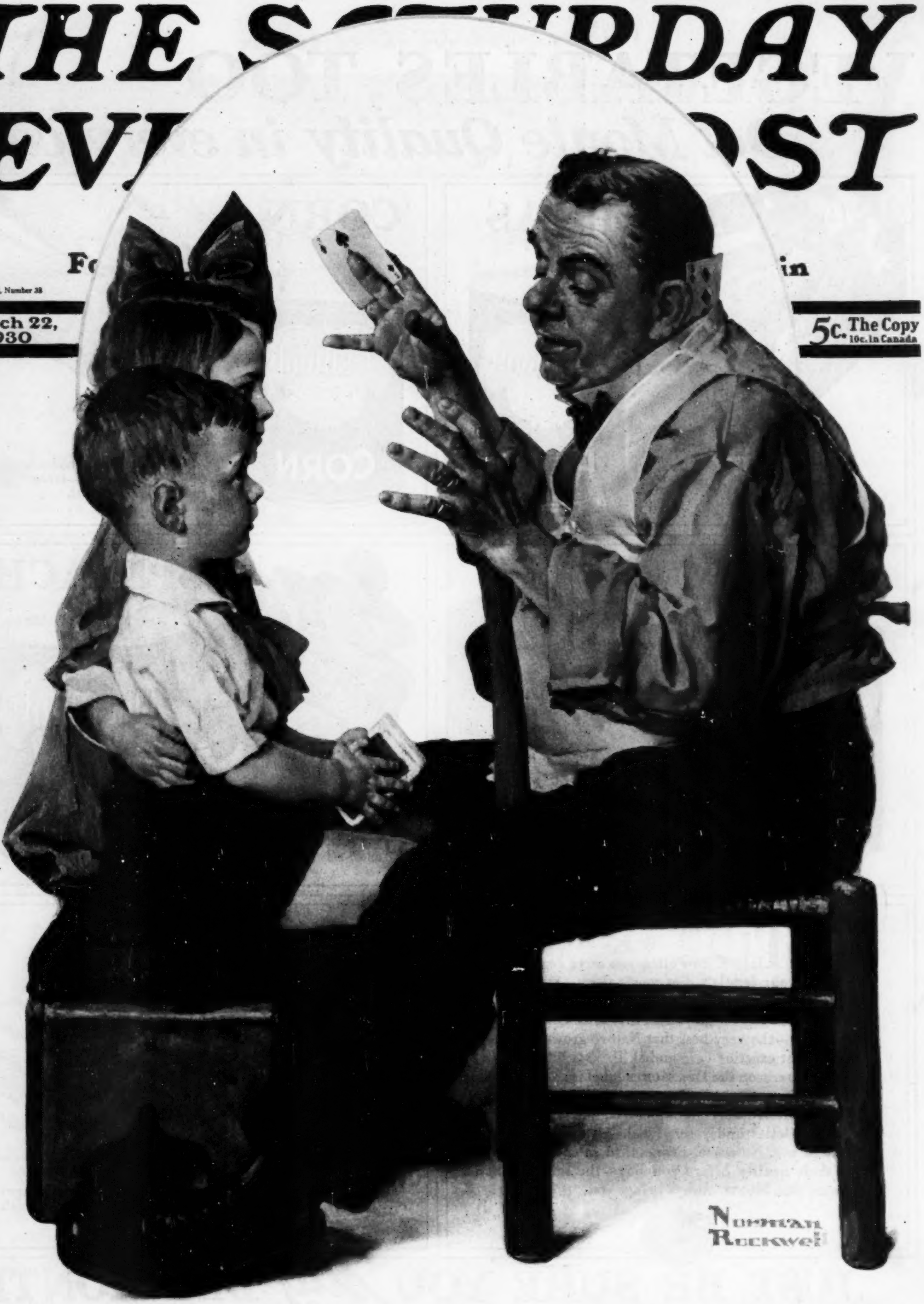

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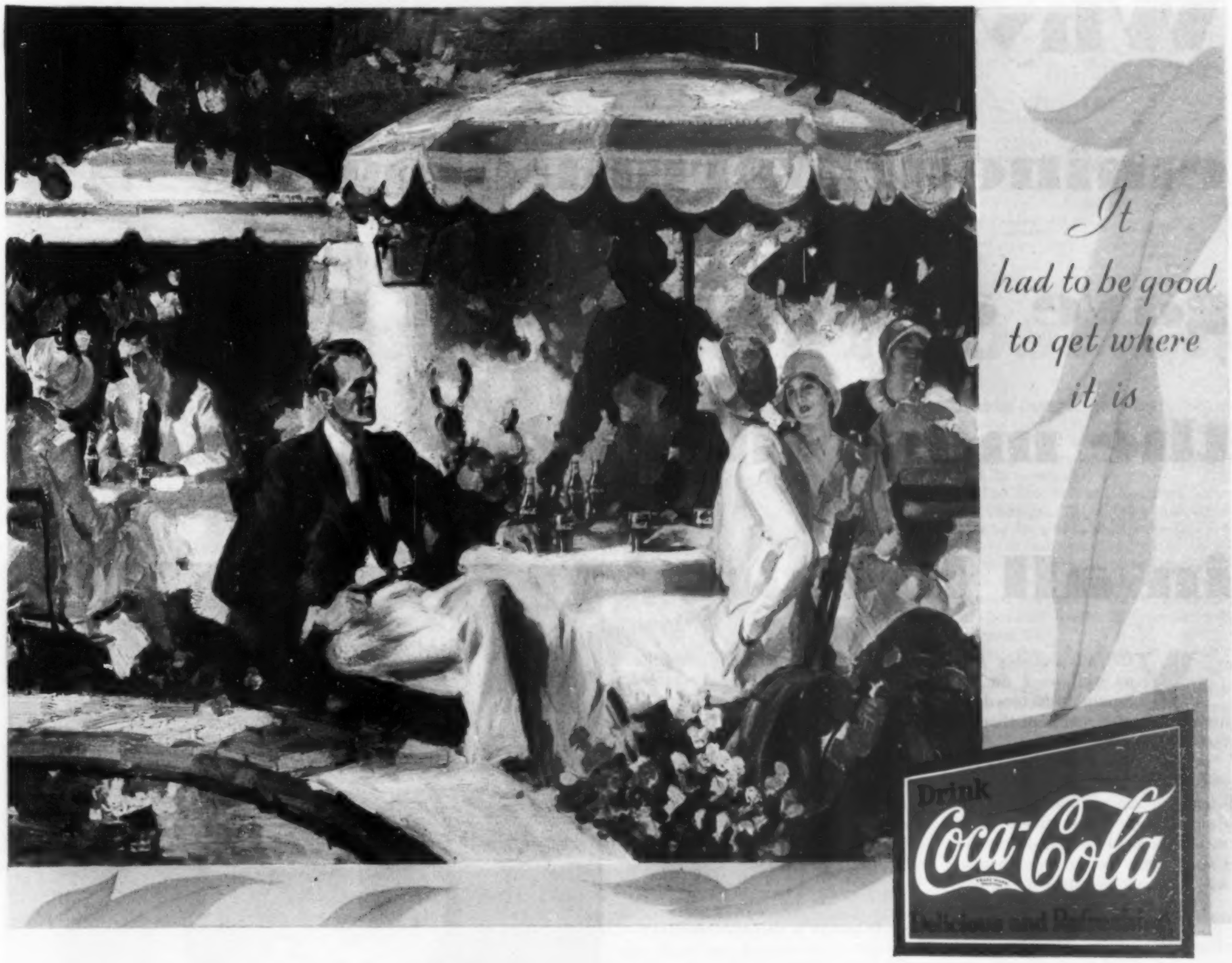

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. . . *the pause that refreshes*

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Helen Chase

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Wm Allen Pusey
M.D.

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My Friendship With Roosevelt

By OWEN WISTER

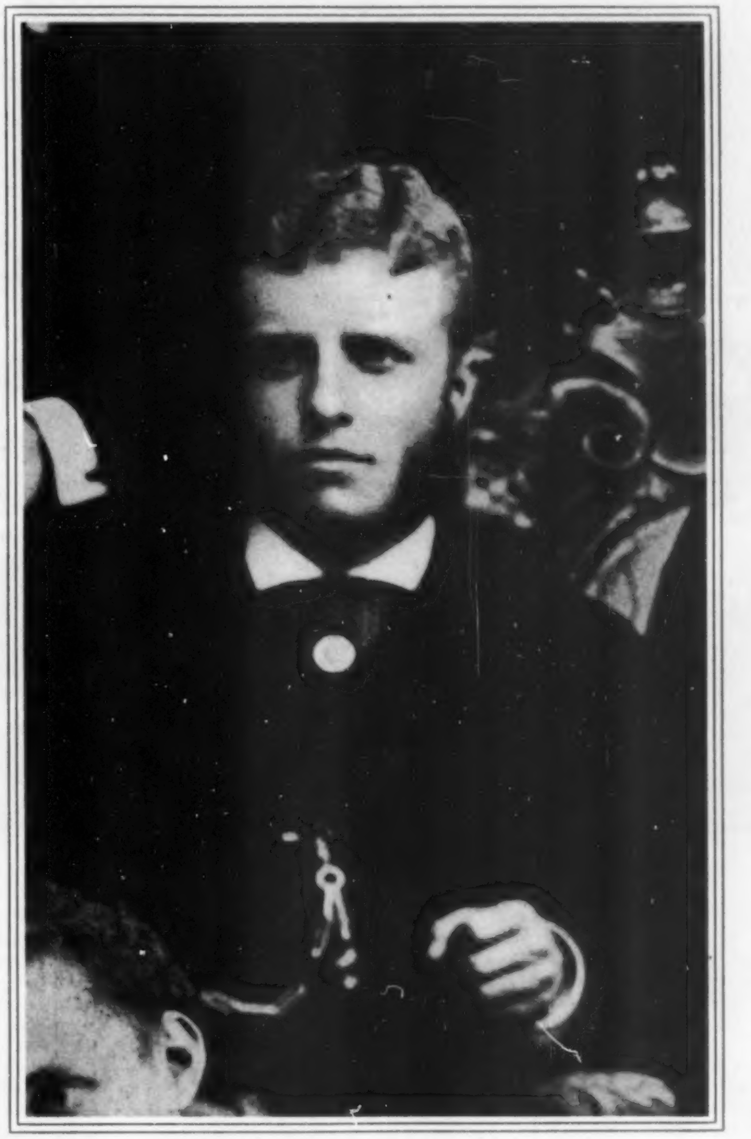
WHEN you become a freshman you become pretty nearly nobody. It is a long drop from the exalted state of the last year at your preparatory school. There, as you passed by, you heard your name on the lips of little boys saying to boys still smaller and newer:

"That is So-and-So. Strokes the first crew Halcyon"; or, "Halfback on the Old Hundred." But now, as you pass by, not a whisper is raised; your glory is departed, your turn at the bottom of the ladder is come again, as it came in your first year at school, and you wander about obscurely and anonymously.

I wandered so in Harvard during the autumn of 1878. I had never been anything so great as halfback or stroke, but I had supposed myself to be something; here I knew that I was nothing; and here, to me at the bottom of the ladder, the names of those at the top—upper class men, juniors and seniors, the great ones—began to grow familiar before ever I had seen their faces. Their fame was in the air. There was Foxy Bancroft. He was captain of the crew. He had beaten Yale. In those days Harvard used to beat Yale. And there was Stowe. And Nat Brigham—another giant. On the Glee Club too. Had a tenor voice. You ought to hear him sing In the Sunny Rhineland. And there was Bob Bacon—an oarsman, and the best-looking man in Harvard. His brother Billy was better-looking still. "Class of '77, you know." I nodded my head. I didn't know in the least. I came from Philadelphia. And then there was Teddy Roosevelt. He was '80. Same class as Bob Bacon. "There he goes now. See him? That fellow with whiskers and glasses." But I missed him.

II

SHORTLY before I was nineteen, and shortly before Theodore Roosevelt was twenty-one, I had my first sight of him. He was in vigorous action. What he did proved to be so true an illustration of the boy being father of the man that, twenty-two years later, on September 14, 1901, when I was called upon at a moment's notice by the editor of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST to dictate at once something about our recent Vice President, who had suddenly become President in Buffalo, I cast about how best to begin, and this first vision of him rose in memory. I began my account with this revealing flash of the outward and visible, as well as of the inward and spiritual, Roosevelt; a swift stroke of impulse; dramatic, instantly adequate to the occasion, flowing with human-naturalness, boylike, a perfect instance of what the world was going to love him for, not alone to the day of his death but even to this day, and what the blind little company of those incapable of understanding him were to take great pleasure in calling spectacular.



Roosevelt as a Senior, Harvard, 1880

It was in the old gymnasium that used to rise like a gas tank from the pie slice of ground between three streets on the yard side of Memorial Hall. The Harvard Athletic Association was holding its spring meeting. Roosevelt, '80, was entered for the lightweight sparring at 135 pounds. Up in the gallery to watch him was a group of his Boston friends, the Saltonstalls, Alice Lee, whom he was to marry not long after his graduation—pretty girls in nice furs, with their best young men. Through the Saturday Evening Dancing Class I had already met some of them; I had begun to find my way about Harvard and Boston, and was no longer quite the lost dog I had been six months before.

The bout between Roosevelt and W. W. Coolidge, '79, at 133¼ pounds, was won by Roosevelt, who, according to the Harvard Advocate of March twenty-eighth, "displayed more coolness and skill than his opponent." Ladies' hands applauded delicately from the gallery, and we freshmen looked on from the inconspicuous floor.

But this did not give Roosevelt the championship. Mr. C. S. Hanks, '79, entered at 133½ pounds, had won the first bout over his antagonist, and was consequently paired with Roosevelt for the final bout. The Harvard Advocate has to say of this: "A spirited contest followed, in which Mr. Hanks succeeded in getting the best of his opponent by his quickness and power of endurance." But the freshmen on the floor and those girls in the gallery witnessed more than a spirited contest; owing to an innocent mistake of Mr. Hanks, we saw that prophetic flash of the Roosevelt that was to come.

Time was called on a round, Roosevelt dropped his guard, and Hanks landed a heavy blow on his nose, which spurted blood. Loud hoots and hisses from gallery and floor were set up, whereat Roosevelt's arm was instantly flung out to command silence, while his alert and slender figure stood quiet.

"It's all right," he assured us eagerly, his arm still in the air to hold the silence; then, pointing to the timekeeper: "He didn't hear him," he explained, in the same conversational but arresting tone. With bleeding nose he walked up to Hanks and shook hands with him.

That was March 22, 1879, when he was twenty, and of slight build. Not many who were there to see are here to remember the boy as he looked that day in the old Harvard gymnasium, but will not many who came to know the man at forty or fifty, heavy in build, and much changed in aspect, recognize him completely in that spontaneous outbreak? In 1912, he is shot close to the heart on his way to make a speech; nobody can stop him, he speaks for an hour and a half, and then goes to the doctors. In 1913, he wins a libel suit for ten thousand dollars against an editor who had published the favorite falsehood about his drinking. He waives the damages. Defendant in a libel suit brought by a political enemy during the Great War, and with a jury containing Germans, he speaks out emphatically against hyphenated Americans, regardless of what this may do to the verdict. At the Convention of 1912, approached by the emissary of thirty disgusted delegates with an offer that would put the Republican nomination in the hollow of his hand, he sends the emissary back explosively. "This is a crooked convention," he exclaims, "and I won't touch it with a forty-rod pole." In 1917, upon our entering the Great War, he offers to raise a division himself and go over to fight. Cannot many who knew the man match these instances with a score of others?

"A strange figure for our time," said a distinguished Frenchman to me in 1920; "an apparition from other days; chivalrous, of the crusades, simple in spirit; yet with a note of the modern."

Apparition! As he recedes, and time lays the dust of his violent tournaments, does he not rise clear, like a legend?

Complaints that he was spectacular and sought the limelight are neither here nor there, because he was his own limelight, and could not help it; a creature charged with such a voltage as his became the central presence at once, whether he stepped on a platform or entered a room—and in a room the other presences were likely to feel crowded, and sometimes displeased.

Did he perceive this at Harvard? Certainly he knew it later. During those years when his dangerous doctrines of initiative, referendum and recall had very naturally estranged and antagonized many of his friends and followers, and before the splendor of his patriotism between 1915 and 1918 had won their hearts back to him, he said to me one day:

"When I walked into the meeting of the Harvard Overseers last Monday, I felt like a bulldog who had strayed into a symposium of perfectly clean, white Persian cats."

Some of the very finest cats never grew to like him. The cause lay deeper than politics. Indeed, they knew well enough that though he had sometimes upset the stock market, he had made stable the true value of their property, had probably warded off a social revolution. What they could not forgive was his free-and-easy departures from the code of their college-bred, Colonial order, which was chill and genteel, especially in New England. He was one of them, but he would not behave like one.

"What an inveterate actor he is!" said a Beacon Street cat to me, after an Overseers' meeting. "Did you see him pretending he couldn't remember the name of the proposed degree, and how he whirled round to you to prompt him?"

When Harvard gave him his LL.D. in June 1902, Woodbury Kane and I, deputy marshals on that Commencement, were detailed to be Roosevelt's special escort. Kane had distinguished himself as captain in the Rough Riders. While we were following the President from some function to some other, I said to Kane:

"When we were in college, you didn't use to like him much. How do you feel now?"

And Kane replied: "If he and I were crossing Brooklyn Bridge and he ordered me to jump over, I'd do it without asking why."

"What are you fellows dangling behind for?" said the President. "Come alongside." He made a peremptory motion, and as we ran forward I had time to murmur:

"Unconditional surrender?"

"Absolutely, old man."

Kane was sparing of words, more sparing of praise; his talk was chiefly trifling banter, and this sweeping phrase about the Brooklyn Bridge, so utterly uncharacteristic of him, meant a revolution in him regarding Theodore Roosevelt. No association with Roosevelt in time of peace, nothing short of war, no experience milder than sweat, blood, grime, discipline and gunpowder, could have so revoked Kane's college distaste for Roosevelt.

Kane was born ironic and fastidious, alive to all the infirmities of democracy. The serious part of his character was buried deep and seldom brought into play. He was light in touch, bored by boisterous, eager, enthusiastic people with a purpose, unwilling to read books, seldom willing to scrawl a letter. His personal charm was the greatest I have known in any man; it was so pervasive that even his silence was agreeable; it was in his voice, his looks, his manner, in the easy grace with which he wore anything from a football sweater to a white waistcoat—many men at college had clothes as good as his, but he was always better-dressed than anybody. Through sheer indifference he tolerated many people, but liked very few, and Roosevelt had not been one of these. He frequented yachts, Newport, and the Knickerbocker Club. Yet this child of sophistication, when war stripped his character to the bone, proved of the tempered steel, fought with the same natural ease that he dressed; and in his brief, gallant adventure as captain of the Rough Riders, his college prejudice gave way and he capitulated totally to the great qualities of his colonel.

Upon this Harvard Commencement, twenty years after our own, we talked it all over, late into the night and early into the morning—everything—our Beck Hall spread on Class Day; Mrs. Jack Gardner and the other smart folks of Boston, New York and Philadelphia, who had been there to drink our champagne and bid us godspeed. We talked of the Dickey theatricals, the Pudding theatricals, the club, freshman year, and that sparring match between Hanks and Roosevelt in the old gymnasium—the bloody nose, the hoots and hisses, the instant gesture and the instant righting of the wrong that was being done to his adversary.

Harvard Football Team, 1882

Seventeen years passed. The presidency, the Northern Securities, the Coal Strike Commission, the Panama Canal, the African journey, the South American journey, the libel suit, the Milwaukee shooting, the Bull Moose Party, the Great War—all gone into yesterday's eternal silence. Woodbury Kane was long dead; and one January morning came the news that never again were we to see the face of Roosevelt or hear his voice. And the next morning came a cartoon—a great cartoon. Once again, and forever, it was that Roosevelt of the Harvard gymnasium. He is in cowboy dress, on his horse, headed for the Great Divide, but he is turning back for a last look at us, smiling, waving his hat. On his horse; the figure from other days—the Apparition—bidding us farewell.

III

THE next time I saw him, I had become a sophomore. It was in October, 1879, and in my own room. Even so, I did not meet him.

The games were being conducted in my room. These made part in a tortured week preliminary to one's initiation into the Dickey. The Dickey, in 1879, was a survival of an earlier, younger Harvard, where horseplay and the Anglo-Saxon were more common than the advanced thinker and the conscientious objector. It was a secret body within a larger, more respectable society—the Institute of 1770. Some fifty out of each class were elected in batches of ten. About May, each sophomore class would choose ten freshmen to carry on, and these, when college reopened in September, carried on by electing a second ten; those twenty chose a third ten, and so on. By the end of October, the number of the elect was usually complete, and the gates of hope closed. It was a time of suspense, wondering, whispering, yearning. On election nights many a sophomore lay sleepless in his dark bed, listening. Was that roving midnight chorus, whose progress he could mark in the distance, going to approach and stop beneath his window with its jaunty serenade announcing he was "in," and so send thrills of triumph and joy through his young body; or was he destined only to hear it wander and pause beneath luckier windows and die away? To be left out of the Dickey meant that your social future at Harvard was likely to be in the back seats. What could be more alien to democratic theory? What more inevitable in human life? Injustice was done; yet, looking back over the fifty years since, it is astonishing that more injustice was not done. Some wrong ones we took in, some right ones we left out—but not many of either sort.

The week of bedevilment following the happy serenade bore its analogy to the practice of hazing elsewhere. You had a mentor. You had a book. The mentor guided and advised you to a certain extent. He was often some intimate friend who had become a member of the Dickey ahead of you. You were given by somebody, or various somebodies piling it on at their whim, a name, a string of epithets and sentences, which you must fluently recite whenever ordered to do so by any member of the Dickey. According to the imagination and taste of those who had devised this name for you, it descended from the level of sheer fantastic nonsense and frank satire about your character, to very rough stuff.

I have said that at the beginning of our bedeviled week we were given a mentor, a name and a book. It was in this book that were written down all the services we were to perform for the benefit or entertainment of those above us—for instance: Call Mr. Woodbury Kane at 7:30 every morning with Boston Daily Advertiser and bottle of soda. . . . Wake Mr. W. Y. Peters every morning at 7:35 with Ethiopian song and dance. Wear your coat backside before and use a yellow shoestring for a necktie. If anyone asks you what it is, reply, "Chest protector, you damn fool."

And so forth and so forth. Hence our quaint figures were to be seen dashing between Beck Hall and Holworthy, and all over the yard, upon our errands in the early morning, with eyes nervously averted from any acquaintance we happened to meet. But if we unknowingly met any member of the Dickey and failed to touch our hats to him, he might very well stop us, inquire the reason for our unpardonable lapse, and punish it with a black mark inscribed in our little book. Ten of these—or was it eight?—condemned us to a second week of running.

Sometimes an upper class man who had given you a black mark showed mercy. As I hurried up the stairs of Weld one morning to wake somebody, a man coming down stopped me.

"You have omitted to touch your hat. Why is this?" He was smiling pleasantly.

"I—I didn't know you, sir."

"You don't know my name?"

"No, sir, I'm afraid I don't."

"Hadn't you better take a black mark?"

"Yes, sir." And I began lugubriously to write it down.

"How many have you?"

"Six, sir. This makes seven."

He smiled more delightfully than ever. "In that case, you can take it off. My name is Richard Sprague. Be sure to know me next time." And he went his way downstairs. I began to love him that moment. A great many besides me loved Dick Sprague, '81. And just as these acts of mercy in hours of stress couldn't die from our gratitude, so acts of needless oppression lived in our resentment—live still. Running for the Dickey made one highly impressionable.

Our nights of running were consecrated to the games, when for the space of an hour or two we had to be the sport of the upper class men. They put us through whatever feats of nonsense, mental or physical, came into their fantastic heads, and it was to my room that Roosevelt came with some other seniors on the evening that the games were being held in my room.

I forget if he ordered us to perform anything in particular, or if he merely looked on for a while. But him I remember, and not who the others were who came in with him; though before very long I became acquainted with all seniors who belonged to the Dickey. That is the point—he stood out.

They all went away pretty soon from our circus, and my tribulations were over on the following Wednesday. With the rest of my group of neophytes, I passed through the final mysteries and ordeals, and at length stood unblinded, blinking, damp, embarrassed, deliriously happy, with friends gripping my hands.

Harvard Sophomores on Vacation, 1882

Bless the old, merry, brutal, ribald, natural, wholesome Dickey! Bless the handful of wild oats we sowed there together so joyously! What friendships sprang from them! How few it harmed, how many it molded for their good! What a company of leading citizens all over the land once clinked glasses in those festive rooms! It opened hearts to one another; its rough and tumble, straight out of the eighteenth century, knit sophomores, juniors, seniors, graduates into a Harvard texture closer than any modern mechanisms or Rotarian methods can compass. Its day belongs not to these wholesale times of mass production; but I wish I might stop and write a whole chapter about us—our initiation nights, the graveyard, the blindfolding, the river, the corpse, the coffin, the blanket, the branding, the inquisition of Pater Primus, the Awful Sliderias, and our theatricals. How, one December night after a rehearsal of Ivanhoe, Isaac of York and Rebecca and Rowena and everybody threw all the scenery out of the old rooms in the mill and watched it sway and plane safely fifty feet to earth and there be caught by the Templars and Saxons of the chorus and hurried through the silent Cambridge streets to our new rooms, because the class of '81 had not paid its rent for the previous year and the class of '82 had no intention of assuming this debt, and the landlord would have attached all our chattels had he caught us moving in the daytime. When next he came to visit his property, he found complete vacancy, and "Good-by from '82" burned into his wall with a gas cigar lighter.

Hasty Pudding Theatrical, 1882

Did Roosevelt attend our Ivanhoe just before Christmas, 1879, or did he think he could spend his time better upon his Naval History of the War of 1812? I should hardly have seen him from my seat. My seat was at the piano, left of stage, with my back mostly to the crowd, and I was a very nervous young sophomore that night. I hadn't been able to eat any dinner. After the utterly unexpected roar of enthusiasm that burst over the room at the end of our opening chorus of cooks and scullions getting dinner ready for Cedric the Saxon—they made us sing it again; its music was the bell chorus from the Chimes of Normandy; the words were mine:

Beef steak,
Onions, pickles,
Black cake,
Sauce that tickles
Belly ache,
Wine that trickles
Softly down your inside;
Goose fat,
Cream and ices,
All that
Very nice is,
For this
Pleasant crisis
We've supplied ——

After this was encored my anxious nerves felt better. But still I attended strictly to my business, while our wonderful group of singers and actors—Elliot Pendleton, Harry Gillig, Evert Wendell, Gus Tuckerman, Jimmy Bowen, Guy Waring, Clint Edgerly—song upon song and act after act, carried Ivanhoe to a success that broke all records and became a legend.

We were—though we didn't know it then—lively atoms in the great comic English-speaking tradition of The Beggar's Opera, and Bombastes Furioso, and The Critic, and Fielding, and Shakspere—the Ellis Island mixture, decanted from the steerage, hadn't as yet dyed Uncle Sam piebald. Next day the fame of Ivanhoe was all over Boston, and spread to New York. We gave it in both cities, together with our midwinter show, Der Freischütz, to the private performance of which, in the Dickey rooms, Roosevelt came, and was made furious by some lines of mine.

My office covered a good deal. These burlesques which we picked out from Lacey's Acting of British Drama—if that was its right name—contained, besides their dialogue in rimed couplets full of inexcusable puns, sundry songs and choruses written to melodies in vogue at the time in England but unknown in America, and out of date in both countries. For these words I had to find tunes up-to-date and popular, often recasting the words, often adding lines when those in the text were insufficient for the length of the tune I had selected, and not seldom interpolating musical numbers to give our fine singers more chance. I trained privately the soloists and the chorus, accompanied the rehearsals and the performances. For Der Freischütz we had fifty-nine rehearsals, total or partial, and sang some Gounod, Rubinstein and Wagner, besides the lighter music. To fit a tune from La belle Hélène, I was obliged to extend the words in the text:

Each lucid ray
Has gone away,
And so we'd better
part.
Just like, by Jove,
The cove who drove
His doggy
Tilbury cart.

"Tilbury cart" was my clew. Roosevelt was conspicuous as the only man at Harvard who had a dog cart. So I continued:

Awful tart
And awful smart,
With waxed
mustache and
hair in curls;
Brand-new hat,
Likewise cravat,
To call upon the
dear little girls.

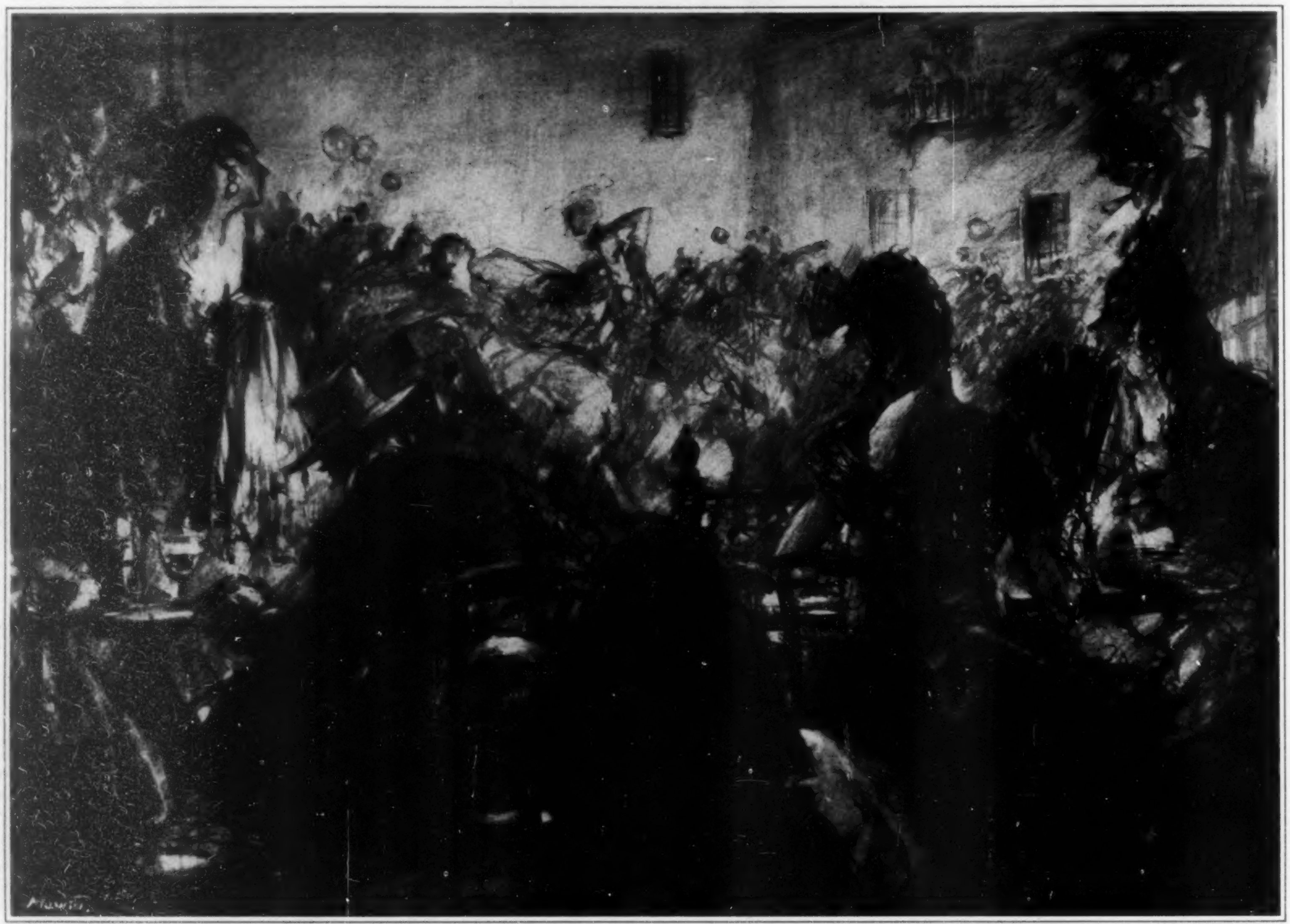
When the curtain fell on the act, the usual riot of cheers and calls arose amid the cigar smoke and the beer. After the third and final curtain, more riot and cheers. All the principals had to come before the

(Continued on Page 129)

FERIA

By ELEANOR MERCEIN

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT



People Were Pelting One Another With Confetti and Sugar Plums, Careering Up and Down the Streets Ten or Twenty Strong, Arm in Arm, Singing

THE Plaza de San Fernando is perhaps the noisiest square in Spain, which is to say in all the world; though not in the American conception of noise—no steel riveters hacking steadily at the nerve centers, no pulsing roar and retreat of elevated trains thundering by, none of that strange and ominous undercurrent which never pauses day or night, as of a myriad wild beasts caged in subterranean caverns and muttering restlessly of their lost jungle. San Fernando has also its modern touches, to be sure—its motor traffic uttering high staccato toots of cheer and warning; its little confidential tram cars, clanging and squawking as they brake their cautious way around a curve; its street organs—a steady succession of these—each with an attendant pony ballet prancing and wriggling to such universal harmonies as Yes, Sir, She's My Baby, and the inevitable Valencia.

But the great specialty of San Fernando, if one excepts a steady clip-clatter-clop of hoofs on the cobblestones as the red-wheeled *coches* trot crisply by, is the human voice—musical cadenced calls of venders crying strange wares: "*Bacarones!*" "*Aguardiente!*" "*Quién quiere agua-a-a?*"; high, unmusical bursts of song, coming from nowhere in particular and ceasing as suddenly as they begin; the harsh determined whine of licensed beggars: "*Una limosna! Una limosnita por el amor de Dios!*" And above all, conversation—constant, unceasing, unmodulated conversation, carried on at the top of very able lungs.

This until ten o'clock, when suddenly still peace descends. All the world has gone home to dinner; the deserted pleasance is left to its patron saint and to the munching, stamping cab horses, who do not dine at home. Then the arc lights, swinging among green-varnished orange trees and rustling palmettos, set exotic shadows to dance upon the white walls of hotel bedrooms, and a light breeze, faintly pungent of jasmine and horseflesh—of Seville, in fact—touches the fancy to attention, and the stage sets itself for high emprise.

Young Boothby, late of Virginia, who took his dinner at a more seasonable hour—in fact he called it supper—sat at his window, just above the hotel door, in the full spotlight of the arc lamps, extremely homesick and wondering what to do with himself next. While all the racket was going on, a fellow did not so much mind being alone in Spain; but now, in this mysterious, pregnant hush —— He lighted another cigarette, a sweetish affair vaguely reminiscent of licorice. Nobody had warned him to lay in a supply of decent smoking tobacco.

There were, no doubt, movies to be had, as anywhere. But a person does not come to Spain to see movies. "Canned romance," uttered the young man to himself, curling a lip of scorn; though at home he was rather addicted to the artless pleasures of the cinema.

He was the sort of long, loose-knit, engagingly freckled youth, all grin and shyness, who is invariably called Jimmy if his name happens to be James; not good-looking, the girls on the boat coming over had decided; better than good-looking—nice. They used the latter word in its English sense also, unawares. Jimmy was indeed "nice," in his tastes as in his appearance. Therefore, when a lone belated cab passing below, at a word from its occupant, paused suddenly in the dramatic Spanish manner, so that its horse nearly fell over backward, Jimmy stiffened and looked haughtily elsewhere than at the black-clad feminine figure within the cab, who beckoned him.

It was not, of course, his first experience of the kind; youths like young Boothby do not escape unnoted even in the streets of their native habitat; and his mother had warned him, with anxious, unwonted candor, of the ways of foreign women. But he had not expected even foreign women to be so brazen as this.

The one in the cab was not only brazen but persistent; she continued to beckon him, both persuasively and imperiously; and Jimmy, glancing from the corner of one eye, observed that her face made a rather interesting oval, framed by the black lace of what he described to his mother later as a "fascinator"—he having come from a part of the world where girls still wear fascinators with their party capes, the capes themselves often heritages naïvely embellished with white angora; and the figures these capes envelop are also heritages, perhaps the most charming in the world. She did not appear to be painted, this incognita; he had supposed ladies of her sort to be usually painted.

Then he realized that she was actually speaking to him, calling very low: "Señor! But *señor americano!* Why do you not come to me? I have great need!"

She needed him?

That put quite a different complexion on the matter. His mother had never warned him against women, foreign or otherwise, who had need of him. And in perfectly good English too! He made a quick gesture of apology and hurried down.

"What may I do ——"

"Enter, but enter quickly, señor! No more time is to be lost," she said, in a preoccupied yet confidential way. The cabby whipped up his horse smartly, and off they trotted in the direction of those narrow little twisting Moorish alleys known as the quarter of the True Cross—Vera Cruz.

She settled back with a sigh of relief. Without rudely staring, he could see only a glimpse of a lace-shrouded profile; it was a glimpse worth having, however, including lashes of a length incredible, and also the faint suggestion of a dimple.

"Who but my guardian angel," the unknown breathed presently, in her softly accented English, "could have sent, in this my hour of need, a *caballero americano?* None other would have sufficed! My uncle, do you see, is *muy aficionado* of the Americans, being a man of affairs—how do you say?—a business gentleman. I also," she added, with a sidewise glance which seemed to match the dimple, "am *aficionada* of the Americans! I find them—how do you say?—*simpáticos.*"

"Thanks, I hope so," said Jimmy politely on behalf of his nation; while wondering to what lengths national sympathy might be expected to go. "How did you guess I was an American, anyway?"

The dimple deepened. "How should I not guess? The blue glance, the little speckles of pigment across the countenance, the way in which at sight of a pretty lady—which is myself—the blue glance hastens to turn itself away! And yet, having already observed all, as English do not. . . . *Ay de Dios!* How, in your country, señor, does a woman know she pleases, if the gentlemen will not stare?"

Jimmy was silent, embarrassed and disapproving. A fast worker, he warned himself. Yet there was about the girl, despite her boldness, an air of trust, a certain confident little poise like that of a carefully guarded child who has never yet found cause to be afraid of anything.

She touched his hand contritely. "But do not blush for my teasing, señor! We like you the better, perhaps, that you do not stare. A woman wearies of being sought—always, always of being sought! Sometimes we wish to hide ourselves away. And cannot—unless in the cloister. Is it so in your country?" she inquired wistfully.

At that moment she seemed less young than he had thought her; already a woman, and not perhaps a happy one.

"There's nothing much in my country for a woman to hide away from, I reckon," he said simply; and asked again what he might do for her.

She shrugged. "*Qué se yo?* How can I tell till the moment comes? Pretend, if one asks, that we have both been the guests for tea of—whomever you may like—American ladies, perhaps, at your hotel. You will think of something, no doubt! Me, I have not time. Look, we arrive!"

The cab was slowing again before a door set in one of the high plaster walls which had baffled Jimmy in his search for the far-famed architectural beauties of Seville; an iron-studded door painted turquoise blue, with an elaborately wrought iron lantern. There was no other opening in the wall, save a little iron-balconied window just above.

Even before the cab stopped, the door moved and a cautious whisper came out: "You, Doña Ysobet? At last! *María Santísima,* be quick then! Already the señor uncle returns with reports that you, or one like you, have been seen dancing and drinking *horchatas* on the public *alameda!*"

"And why not?" replied the other airily. "Does one go to the Alameda de Hercule to knit socks? But what have you said to my uncle, *chica?*"

"I have said, how is it possible you should be in such a place when, as a matter of fact, I have spent the afternoon washing your hair for the Holy Week? Come then quickly, *niña,* and moisten a little the hair to prove that I do not lie!"

"And Don Luys?" demanded the other, less airily. "He also has arrived?"

"*Gracias a Dios,* no! The train from Madrid delays itself, perhaps, or he lingers over his coffee with the gentlemen in the Sierpes. But why—why have you taken such a chance?"

"I forgot the time," explained her mistress meekly. "When dancing, I forget always the time!"

A face peered out at the door anxiously; at sight of Jimmy the servant crossed herself. "*Por Dios!* A gentleman! It was he with you then on the *alameda?*" she gasped. "What madness! Doña Ysobet, hast thou quite lost thy wits? Come—come in quickly!" She tugged at the other with an impatience which did not surprise young Boothby, accustomed as he was to the affectionate familiarity of negro servants. It even confirmed a growing impression that his unknown belonged to the vaguely defined, yet unmistakable, class of society known to his particular world as "gentlewomen." He blushed for his earlier misapprehension.

"Perhaps I'd better be going, ma'am," he suggested; no Tidewater gentleman being ashamed to show the respect of "madam" to a gentlewoman, of any age whatsoever.

Her hand lingered in his as he helped her from the cab. "How to thank you? As it happens, I have not needed you after all, *caballero,* but indeed it might well have been! The gentlemen of our family are not—not *modernistos,* you understand. But they know what is our duty of hospitality to the Americas, particularly in this year of the great Expositions. It is good—how do you say?—for trade. So, they might have forgiven to think it was an American I had need to entertain in the American fashion—American ladies may dance in the public streets whenever they like, no? I wish," she added with a soft flutter of lashes upward, "that it had indeed been you I danced with, señor!"

He bowed over her hand, rather dizzied by the impact of that glance. "I wish so too. It might have been safer," he said gravely. No girl with eyes like that, was his thought, ought to trust these foreign fellows very far; they simply couldn't stand it; too emotional. "If I can be of any further service?" he hesitated, aloud.

She dimpled again, apologetically. "If you would pay the cabman? I have no money; never have I any money of my own, being but a woman! However, Americans are always rich—no?"

He assured her that he was at least good for a cab fare.

"And in return I must give you—what? This, perhaps," she murmured, unfastening from beneath her mantilla a pink camellia blossom, which she pressed into his hand with a graceful and charming gesture, whispering something too low for the servant's ear. He thought the phrase was: "*Hasta la vista,*" which is the musical Spanish way of saying: "Till we meet again."

Certainly a fast worker! he repeated to himself, as the cab trotted him back to the silence of the deserted plaza. He grinned indulgently. She did not mean anything, of course; these Spanish flappers were probably sad flirts. Personally, he had no prejudice against flirts, having been raised in the Virginia tradition; he rather liked a girl, in fact, to do her bit.

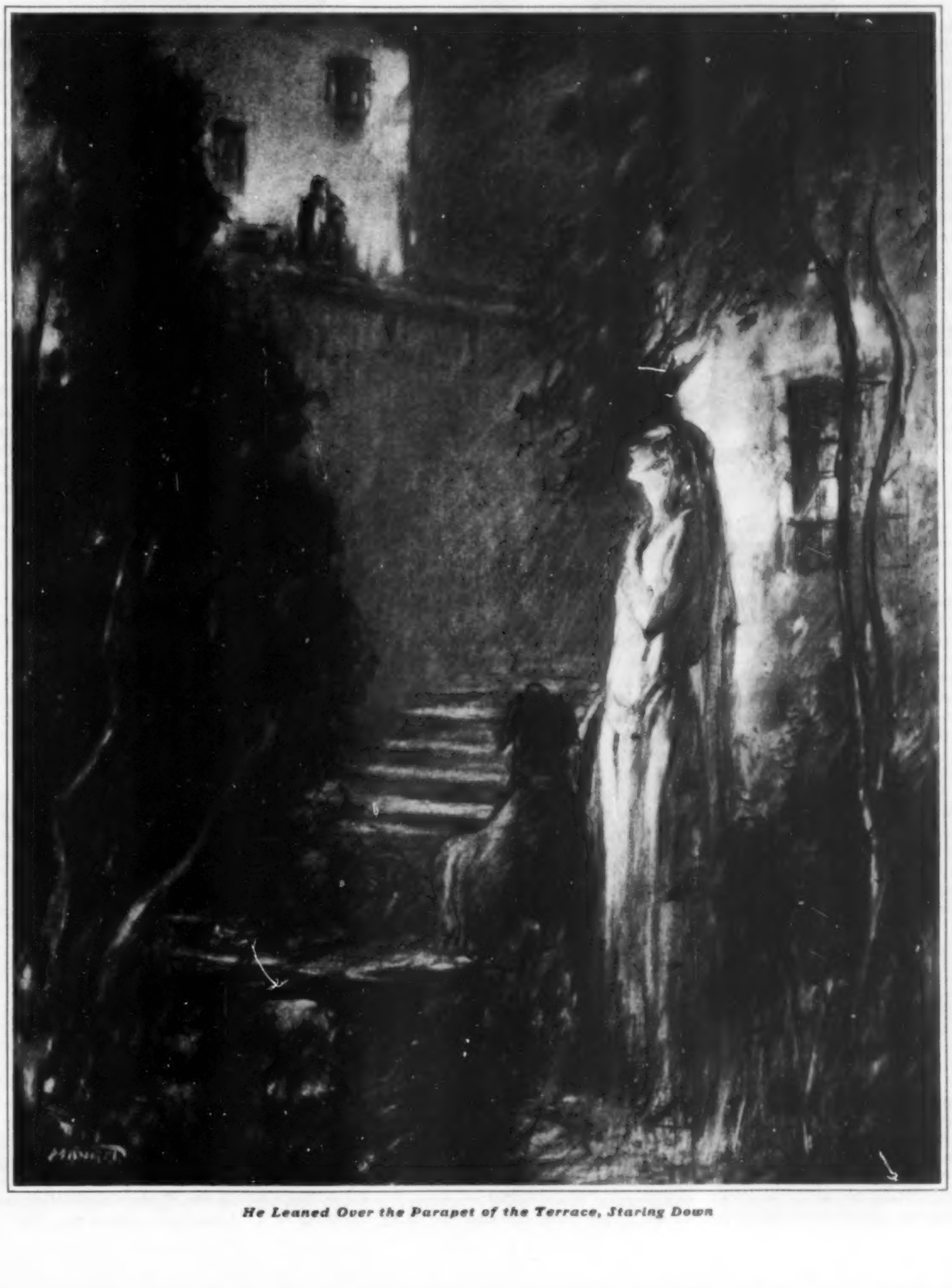
The cabby seemed discontented with his payment and his generous tip. After pocketing both, he held out an insinuating hand again. "And for the *silencio*—the silence, señor?" he murmured, leering.

"You go to the devil!" protested Jimmy. "What have I got for you to be so silent about?"

A shadow detached itself from the shadows of the hotel doorway. "*Vète!*" said a voice briefly, and the cabman went. The shadow approached, hat in hand, and a suave voice continued: "I am not mistaken in believing the señor a *caballero honrado*—a man of honor? The lady reached her domicile, no doubt, without mishap? My thanks!"

Jimmy was startled. The figure introduced an odd new note into

(Continued on Page 50)

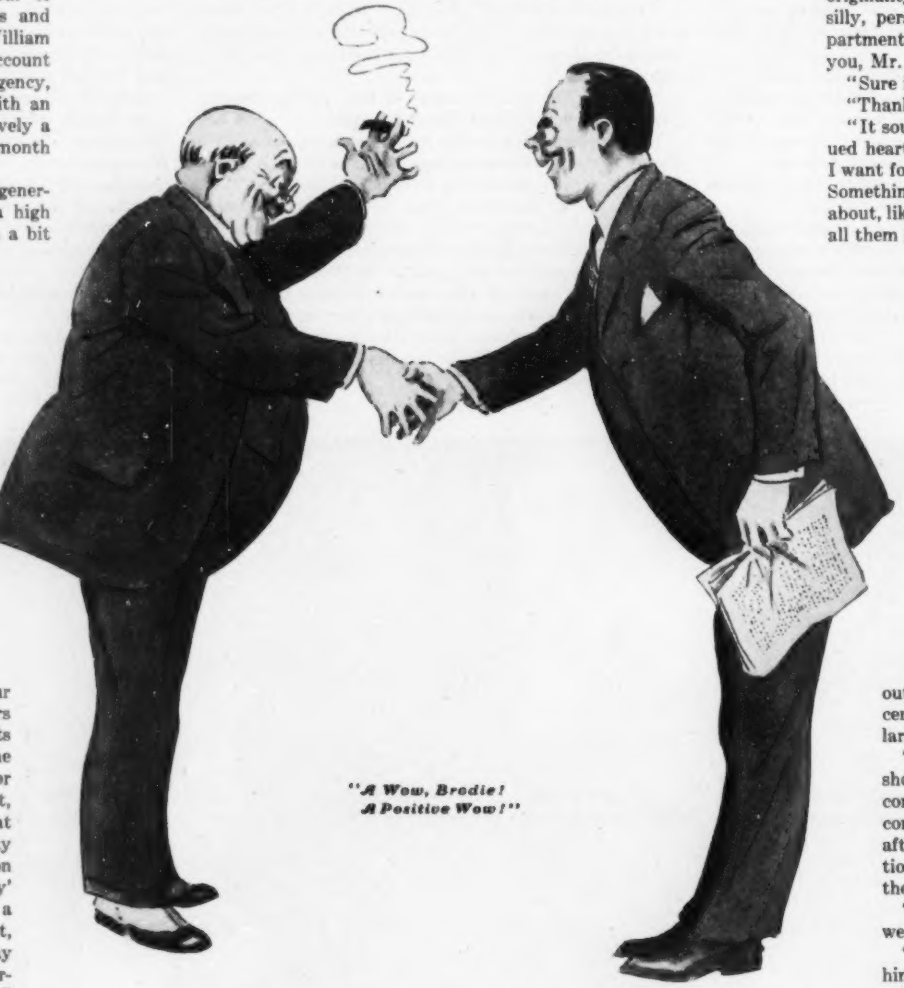


He Leaned Over the Parapet of the Terrace, Staring Down

NOT ON TONIGHT'S PROGRAM

By Everett Rhodes Castle

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING



"A Wow, Brodie! A Positive Wow!"

"I HAVE sent for you," said Mr. S. Bullfinch, president and presiding inspiration of Wet Smacks, Incorporated, manufacturers of that delightful five-cent bar of smooth milk chocolate, zippy raisins and tingling vitamin-yielding yeast, to William Alexander Brodie, vice president and account executive of The Atlas Advertising Agency, "because I woke up this morning with an idee that is a corker, Brodie. Positively a corker. Can you guess what it is a month from tomorrow?"

Seeing that his client was in what is generally termed in literary quarters as a high good humor, Mr. Brodie ventured on a bit of gentle waggery. "March the ninth," he suggested.

"March the nothing," Mr. Bullfinch shot back at him promptly. "It was on that day five years ago that I made the first Wet Smack bar myself, personally, in the kitchen of my flat over a little two-by-four drug store over on the East Side."

"The fifth anniversary," murmured Mr. Brodie.

His client selected a large and glossy perfecto after the manner of a surgeon picking out a scalpel, lit it with the aid of a large gold desk lighter, blew a blanket of gray smoke toward the ceiling and followed its lazy twistings with a ruminative smile.

"Seven dollars an' ten cents was our net quick assets, Brodie. Five dollars that I had an' two dollars an' ten cents that Birdie—my wife—had left from the ten dollars her brother had given her for a Christmas present. Think of that, Brodie! Five years ago net quicks that a ten-dollar bill would cover, an' today a company with over a half a million dollars in cash alone, to say nothing, y' understand, of the three-quarters of a million we have lent on the call market, through the bank, to the suckers that pay big interest rates to gamble with margins. Five years. Think of that, Brodie!"

Being a salesman as well as an advertising executive, Mr. Brodie thought of it with real admiration. His eyes said so. So did his tone when he said: "It's a wonderful record, Mr. Bullfinch."

"We used to go to the moving pictures," Mr. Bullfinch went on, "an' when a news picture would show some beautiful scene somewhere, Birdie—my wife—would squeeze my hand an' say: 'Some day we will go traveling an' see things like that.' And what happened? Every year now Mrs. Bullfinch goes to Florida instead of wrapping candy in oil paper that ain't paid for yet. She's a horseback rider. She is the president of a club that makes people like better music, y' understand. All in five years."

"A rare type," agreed the vice president of The Atlas Advertising Agency.

"A rare type?" Mr. Bullfinch removed the glowing perfecto from his moonlike jaw and leaned forward over his gleaming desk. "A rare type," he repeated proudly. "She is a one-in-a-million rare type. Who was it that thought about advertising an' getting rid of that old name we had—you know—Choo-Choo? It was Mrs. Bullfinch. Who is it that still—even with all that she has to do, making people like better music an' things like that—finds time to come down to the office every once in a while and see how things are going? Mrs. Bullfinch. That's why, Brodie, I say that my idee is such a corker, y' understand."

"Your idea ——" Mr. Brodie's voice trailed off suggestively.

"Is simply this, Brodie: What is the style, now that people have anniversaries? What did they have last year when Edison's electric lamp was fifty years old? They had a great party on the radio. Is the idee a corker or is it not a corker, Brodie?"

"A corker!" There was no mistaking the enthusiasm the idea held for Mr. Brodie. "I've been thinking right along that we needed a Wet Smack Hour to give us complete coverage. I've been meaning to speak to you about it. Something smart and clever to make people more Wet-Smack-conscious hour by hour."

"Maybe, Brodie." Mr. Bullfinch nodded cautiously. "But this hour-by-hour stuff is expensive business."

"We could have a wow of a program for four hundred thousand a year."

Mr. Bullfinch grunted. "For four hundred thousand we could have a wow of anything," he observed coldly.

"But think, Mr. Bullfinch! Just shut your eyes and listen to this, Mr. Bullfinch." Here Mr. Brodie leaned forward into an imaginary microphone. "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience. Once again the Wet Smack Hour is with us, ready to interpret the teeming vitality of its rich milk chocolate, the fruity fragrance of iron-bearing raisins, the pulsing vitamins of creamy yeast into the tunes that brighten your eyes and send your feet to dancing. Forget your troubles! Leave your dandruff on your coat collar. Give your mother-in-law a great big hug. On with the dance! After we have heard the Wet Smack orchestra, the Wet Smack dietitian will tell us of the important part iron, chocolate and vitamins play in keeping our blood stream running like a straight eight. How's that?"

"Brodie," his client admitted admiringly, "you got a tongue that is hung in the middle."

"It's because I've been thinking about radio for so long. Did you notice the number of times I was able to introduce the name of our product without making it seem unduly intrusive?" Mr. Bullfinch nodded and opened his mouth, but not fast enough. Mr. Brodie, flushed and eager, was off again: "If we have a Wet Smack Hour, I want to handle it personally. We have a radio department, but the public is tired of ordinary commercial programs. Our department head is always kicking because our radio clients don't know what they want. I think that is silly. When they kick on a program, or a series of programs, it is simply because we are giving them the same old thing. Nothing that sparkles! Nothing that lifts their program out of the rut of ordinary commercial humdrum. They are crying for cleverness and originality, and not merely airing a lot of silly, personal prejudices, as the radio department claims. Does that sound logical to you, Mr. Bullfinch?"

"Sure it does."

"Thank you," said Mr. Brodie simply.

"It sounds to me," Mr. Bullfinch continued heartily, "as if you get the idea of what I want for this anniversary. Something big. Something that everybody will be talking about, like that time somebody or other had all them movie stars talkin' from Hollywood on their program. You remember, Brodie? Maybe I could talk for a coupla seconds or something like that. Just say a few words or something."

"A good idea," assented Mr. Brodie politely.

"How—much would it cost?"

Mr. Brodie toyed with the problem. "I think," he said finally, "we could get a bang-up program — outstanding talent and all that—over a coast-to-coast network for around ten thousand dollars—maybe a little more."

Mr. Bullfinch did not toy with his retort: "We should have a bang-up program with outstanding coast-to-coasts for not a cent more than seven thousand dollars."

"With a few less stations and a shorter period of time, it might be accomplished," his advertising counsel conceded, and added: "Of course, after all, it isn't the money or the station that makes a program—it's—it's the program itself."

"Of course it is, Brodie. When will we have the dope, hey?"

"In a week," Mr. Brodie assured him solemnly, "I will submit a program for the fifth anniversary of Wet Smacks, Incorporated, which will, I am sure, meet with your approval. I will arrange it myself.'

The client held out a friendly hand.

"Okay," he said cordially.

Back in the offices of The Atlas Advertising Agency, William Alexander Brodie contacted Mr. Ben Green, head of the radio department. Briefly he explained the situation Mr. Green groaned.

"One of them things, eh? I ——"

"Now, see here, Ben," his senior admonished him sternly. "All I want is information and advice ——"

"The best advice I could give," said Mr. Green with feeling, "is to cut your throat with a nice dull razor and give yourself a break."

"I shall furnish the ideas and the continuity and ——"

"And get them O. K.'d," put in Mr. Green, with a leer

"And get them O. K.'d," assented Mr. Brodie firmly. "The trouble with you radio specialists is that you lack imagination. You stick to the same old thing. It is just as I have said, time after time, in our creative conferences—90 per cent of the trouble lies, not with the client but with the agency. I intend to prove it."

Mr. Green removed a limp cigarette from his thin lips. "Men like me," he observed with a grin, "need men like you."

On time almost to the minute, William Alexander Brodie presented six feet of calm assurance in the doorway of the private office of the president of Wet Smacks, Incorporated, a week later.

"Ah, there, Brodie," his client greeted him with a broad welcoming smile. "You have everything worked out? Good. I knew you would. I said to Birdie—Mrs. Bullfinch—I said, 'Brodie has taken this anniversary thing right into his own hands. None of this cut-an'-dried stuff for him. Something different than what you get every day,' I positively assured her. Big!" Mr. Bullfinch spread out his thick hands dramatically. "Different! . . . Sit down, Brodie, an' rest your feet an' ears. Ha-ha. Take off your coat."

William Alexander Brodie spread a number of closely typed sheets on the desk before him and smiled acknowledgment of his client's bubbling welcome.

"I hope you will like the thought which I have developed."

"I know I will, Brodie"—beamingly.

"It embodies all the points which we have discussed. A, it considers the anniversary from a very striking angle. B, it is different from the ordinary program. C, it gets over the Wet Smack message in a way that cannot help but register."

"Fine." Mr. Bullfinch selected a cigar, lit it, leaned back, and commanded further details.

Mr. Brodie presented them, crisply:

"The Wet Smack Fifth Anniversary Party"—he read—"is calculated to place vividly before the listening public the romance of a business which has grown from a ten-dollar bill to an outstanding position in a giant industry." Mr. Bullfinch nodded approvingly. "As set up, it is designed to appeal to all tastes and to provide in the short space of one-half hour an entertainment that has color, personality, dramatic feeling and definite merchandising value."

"Great stuff, Brodie."

"Our program," Mr. Brodie went on with a smile, "will be built around a short review of the romance of candy. For this purpose the half hour at our disposal has been divided into six periods, or episodes, of approximately four minutes each: Cleopatra upon the throne of ancient Egypt, nibbling at her candied dates. Queen Elizabeth of England, toying with her comfit box as Shakspere reads a play. Columbus longing for a sweet of far-away Spain as he is about to discover America. Stonewall Jackson sucking upon a lemon drop at the Battle of Fredericksburg. General Pershing recognizing the value of chocolate in the soldier's diet during the World War. Mr. S. Bullfinch describes the growth of the candy industry and the steadily increasing popularity of the chocolate bar, not only as a sweet but as a pleasant method of introducing vital elements into the daily diet. He also calls attention to the 1925 figures of the Census Bureau of the Department of Commerce, showing that 1931 firms doing upward of $5000 in business annually were engaged in the manufacture of candy, the total value of whose products amounted to $379,081,441, and that, in addition, some sixty firms were engaged primarily in the manufacture of chocolate products to the total value of $106,642,474."

As the last dollar of chocolate product rolled smoothly off Mr. Brodie's tongue, Mr. Bullfinch arose from his chair and held out his hand.

"A masterpiece," he declared enthusiastically. "A positive knock-out, Brodie."

"Do you see the opportunity," William Alexander Brodie questioned earnestly, as his client sank back in his chair after pumping his hand, "we have to please all tastes in such a program? The stirring music—the fanfare of trumpets—that can accompany Cleopatra on her royal barge? The reading of Hamlet, perhaps, for the lovers of the drama? The appeal to the child and growing youth in the discovery of America by Columbus? The chance for several hot music numbers in the Stonewall Jackson episode—say, Dixie and another good one? With Pershing we can have Over There and There's a Long, Long, Trail a-Winding, and finish up after your speech with The Star-Spangled Banner."

"A wow, Brodie! A positive wow! Only"—Mr. Bullfinch's brow contracted slightly—"I was wondering if four minutes was enough, y' understand, for me to get over my story? Maybe—it's only a little detail anyway—we should take maybe a minute away from Cleopatra or Columbus and give it to me. After all, Brodie, Wet Smacks is payin' the bill, and not Columbus. Am I right or wrong?"

"We'll make Cleopatra and Columbus three and a half minutes and give you five," suggested Mr. Brodie hurriedly.

"Okay. And now let's have McDonald come in an' hear your idee. After all, he is a smart fella, and the sales manager. Maybe he will have some idees that will make the whole thing better yet. Shall I call him now?"

"By all means."

"Mac," said Mr. Bullfinch when his sales manager had shaken hands with Mr. Brodie, "here is the program that Brodie has worked out for the radio party that I was talkin' to you about. Remember? It's a corker, Mac. Read it to him, Brodie. It takes six of us like Cleopatra an' Columbus an' Queen—Queen—the Queen of England an' General Jackson an' General Pershing an' myself, an' gives the romance of candy from almost the beginning. Read it to him, Brodie."

Mr. Brodie read it slowly.

"Is it good or is it bad, Mac?"

"Good! Very good, Mr. Bullfinch."

The president of Wet Smacks, Incorporated, selected a fresh smoke and passed the box around. "Didn't I tell you, Brodie," he boomed through the smoke, "that Mac would like it?"

"There are only one or two little things"—the sales manager hesitated momentarily and looked from his superior to the puffing author—"I—I don't know whether or not you would be interested in them ——"

"Sure we would," his superior assured him. "I was telling Brodie, before you came in, that you might have an idee that might even improve what we got. Wasn't I, Brodie?"

"Any thought that Mr. McDonald has would undoubtedly be helpful," Mr. Brodie admitted.

Mr. McDonald regarded his carefully kept nails for a moment before replying. He was a tall, thin man, and even the expert tailoring of his gray tweed coat could not hide the roundness which age was modeling into his shoulders.

"My reaction," he said finally, "to the part Mr. Bullfinch plays in the program was that the time allowed was too short to do justice to the importance of the development of the product."

"Just what I said, Mac. Didn't I, Brodie?" Mr. Bullfinch slapped his knee vigorously. "I said a little time taken away from Cleopatra an' Columbus wouldn't be missed, y' understand, whereas ——"

"We have changed that, Mr. McDonald, so that the Cleopatra and Columbus episodes are now only three and a half minutes while Mr. Bullfinch's time is increased to five minutes."

"But ——"

"Maybe," suggested Mr. Bullfinch thoughtfully, "it might be better if we cut down Stonewall Jackson an' the Queen of England a half a minute."

"Much better," assented his sales manager. "Not that the program, as Mr. Brodie has it set up, is not a wonder ——"

"A positive corker," agreed Mr. Bullfinch.

Mr. Brodie made a hurried note on the typed sheet before him.

"That gives Mr. Bullfinch six minutes, General Pershing four minutes, and the rest three and one-half minutes each," he declared.

"That's right, Brodie. Now ——"

"The other point that suggested itself to me," Mr. McDonald cut in, "was about the music. Our product is a modern product. The keynote of our advertising is modern—and yet we have left out the snappy, peppy, jazzy tunes that fit our product so well. Get the idea?"

Mr. Bullfinch, lounging back in his deep leather chair, started suddenly forward. "Right!" he shouted. "Positively right, Mac! Didn't I tell you, Brodie, that Mac would have some idees that would add even to a corker of a program?"

"But ——"

"Put in five or six good hot numbers," urged the sales manager. "Snap it up! Then you'll have a program that will have the world by the tail."

"Right, Mac. Positively right."

"But," persisted William Alexander Brodie, a touch of wounded mother love apparent on his broad face, "five or six musical numbers will take time that we haven't got. Besides the episodes, we need time for explaining the purpose of the program, announcements from time to time, station announcements and a final summary. Now ——"

Mr. Bullfinch regarded the ash of his cigar thoughtfully. "After all," he said presently, "you could have a lot of Cleopatra an' Columbus in two minutes, couldn't you, Brodie? An' take the Queen—the Queen of England an'

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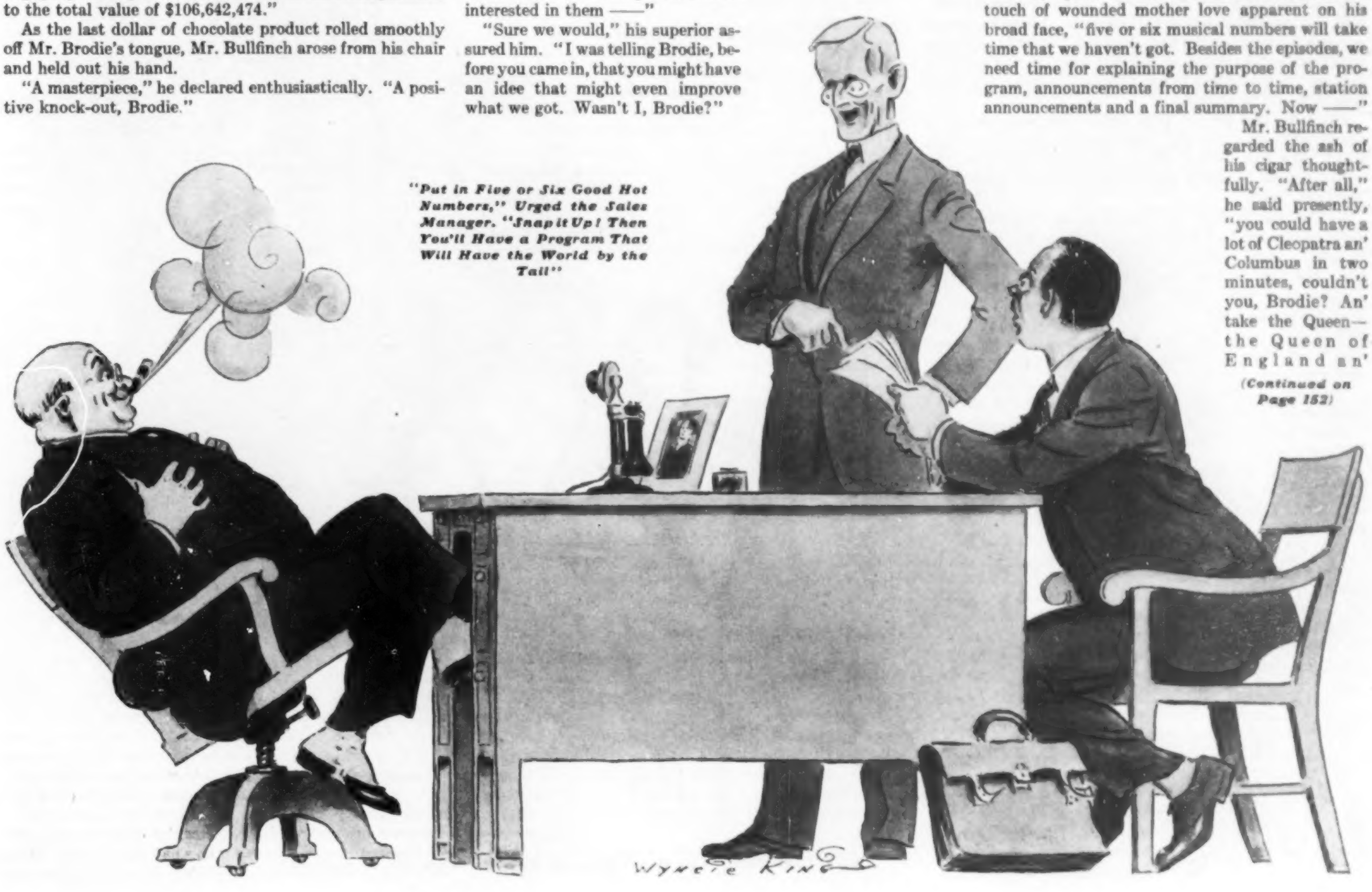
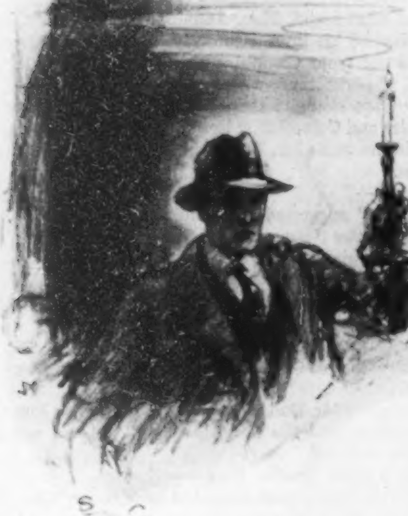


"Put in Five or Six Good Hot Numbers," Urged the Sales Manager. "Snap it Up! Then You'll Have a Program That Will Have the World by the Tail"

THE RIDE IN THE COUNTRY

By Lucian Cary

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS



"There's No Telephone in There"

ELSIE TRAVERS saw the man for the first time at a dance of the Greenfield Hunt, the night that the Judson Willcox story came out in the New York evening papers.

She was dancing when she noticed the little group around Mary Hemingway and the strange man. He was, of course, the nephew Mary had been boasting about, the doctor who was coming up from New York to be Doctor Winchester's assistant. Elsie saw that he was a tall, blond young man with a nice, homely face.

When Mary introduced him, half an hour later, Elsie saw that he had a nice, slow smile. When she danced with him, she knew what was going to happen. It had happened so many times since she had come out. Now that she was twenty-three she could always tell when it was going to happen. It would end in one tremendous row. But until then it would be exciting.

His name was Orton—Dick Orton. He made no effort to talk while they danced. Elsie liked his ability to remain silent. She said nothing either. She knew that when the music stopped he would hunt an empty corner where they could talk easily.

He did exactly that. He hunted an empty corner. But when he found it he did not say anything at all. He looked at her—a cool, appraising look. Elsie saw that he had blue eyes, deep-set and wide apart. They were disturbing eyes. Hitherto it had always been the man who found her eyes disturbing. But this was even better.

"It's an unusually good party," Elsie said. "Thanks to the Judson Willcox story."

"What has the Judson Willcox story to do with it?" Doctor Orton asked.

"Why," Elsie said, "there's nothing like a scandal to make a party go, is there?"

Doctor Orton smiled his nice slow smile and asked her what the scandal was.

"You know who Judson Willcox is?"

"Yes," he said, "of course."

"He has an only son, Judson Willcox, Jr. Last summer young Jud went out in his six-meter sloop with a Follies girl—a Mabel Davis. Perhaps she wasn't a Follies girl actually. But that's the story. They were out in the middle of the Sound when the wind dropped. Jud had an outboard motor in the locker—the kind you clamp on the stern of a sailboat when you're becalmed. Jud got the motor out and clamped it on the stern and started it. But before they'd gone far the motor came adrift and sank. So they were out all night. When the breeze came up in the morning, Jud sailed the boat into Stamford and he and Mabel Davis took the train for New York and were married."

Elsie saw that Phyllis Smith and Florence Chandler and three young men were coming across the floor to join her. She finished the story rapidly.

"Now Judson Willcox, Sr., is suing to have the marriage annulled or declared illegal or something. He says it was all a put-up job—that Mabel Davis dropped the motor overboard so they couldn't get home, and persuaded his son that her reputation was ruined unless he married her."

"As if," Phyllis Smith said, "she had any reputation to lose."

They all laughed, except Doctor Orton. Elsie Travers turned to him. "It's all very funny to us, who know the Willcoxes," she said. "The old man is such a thumping person. He has put it all over everybody all his life. So, when a girl puts it over him, we all chortle. And young Jud is so young."

"Young Jud," somebody said, "is the kind of college boy who would get taken for a ride by a little gold digger."

Elsie felt that Phyllis and Florence were much too self-satisfied. "How do you know she was a little gold digger?"

"Oh, Elsie!" Florence Chandler said. "She's the cheapest sort of girl."

"Perhaps. Only, suppose she isn't."

"If she weren't cheap," Florence retorted, "she wouldn't have used any such system to grab off a lot of money."

"Perhaps it wasn't the money—perhaps she was in love with young Jud."

"What if she was?" Florence asked. "What's that got to do with it?"

"Everything," Elsie said. "If she was crazy about him, I sympathize with what she did. I like her using anything and everything she had to get what she wanted." She turned to Doctor Orton. "Don't you see what I mean? Don't you like people who know what they want and do something about it?"

"Yes," Doctor Orton said, "of course I do."

"The thing I can't understand," Phyllis Smith said, "is how she got away with it. Fifty years ago a girl might have been criticized if she'd been becalmed overnight. But nowadays ——"

"I can't see how even young Jud could have thought he had to marry the girl," Florence Chandler said.

"Unless," Doctor Orton said—"unless he wanted to marry her."

"I never thought of that," Florence Chandler said.

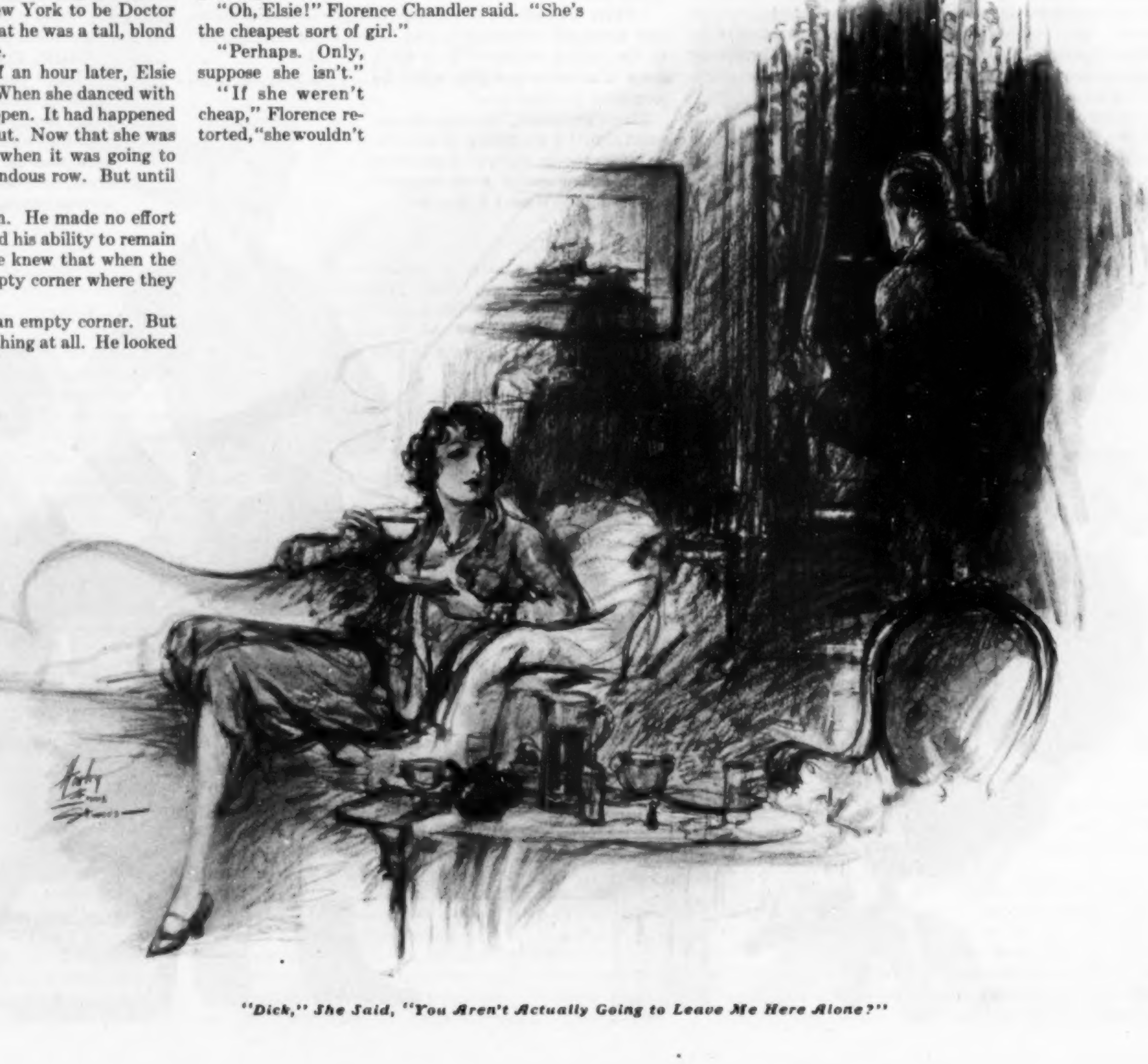
Elsie was aware, during the rest of the evening, that Doctor Orton was watching her. She caught him staring at her twice. The second time he came over and asked her for a dance.

"I liked your standing up for that girl," he said, when the dance was over.

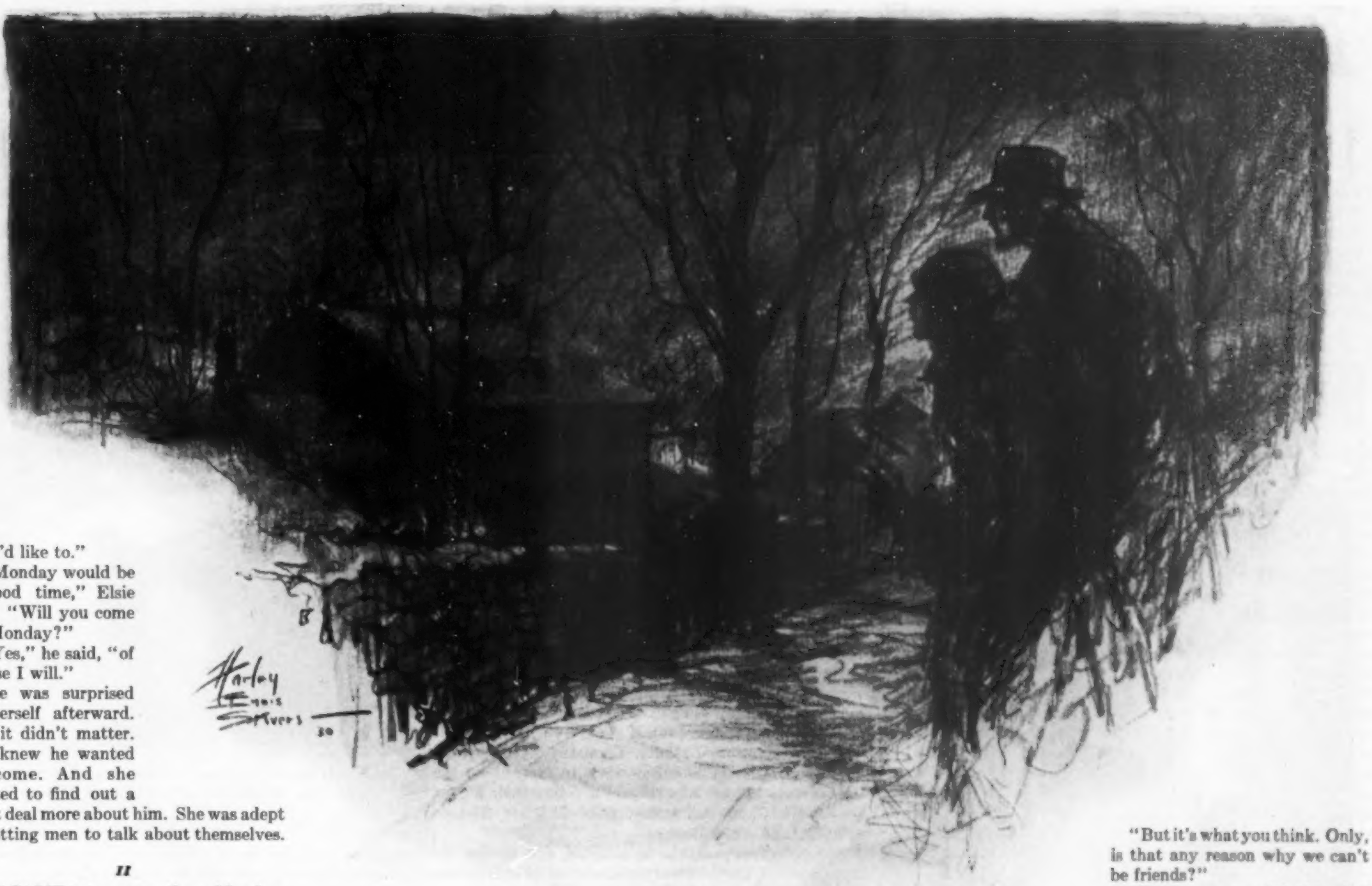
"What I meant when I said a scandal makes a party go," Elsie explained, "is that a scandal makes everybody feel so awfully, awfully superior."

He laughed.

"I wish you'd come to tea sometime," Elsie said.



"Dick," She Said, "You Aren't Actually Going to Leave Me Here Alone?"



"The House is Dark," He Said. "There's Nobody at Home"

"I'd like to."

"Monday would be a good time," Elsie said. "Will you come on Monday?"

"Yes," he said, "of course I will."

She was surprised at herself afterward. But it didn't matter. She knew he wanted to come. And she wanted to find out a great deal more about him. She was adept at getting men to talk about themselves.

II

HE CAME to tea promptly on Monday. But something had happened since the dance. He wouldn't talk. Every time she asked him a question, he answered it briefly and finally. One thing did not lead to another. He was quietly determined not to like her.

"Are you always so solemn?" she asked suddenly.

"No," he said. Their eyes met. She laughed. He laughed with her, in spite of himself. He began to ask her questions. He asked her what she did.

"I play golf," Elsie said. "Not tournament golf, but good golf. I ride a lot. For the rest, I follow the usual round. I mean, we spend two or three months out of every year in New York and then we usually go to Europe—Biarritz, Paris, sometimes St. Moritz, London."

"Do you like it?" he asked.

"I did at first," Elsie replied. "Now I'm frightfully bored."

"Why don't you do something about it?"

"What would you suggest? I'm not enough interested in sport to do any more than I do. I tried keeping a shop with another girl last winter in New York—antiques, bibelots, and things. All our friends came. But even then it didn't pay. I think it's silly to keep a shop unless you make it pay. It isn't real if you don't."

"Of course not," Doctor Orton said. "But there are other things."

"It isn't as if I had a special talent for anything," Elsie said. "I can't draw or write or sing or dance or act."

Doctor Orton rose to go. "You're much too intelligent and too healthy to go on being bored. You've got to do something about it."

Elsie looked up at him as if he were ever so much older and wiser than she was.

"I'm going to do something about it," she promised.

But Doctor Orton did not linger.

When he had gone, Elsie reflected that she hadn't found out anything about him—much less than he had found out about her. She had tried to draw him out about his profession. He'd said quite simply that he was a physician because his grandfather had been a physician. His father was a physician in Indianapolis. No, he had no medical specialty. He was going to be a family physician. Yes, it was true he was helping out with a piece of research at the Fairport Hospital. But that was incidental.

Elsie asked herself why she liked him so much better than any of the other men she had known. She gave herself all sorts of answers. He was real. He was serious. He was without pose. What did any of these things have to do with it? She liked him. And she didn't even know how or when she'd see him again.

She did not see him for a week. And then one afternoon, toward five o'clock, she saw him come out of the Fairport Hospital as she was driving by. She stopped and asked him if she couldn't take him wherever he was going.

"I want to get a taxi," he said. "Somebody's had a bad fall at the hunt club and my car's in the shop."

"I'll take you to the club," she said.

She drove up the Post Road. It was not quite dark. He sat beside her saying nothing.

"You aren't so very friendly, are you?" Elsie said.

"No," Doctor Orton said.

"Why not?" she asked. "I thought you were awfully nice the night I met you."

"I thought you were the most attractive girl I'd ever met in my life," Doctor Orton said.

"I like your thinking that," Elsie said. She wished she could see his face. But she had to watch the road.

"Then," he said, "I found out who you were."

"Oh," she said, "you mean the Travers family and the Travers money."

"I suppose it's money, though I'd have said it was even more the kind of life you lead as the result of having had a great deal of money for several generations."

"It's a kind of life you don't approve of."

"It's a kind of life that doesn't interest me."

"Do you know what I think?" Elsie said. "I think the snootiest people in the world are professional men—especially professional men who've been professional for several generations."

"A doctor whose father and grandfather were doctors before him is impossible," Doctor Orton said.

"Completely," Elsie said. "He feels superior to everybody else in the world. He looks with solemn disdain on people who struggle for money and he takes it for granted that people who have money are stupid. He forgives an immigrant mother who doesn't know enough to pasteurize the baby's milk, but he has only contempt for the wealthy woman who hires a trained nurse."

"I don't object to trained nurses. Most trained nurses know their job."

"And my sort doesn't. We're perfectly useless."

"I didn't say that."

"But it's what you think. Only, is that any reason why we can't be friends?"

"You know we can't be friends," he said. "If I saw you I'd fall in love with you."

She glanced at him. "You mean, you'd actually," she said. Fortunately, she looked back at the road. She saw a coal truck come out of a driveway on her left. In another fraction of a second it would block the whole road. She was going fifty miles an hour. She couldn't stop. She stepped hard on the gas and squeezed past the end of the truck. The left rear fender ticked the front fender of the truck. She was thinking how good she was to get out of so tight a place, when a small boy darted across the road in front of her. She was going sixty miles an hour now. She couldn't dodge to the left. She'd hit an oncoming car. On her right was a steep gravel bank. She stopped breathing. She jerked the wheel over madly, stepping on the gas in the same instant. The car made it. She missed the boy. The car stopped on top of the bank.

Elsie was so shaken that she dropped her head on the wheel and gave a little gasp. Now that it was over, she trembled with fear. Doctor Orton put his arm around her shoulders. He held her tightly.

"You were perfect," he said.

Elsie knew she had won. It didn't matter what he thought. It only mattered what he felt. She held up her face to be kissed. He kissed her mouth.

She remembered that she had to take him to the hunt club. She had to drive along the bank for a hundred yards before she could get the car down again. It was only half a mile more to the club.

"Shall I wait for you?" she asked.

"Please don't," he said. "I've no idea how long I'll be."

He lifted his hat. She waved good-by to him happily. She drove home slowly. He'd call up as soon as he was free. He'd find out she wasn't useless. He'd find out that she was the most useful sort of wife. That would be the greatest fun in the world—showing him how wrong he was in judging her. She was both happy and proud. They'd never have any tremendous row. She knew why she'd always quarreled with the men who'd fallen in love with her. It was because she hadn't fallen in love with them. But now she had fallen in love, completely. She began making up the things she would say to him when he called up.

But he did not call up. She waited till midnight and he did not call up. She did not hear from him the next morning. Or the next. A whole week passed. Elsie was stunned. One moment she was mad to punish him, and the next she

(Continued on Page 144)

Making the American League

By BAN JOHNSON

As Told to George Creel

I STARTED out in life as a newspaperman, and nothing was further from my thoughts than a career in baseball. Murat Halstead, editor of the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette, had my hero worship, and I fondly planned to follow in his steps, molding public opinion with flaming editorials that had the crack of a bull whip. Even when I became president of the Western League, I figured it only as a side line, never dreaming that another ten years would find me at the head of the American League, fighting for its right to live and have a place in the sun.

PHOTO. FROM KEYSTONE, INC., OF N. Y.

John J. McGraw, as Baseball Players Knew Him Years Ago. In Oval—A. G. Spalding

PHOTO. BROWN BROTHERS, N. Y. C.

A chain of accidents, rather than any change of mind, put me in baseball. First of all, our sporting editor resigned in 1888, and I was jerked away from politics to fill the vacant place, although knowing so little about the technic of the job that I had to throw myself on Harry Weldon's mercy and get that veteran to show me how to keep a box score. Following that, Charlie Comiskey, then player-manager of the Cincinnati Nationals, went south in the early fall of 1893 to look over some promising youngsters, and met up with Jimmy Manning and Denny Long.

Comiskey, Manning and Long discussed the reorganization of the defunct Western League, for all had managerial aspirations; and Commy came to me soon after his return, full of enthusiasm over the idea. He knew that I had played baseball during my college years, also that I was making a somewhat intensive study of the game's business side.

A Little Money and a Lot of Optimism

COMMY persuaded me to attend a meeting of baseball men in Indianapolis on November twenty-first, and almost before I knew it I found myself elected president, secretary and treasurer of the new Western League, at the princely salary of $2500 a year. The clubs given me to govern were Kansas City, Detroit, Toledo, Indianapolis, Sioux City, Grand Rapids, Minneapolis and Milwaukee, all of them supposed to be baseball-mad.

Optimism, as a matter of fact, was our chief capital, for nobody concerned in the venture had any large amount of cash. In those palmy days, however, huge investments were not necessary, for a fairly good park could be built for as small a sum as $4000, and umpires and players worked for $100 or $150 a month. I remember that our teams were held down to eleven or twelve men the first season, and that the total salary limit was $1600 a month.

I did not give up my newspaper job, still considering it as my profession; and there were other reasons that made caution seem advisable. Baseball conditions, as a whole, were anything but healthy, for though the game itself held much of its old-time popularity, many disorganizing factors were at work. The American Association, formed in 1882 to challenge the supremacy of the National League, was formed by Chris von der Ahe and others to popularize their pleasure parks. Everything ran wide open, and as this competition forced a lowering of National League standards, the game took on a rowdy note.

The Brotherhood war of 1890, that gallant, ill-fated venture in coöperative management, added to demoralization. Fully convinced that they were being oppressed and exploited, all the great stars quit their teams and formed an eight-club circuit composed of New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Boston and Chicago.

Both the National League and the American Association were ripped to pieces, for the players deserted in a body, led by King Kelly, Dan Brouthers, Buck Ewing, Connie Mack, John K. Tener, Pfeffer, John M. Ward, Williamson, Latham, Comiskey, Keefe, Gore, Hanlon, Delehanty and Baldwin. In fact, about the only famous players who refused to follow their fellows were Clarkson, Anson, Billy Sunday, Gleason and Amos Rusie.

Two years the fight lasted, and though the Brotherhood perished miserably of its own internal dissensions, the two majors were also dragged down, and only saved themselves by an amalgamation. At the close of the 1891 season, the American Association passed out of existence, and the National League staggered on under the heavy burden of a twelve-club circuit made up of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Louisville, Chicago, Brooklyn and St. Louis. As if this were not handicap enough, players were bitter and sullen, there was no such thing as discipline in or off the field, and more and more these rowdy conditions cut down attendance.

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Pop Anson. A Leader of the Post-Whiskers Era

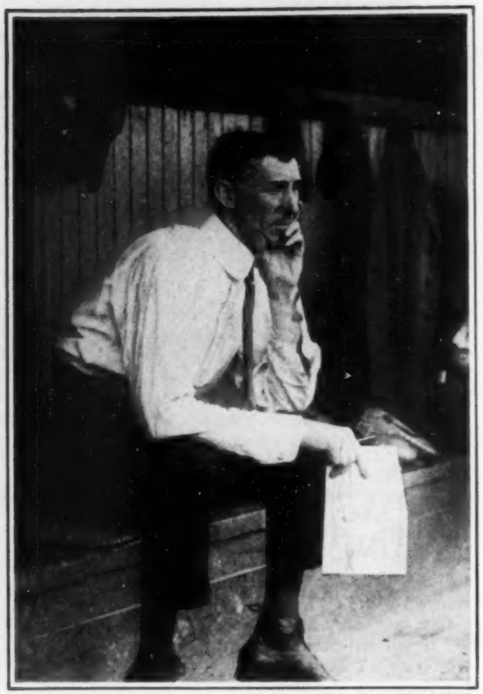


PHOTO. FROM KEYSTONE

Connie Mack, Manager of the World's Champion Athletics, Signals His Players With a Score Card

The Western League ended its first season just one jump ahead of bankruptcy, for several of our towns proved anything but baseball-mad. Worn out with my two jobs, I went to the annual meeting in November, 1894, with every intention of resigning, for though my newspaper salary totaled only $1800 a year, it had the merit of being sure, while the $2500 as president, secretary and treasurer of the Western League was largely a compound of hope and doubt.

Here again accident intervened, for on reaching Chicago I found that John T. Brush, of the Indianapolis club, was busily engaged in trying to have me ousted. Mr. Brush was also owner of the Cincinnati Nationals, a forceful, autocratic man, and more than once I had scored him in my columns for what seemed to me unwise policies. Though entirely willing to resign, I had small stomach for being kicked out, and the result of the fight was a bad defeat for Mr. Brush, seven clubs sticking with me from first to last. Making up my mind that it was now a question of sinking or swimming, I quit my newspaper job and gave myself entirely to baseball.

He Who Hesitated, and Won

ON LOOKING over our ground, we decided that Sioux City would never be anything but a loser, and voted to transfer to St. Paul, giving Charlie Comiskey the franchise. His contract with Cincinnati had expired, and he had been told to hunt a new job, but no sooner was our action taken than Mr. Brush offered to renew the contract for another year. Commy wavered for quite a while, but some good angel finally made him decide in favor of St. Paul, for had he followed Brush he would not now be the millionaire owner of the Chicago White Sox.

The years that followed were spotty, some clubs making and others losing, but on the whole we stayed out of the red. Columbus took the place of Toledo, Grand Rapids gave way to Omaha, and when Omaha proved a bust, we switched the franchise to St. Joseph, and then to Buffalo. By 1898 my salary had jumped to $5000 a year, and I was even allowed $500 for a clerk, having done all my own typewriting and bookkeeping up to that time. Moreover, the salary list was raised to $3000 a month, but with the proviso that no club could pay any player more than $200.

At the end of the 1899 season the National League cut down to an eight-club circuit, dropping Cleveland, Louisville, Washington and Baltimore, and I saw it at once as a chance to put the Western League on a firm footing. Cleveland fitted our needs as skin fits the hand, and Louisville was a better baseball town than either Columbus or St. Paul. On second thought, however, I dismissed Louisville from consideration and boldly decided on Chicago; for although a National League city, it was amply able to support two teams.

My club owners gave me full authority, and without delay I arranged a meeting with Col. Frank De Haas Robison, who was moving from Cleveland to St. Louis, James A. Hart, the Chicago magnate, and A. H. Soden, of Boston. Colonel Robison beamed upon the proposition, for it gave him a chance to get rid of his Cleveland plant, but Mr. Hart hit the roof. Never as long as he lived would he consent to let us enter Chicago. In the end, however, we carried our point by making many and important concessions.

Reform on the Baseball Diamond

FOR one thing, we agreed to let Hart take two players from us each year on payment of $1000 for each, and also consented to the stipulation that we would not build a park any farther north than Thirty-fifth Street. For another thing, we pledged ourselves to accept definite status as a minor-league organization.

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS, N. Y. C.

Willie Keeler

Charlie Somers, a rich young business man of Cleveland, and an ardent sportsman, took the franchise for his city, paid Colonel Robison $10,000 for his abandoned plant, and began to spend money without stint for players. As Charlie Comiskey had been having lean years in St. Paul, it was decided that the Chicago franchise should be awarded him, and down he came from the north, eager as a bird dog at the start of the quail season. Unfortunately he was in debt, but we put the full credit of the Western League at his back, although that was more of a gesture than anything else.

Off we started on the hunt for a park, and after much search signed a five-year lease on a tract at Thirty-ninth Street and Wentworth Avenue at a rental of $1200 a year for the first two years, then $1500 a year. The owners stipulated that I should put my signature on the document along with Comiskey, and then began the task of finding money for the plant.

Not all our figuring could get the cost below $17,000, for we felt that the thing had to be done handsomely, and there was also the expense of getting a team together. The Hines lumber people proved amenable in the matter of credit, and Charlie Somers, always the thoroughbred, came forward with loans; but even so, our finances soon reached a crisis. As a last desperate resort, I walked into the office of James B. Forgan, president of the First National, and braced the dour old Scotchman for a loan. Miraculously enough, I got it, and to this day the First National people remember the incident as the one and only time that Mr. Forgan ever let loose of money without getting gilt-edged collateral.

With the park under way, the question of a name came up. Anson's old team was called the White Stockings, but that name had been dropped in 1898 when Burns succeeded Anse; so we took the title and altered it to White Sox. Poor old Cap! A. G. Spalding came to me when the Chicago owners decided that Anson was through, and asked if I couldn't find a place for the famous veteran. The idea delighted me, but Cap took my offer as an insult. "Play in a minor league!" he bellowed. "Never!" Had he cast his fortunes with us, a franchise would have been found for him, and the chances are that he would have prospered no less than Charlie Comiskey and Connie Mack. As it was, he passed out of baseball to run a billiard hall, and died poor.

With Chicago, Buffalo and Cleveland added to our list, we felt that the name of Western League had become outworn, so we changed our title to that of the American League. The season of 1900 met our most optimistic expectations, for Comiskey put together a strong team and drew well. Somers was equally fortunate in Cleveland, picking up some players who still occupy niches in baseball's hall of fame. Bill Bradley, to my mind, stands as one of the great third basemen of all time, Bemis proved a giant behind the bat, and Cy Young was another find. Somers picked him up out of an Ohio town team; a big, lumbering country jake who looked as if he was always about to fall over his feet. To make matters worse, he made his first appearance in a uniform five sizes too small, and all Cleveland screamed with laughter. They did not laugh long, however, nor did any of the teams that opposed him.

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS, N. Y. C.

Billy Sunday Was First a Baseball Player

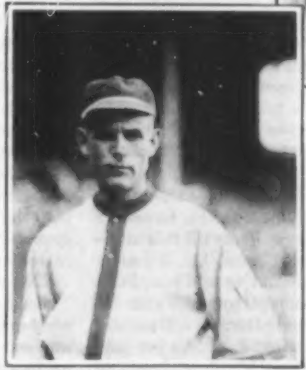


PHOTO. FROM KEYSTONE

Clarke Griffith Managed Washington Through Many Seasons

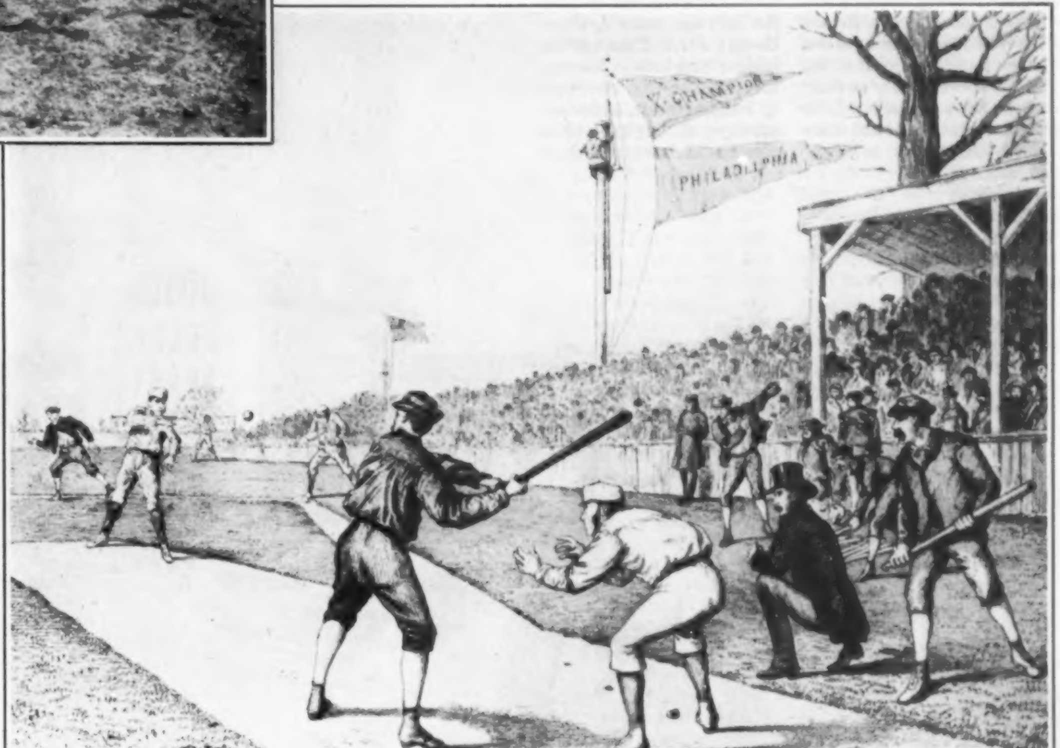
The principal reason for our success, however, was that we gave the people clean ball as well as fast ball. As far back as 1894 I had had the wit to see that baseball would never be the national game in the full sense of the word until men felt safe in taking their womenfolk to the parks. As a consequence, I made a fight against drunkenness, rowdyism and profanity, suspending players right and left, and even threatening managers with the loss of their franchises. Decent conduct was demanded not only on the field but off the field as well; for, as I pointed out, ball players were public characters, and shamed the game when they shamed themselves. These policies were made the policies of the American League from the outset. The authority of umpires on the field was made absolute, rowdyism, bulldozing and vile language drew instant and severe penalties, and managers were ordered to drill it into their men that the game had passed beyond the beer-garden stage.

Caught in the Draft

DESPITE success, there were all sorts of flies in our ointment. Particularly onerous were the draft rules that permitted the National League to take any number of our players at the ridiculous price of $500. Jimmie Manning, after winning a championship for Kansas City, had five of his best men taken away, virtually wrecking his team. I felt that the American League could not hope for success as long as the unfair draft rule remained in operation, and it was also in my mind that we should be permitted to put teams in Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia.

These matters were put before my associates at the annual meeting held in Chicago on October 14, 1900, and all agreed with my statement of the case. Sam Angus, of Detroit, and Charlie Somers, of Cleveland, the two rich men among us, told me that they stood willing to back my play to the limit, and a unanimous vote gave me full authority to buck ahead. As a first step, we cut out Kansas City, Minneapolis and Indianapolis, and voted to

(Continued on Page 121)



The Great Baseball Match Between the Athletic and Philadelphia Clubs, at Philadelphia, 1873. The Catcher Was Unprotected in Those Days

MR. MURPHY OF NEW YORK

By THOMAS McMORROW

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

"NEW YORK," said Cohen bitterly, "is dying of enlargement of the heart."

"Well said," I nodded, surveying this czar of an industry employing two hundred and fifty thousand New Yorkers.

"The great building, the skyscraper," he continued with a touch of fanaticism, "is a natural and necessary feature of a modern city! How can keymen meet one another otherwise? If they're going to be miles apart and communicate only by televistor, why, you don't need a city at all. The reason why Canabec is the new metropolis of North America ——"

"By George," exclaimed Mr. Bligh, of Canabec, making a show of consulting his watch, "if I miss the St. Lawrence express on the Controlane, I'll not get home till this afternoon. Don't let me hurry you, gentlemen, but if you've decided to do this thing, let's do it. As I've told you, I can give you ten acres, which will be enough to house your industry for all purposes; you are aware that we will require you to go up not less than one hundred floors, 60 per cent to be residential. But I dare say that Mr. Craig here"—looking at me—"who is going to build for you, is familiar with our code."

"Quite," I said curtly, and readdressed myself to Cohen: "Were you in New York when the Americus Tower fell?"

"I had my residence on the roof of the Americus," interposed the futile Mr. Murphy, producing blue prints, "and the coziest home I ever lived in. If you'll give me your attention now, Mr. Craig, I'll show you what I want you to build for me in the way of a residence atop your new Central Unit in Canabec, and I'll take a twenty-year lease at eighty thousand per year."

He was of just enough importance to us to be admitted to the fringes of our conference, but that wasn't Mr. Murphy's conception of his status. He had a great deal of inherited money.

"You weren't at home, I take it, Mr. Murphy," said Cohen soberly, "when the Americus fell?"

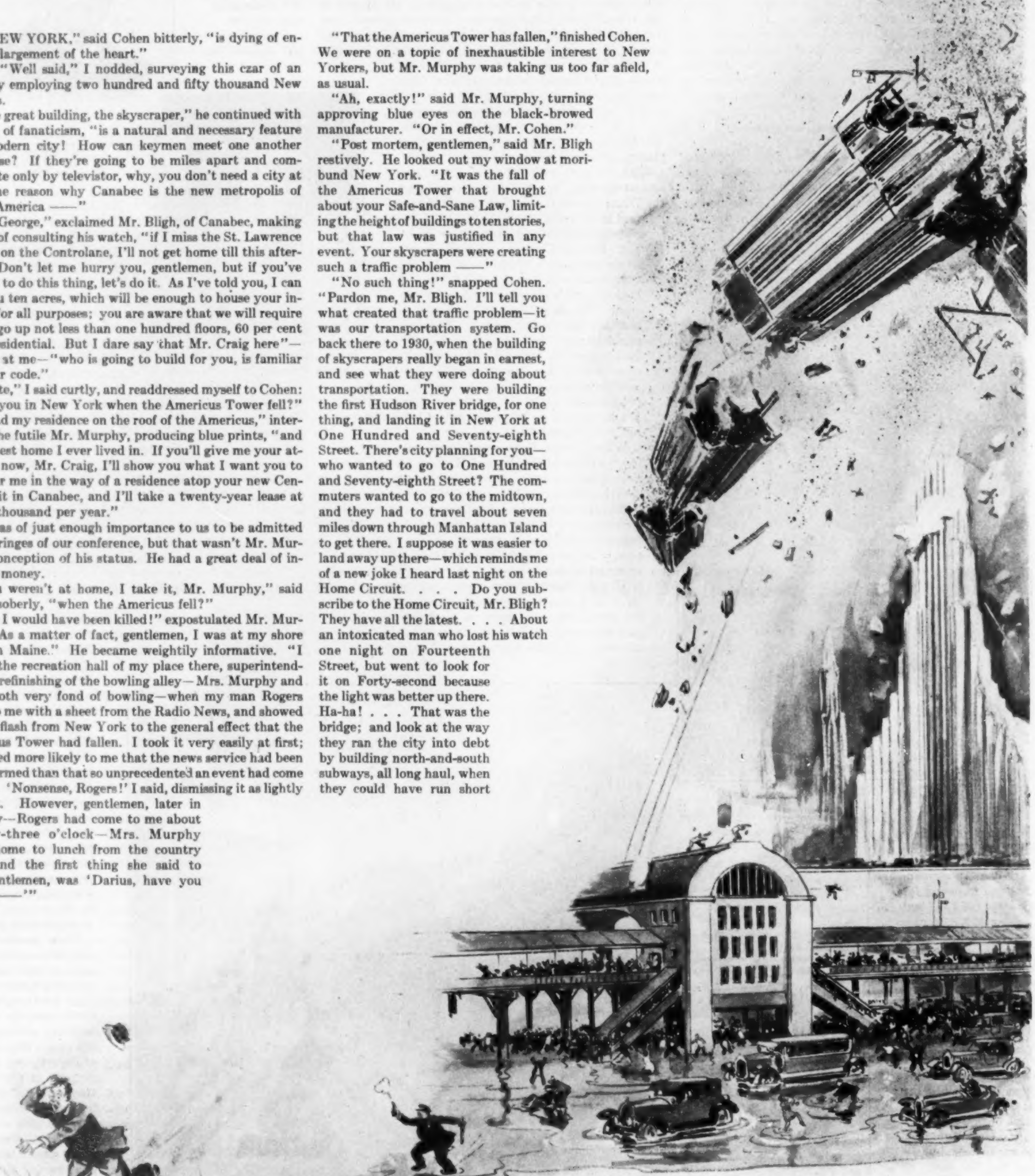
"Oh, I would have been killed!" expostulated Mr. Murphy. "As a matter of fact, gentlemen, I was at my shore home in Maine." He became weightily informative. "I was in the recreation hall of my place there, superintending the refinishing of the bowling alley—Mrs. Murphy and I are both very fond of bowling—when my man Rogers came to me with a sheet from the Radio News, and showed me the flash from New York to the general effect that the Americus Tower had fallen. I took it very easily at first; it seemed more likely to me that the news service had been misinformed than that so unprecedented an event had come to pass. 'Nonsense, Rogers!' I said, dismissing it as lightly as that. However, gentlemen, later in the day—Rogers had come to me about twenty-three o'clock—Mrs. Murphy came home to lunch from the country club, and the first thing she said to me, gentlemen, was 'Darius, have you heard ——'"

"That the Americus Tower has fallen," finished Cohen. We were on a topic of inexhaustible interest to New Yorkers, but Mr. Murphy was taking us too far afield, as usual.

"Ah, exactly!" said Mr. Murphy, turning approving blue eyes on the black-browed manufacturer. "Or in effect, Mr. Cohen."

"Post mortem, gentlemen," said Mr. Bligh restively. He looked out my window at moribund New York. "It was the fall of the Americus Tower that brought about your Safe-and-Sane Law, limiting the height of buildings to ten stories, but that law was justified in any event. Your skyscrapers were creating such a traffic problem ——"

"No such thing!" snapped Cohen. "Pardon me, Mr. Bligh. I'll tell you what created that traffic problem—it was our transportation system. Go back there to 1930, when the building of skyscrapers really began in earnest, and see what they were doing about transportation. They were building the first Hudson River bridge, for one thing, and landing it in New York at One Hundred and Seventy-eighth Street. There's city planning for you—who wanted to go to One Hundred and Seventy-eighth Street? The commuters wanted to go to the midtown, and they had to travel about seven miles down through Manhattan Island to get there. I suppose it was easier to land away up there—which reminds me of a new joke I heard last night on the Home Circuit. . . . Do you subscribe to the Home Circuit, Mr. Bligh? They have all the latest. . . . About an intoxicated man who lost his watch one night on Fourteenth Street, but went to look for it on Forty-second because the light was better up there. Ha-ha! . . . That was the bridge; and look at the way they ran the city into debt by building north-and-south subways, all long haul, when they could have run short



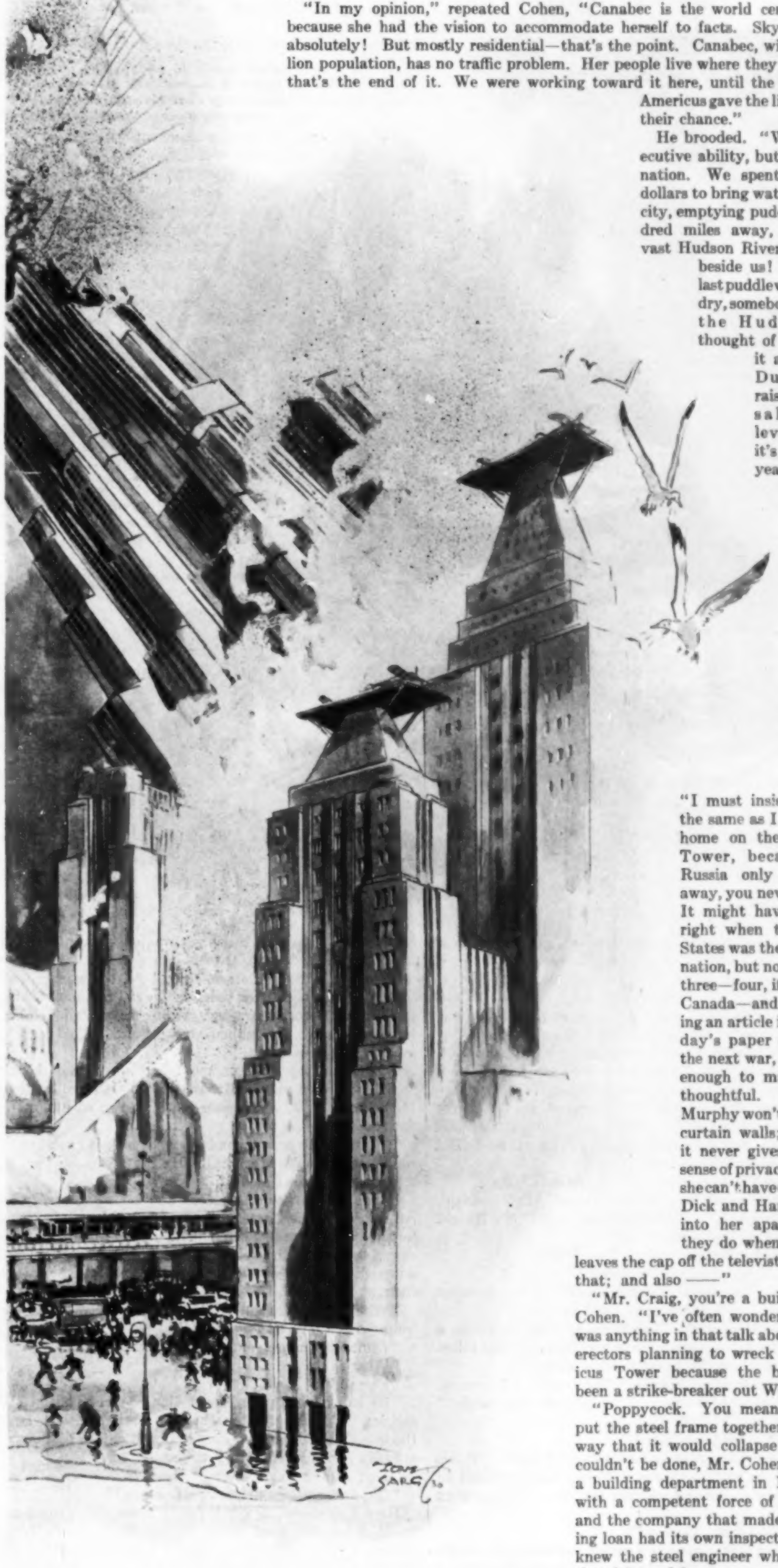
"I Turned and Bolted for Dear Life"

lines into Long Island and Jersey and made the city spread east and west. What gave you people the jump on us, in my opinion ——"

"You New Yorkers," sighed Mr. Bligh. "Let's get to business, gentlemen, please."

"In my opinion," repeated Cohen, "Canabec is the world center today because she had the vision to accommodate herself to facts. Skyscrapers—absolutely! But mostly residential—that's the point. Canabec, with six million population, has no traffic problem. Her people live where they work, and that's the end of it. We were working toward it here, until the fall of the Americus gave the little people their chance."

He brooded. "We had executive ability, but no imagination. We spent a billion dollars to bring water into the city, emptying puddles a hundred miles away, when the vast Hudson River was right beside us! When the last puddle was drained dry, somebody noticed the Hudson and thought of narrowing it at Spuyten Duyvil and raising it above salt-water level. Why, it's only two years since we used to sewer into it. New York wasn't a city; it was a big Indian village."



"Gas-proof casements and an aerating plant," said Mr. Murphy. "I must insist on that, the same as I had in my home on the Americus Tower, because with Russia only six hours away, you never can tell. It might have been all right when the United States was the only great nation, but now there are three—four, if you count Canada—and I was reading an article in last Sunday's paper describing the next war, and it was enough to make a man thoughtful. And Mrs. Murphy won't have glass curtain walls; she says it never gives the same sense of privacy. She says she can't have every Tom, Dick and Harry looking into her apartment, as they do when somebody leaves the cap off the televistor. There's that; and also ——"

"Mr. Craig, you're a builder," said Cohen. "I've often wondered if there was anything in that talk about the iron erectors planning to wreck the Americus Tower because the builder had been a strike-breaker out West."

"Poppycock. You mean that they put the steel frame together in such a way that it would collapse later? It couldn't be done, Mr. Cohen. We had a building department in New York, with a competent force of inspectors, and the company that made the building loan had its own inspectors. And I knew the steel engineer who designed that job, and he was one of the best. His plans are still on file with the city."

"I understand that you saw the building go down, Mr. Craig."

"I did," I said, with slowly kindling enthusiasm for an oft-told tale. "And it was only the mercy of heaven that I didn't go down with it, because I was one of the tenants. . . . If you remember, the building fell on the day that the first Controlane landed in New York, and that's why so few people were killed—only a hundred odd. Almost everybody had gone over to see the ship come down on the landing field on Welfare Island in the East River. You'll remember that it was a Saturday, and the mayor proclaimed a municipal holiday, suspending business.

"I was over there on the Queensboro Bridge at eleven o'clock that morning, talking to a chap who told me a lot about the new ship and what a wonderful advance in transportation it was; it wasn't much bigger than old Robert Fulton's first steamboat. He told me about the lanes of control, and how the ship is lifted and propelled by power sent through the air by the stations; he said that those stations could lift a locomotive and train of cars and drive them through the air, and I was old-fashioned enough to marvel.

"There was some delay, and I didn't wait to see the ship arrive. If I recall what the trouble was, the power wasn't selective at that time, and some skylarkers were throwing things down from the bridge into the power lane for the fun of watching them vanish as the power seized them and flung them across the ocean. Word came that the ship was being held in Islip, England, until the bombardment was stopped. Fortunately, the cushion was working over there and nobody was seriously hurt, except in his dignity; the American Ambassador, in the midst of his speech, was hit with watermelon rind, and then came cucumbers and other edibles, none very choice or welcome. The New York police came up on the bridge to stop the rowdies' sport, and somebody cried out that the bridge was getting into the lane, and there was a panic. Somebody jostled me while somebody else snatched my watch, and I decided to go back to my office and to see the ship another day.

"I walked, of course. That was the quickest way to get around New York in those days, just before they gave out the taxi franchise. You remember the streets? Wheel to wheel—twice as many cars as could be accommodated, and everybody free to add still another. They didn't have then even the thousand-dollar license fee to operate a private car within the five boroughs."

"All cure and no prevention," rasped Cohen. "That was New York."

"I came up Forty-second Street and looked over at the Americus Tower across Bryant Park, and wished I owned it; it was a magnificent property. It was two hundred feet wide at the base, by half the block, and ninety stories high; an office building only six months old and with a gross rental of three million dollars a year. A very sweet proposition, I thought enviously, and Tweed is a lucky dog—Tweed, you remember, was the owner. One big success like that building, I thought, and I'd be satisfied. Tweed had chosen a fine neighborhood—a neighborhood of professional clubs. His building towered over them all; ninety stories of tapestry brick and Indiana limestone, with the new gold-plated gambrel roof, not a flaw nor a hair-line crack, all rented and pulling for Tweed like a Percheron.

"A dirt truck was staggering up out of the lot adjoining the Americus on the east. A new skyscraper was to go there; the excavator was working on a bonus against time, and he wasn't bothering with the Controlane ship.

"I was at Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue, and was stepping from the curb to cross the street when I heard that first crash. It wasn't so loud; a door banged beside me would have startled me more. There was a rumbling as of a subway train heard over-ground."

I paused to light a cigarette. It was an old story, but one of unfailing interest to New Yorkers, with the fascination of the unsolved and perhaps unsolvable. The quiet streets of Manhattan could be fairly covered with the paper that has been blackened with discussions of the fall of the Americus Tower.

"Twelve rooms and five baths," said Mr. Murphy, "and you can use all the glass you like in the bathrooms. Suction glass, isn't it, Mr. Craig? We had a studio living room thirty-five feet long and twenty feet high; I think nothing has quite the tone of a real high ceiling. But don't forget the gas-proof casements closing all openings to the air. Mrs. Murphy and I couldn't rest in peace if we thought we might be smothered in our beds. Who could, now, really?

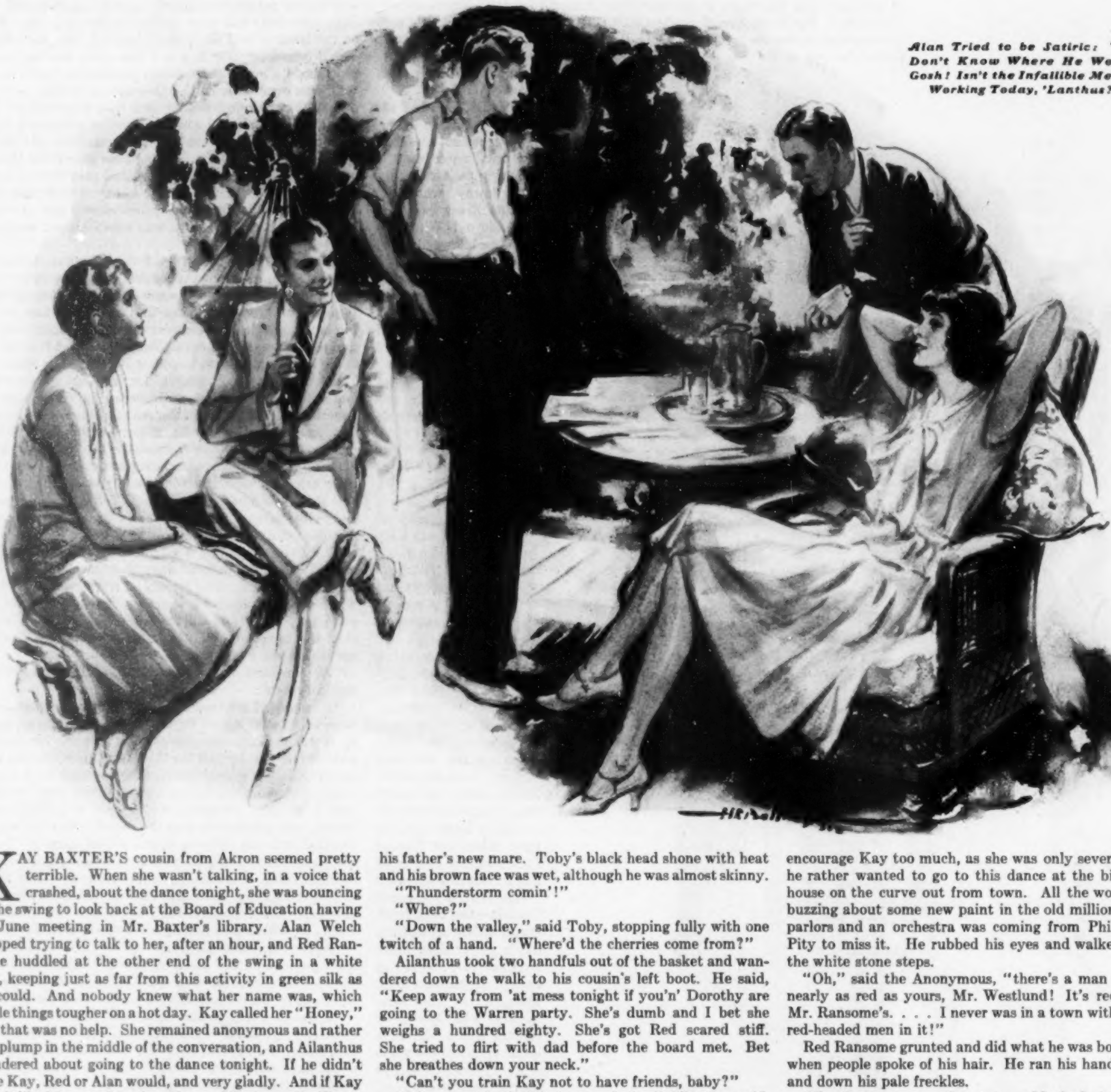
"Pardon me, Mr. Craig; I didn't intend to interrupt you. Yes, we were at our shore place in Maine when the building fell. We had left our home atop the Americus in the middle of May, and had been some six weeks at the shore when this terrible thing happened. How little we think! I can still see Mrs. Murphy waiting for me at the elevator. 'Darius,' she said, 'are you positively sure you closed and fastened all the windows, and left all the interior doors open? You are so absent-minded.' We had

(Continued on Page 44)

CHERRIES

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. BALLINGER



Alan Tried to be Satiric: "You Don't Know Where He Works? Gosh! Isn't the Infallible Memory Working Today, 'Lanthus?'"

KAY BAXTER'S cousin from Akron seemed pretty terrible. When she wasn't talking, in a voice that crashed, about the dance tonight, she was bouncing in the swing to look back at the Board of Education having its June meeting in Mr. Baxter's library. Alan Welch stopped trying to talk to her, after an hour, and Red Ransome huddled at the other end of the swing in a white suit, keeping just as far from this activity in green silk as he could. And nobody knew what her name was, which made things tougher on a hot day. Kay called her "Honey," but that was no help. She remained anonymous and rather too plump in the middle of the conversation, and Ailanthus wondered about going to the dance tonight. If he didn't take Kay, Red or Alan would, and very gladly. And if Kay didn't like his not taking her, she would get over it. He ate early cherries and thought.

"And you're really a farmer, Mr. Westlund?"

"Don't I look like it?" Ailanthus asked.

The Anonymous giggled and said, "But I guess you won't come to the dance tonight in those clothes!" This was the sort of thing she kept on saying. There wasn't any answer to it. Ailanthus stretched his legs in dirty cotton trousers and looked comfortlessly at his bare ankles and dirtier cloth shoes. His ankles and his arms had turned brick red, in honor of June's rushing heat. He thought of going to the dance—only Colonel Warren would have him thrown out—in these clothes. It would serve Kay right for having a cousin like this.

"Gosh," said Anonymous, "isn't that a pretty horse?"

Kay spoke up, a little drearily, drawling, "That's 'Lanthus' cousin, Honey. His name's Toby Edge. He's a beautiful dancer. But he's engaged. He's going to be married in October."

"Oh, I don't mind bustin' an engagement or two!" the Anonymous laughed.

Ailanthus thought this was meant as an opening for a compliment, but nobody jumped into it and everybody was saying "Hello!" to Toby Edge, in his new riding boots on his father's new mare. Toby's black head shone with heat and his brown face was wet, although he was almost skinny.

"Thunderstorm comin'!"

"Where?"

"Down the valley," said Toby, stopping fully with one twitch of a hand. "Where'd the cherries come from?"

Ailanthus took two handfuls out of the basket and wandered down the walk to his cousin's left boot. He said, "Keep away from 'at mess tonight if you'n' Dorothy are going to the Warren party. She's dumb and I bet she weighs a hundred eighty. She's got Red scared stiff. She tried to flirt with dad before the board met. Bet she breathes down your neck."

"Can't you train Kay not to have friends, baby?"

"It's not a friend. It's just a relative," Ailanthus said, eating a cherry. . . . "Pretty good, huh? It's the old tree back of our henhouse."

"The one I broke my leg off?"

"Say, you remembered somethin'!"

"Quit bein' sarcastic," Toby yawned. "I do remember some things. . . . What're all the cars for?"

"Board of Education. They're really tryin' to get up a scheme to get those signboards out on Gallup Street taken down. Nothin' for the board to meet about."

"What a pretty kid Kay is," Toby said. "Too dark, 'course. But she is pretty. . . . Well, see you tonight."

"Maybe not."

"G'on! You're takin' Kay!"

"I don't have to. Alan or Red would if I don't. 'N' this thing she's got with her is awful, Tobe. And I weeded all the tomatoes today and cleaned the car. I'm dog-gone tired."

"Kay'll like that, 'Lanthus!"

"No," said Ailanthus, after eating the last cherry in his palm, "she won't. But I am tired. My head aches some."

"Wear a hat, then, you idiot," said Toby and rode off.

His head was really aching a little under his curling red hair. Ailanthus wished it would stop. Didn't do to encourage Kay too much, as she was only seventeen, but he rather wanted to go to this dance at the big Warren house on the curve out from town. All the women were buzzing about some new paint in the old millionaire's big parlors and an orchestra was coming from Philadelphia. Pity to miss it. He rubbed his eyes and walked back to the white stone steps.

"Oh," said the Anonymous, "there's a man with hair nearly as red as yours, Mr. Westlund! It's redder than Mr. Ransome's. . . . I never was in a town with so many red-headed men in it!"

Red Ransome grunted and did what he was bound to do when people spoke of his hair. He ran his hands over it, and down his pale freckles.

Ailanthus swung on the steps and looked at this other redhead across the street. It was a round head, drooping forward from a pair of stiff shoulders. The man wore his coat slung over a dirty blue shirt and his feet went up and down slowly on a chessboard of shadows, and Ailanthus thought he limped.

"Who's that, 'Lanthus?" Alan Welch asked. "He was 'round downtown this morning."

"Dunno his name. But he's got awful thin."

"Where's he work?"

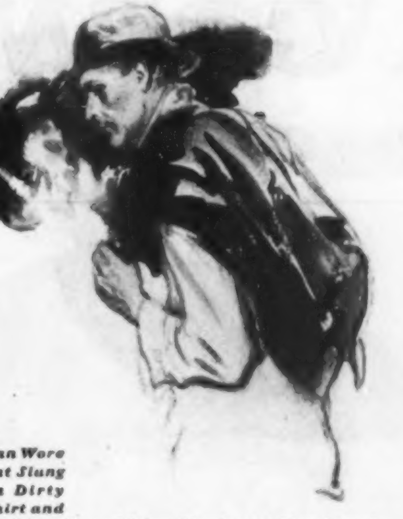
"Dunno."

"He looks half starved," said Alan. Then he tried to be satiric: "You don't know where he works? Gosh! Isn't the infallible memory working today, 'Lanthus? Haven't actually gone and forgotten something, have you?"

"Don't think I ever knew."

"Oh, you must have known, 'Lanthus!"

Here Kay spoke, in a hot, funny voice which suddenly made Ailanthus look down at her dark hands laced around a knee. "'Lanthus doesn't have to remember every hired man in the county, does he? . . . Ailanthus," she told her cousin, "can remember nearly anything. They had him up in New York this winter, so that a lot of professors could test his memory."



The Man Wore His Coat Slung Over a Dirty Blue Shirt and His Feet Went Up and Down Slowly on a Chessboard of Shadows, and Ailanthus Thought He Limped

"Oh, that must have been wonderful!" said the Anonymous.

"It was awful dull," Ailanthus murmured, watching Kay's hands, since all the light seemed to stir around her, although she was not moving. She did not even raise her eyes.

A pause had been created. Alan was embarrassed and the brute from Akron stared at everybody, puzzled by something. Red spoke up, to make things smooth again.

"'Lanthus, noticed that your father's hair's gettin' lighter? It's nearly the color of mine now."

"He'll be forty-three next month. He says Grandfather Westlund's hair quit bein' scarlet when he got middle-aged."

Good Red! The Anonymous bit on the topic and began talking of red hair, and then of hairdressers in Akron. Ailanthus was relieved by the crashing of her voice. Kay went on watching the grass as it darkened. And then the Board of Education of Blandyburg broke up and came out of the house, wiping its middle-aged faces. Uncle Nolan Cass was too thin to be hot, and he just looked bored, but Mr. Welch weighed more than two hundred, and Uncle Sam Edge was heavy. Judge Ransome's gray hair was piled in wet rings on his skull and the ribbon of his eyeglasses sagged damply. Dad, in his rumpled white suit from Cuba, was cooler than anybody, and dry, and amused.

"I'm goin' over to Ransome's for some dark work with an inkwell, baby. Pick me up and take me home in half an hour. . . . Where you goin', Nolan?"

"Hospital," said Dr. Nolan Cass.

"Operatin'?"

"Something minor. They were to bring her in at half-past four. I'm late," the best surgeon in the county snapped, and drove off.

Red helped his father into the Ransome machine and Mr. Westlund threw himself into its back seat. Alan Welch had trouble getting the Welch motor started, and Kay smiled a bit, because the car seemed to balk at Mr. Welch's weight. The whole Board of Education now vanished along the quite silent, shady street, and Ailanthus noticed that sunlight had ceased. Dad's hair looked just bronze. No glass twinkled. The thunderstorm was coming. The Baxter dog walked lazily into the middle of the street and squinted up, speculating.

"I hope it gets over before tonight," the Anonymous cried. "I hate comin' to dances with my shoes wet! . . . Kay, I think I'll take a shower."

"Do," said Kay.

She did not stir or look around as her cousin crashed indoors. Ailanthus had a discomfort in him and stood polishing a step with a rubber sole. The kid got so mad when anybody teased him. It was funny, but it was a kind of responsibility. Life, dad said, was a series of unadmitted bargains. He would have to take her to the dance at Colonel Warren's because of this bargain. She thought a lot of Ailanthus Westlund.

"Your head's aching."

"How'd you know that, Kay?"

"Your eyebrows always wiggle together. You ought to wear a hat in hot sunshine," she said gravely, as if she were his mother or an aunt. "Don't come tonight. Honey's just awful at a big party. She works so hard. I'll phone Red to come and take us."

"Red's scared of her," said Ailanthus.

"Do him good. A senior at Princeton oughtn't to be scared of anything. Isn't Red nice? He's so quiet and—and dependable? He's one of your best friends, isn't he, 'Lanthus?"

"Next to dad an' Toby," Ailanthus said, sitting down.

The girl watched the grass again and ate the last cherry from the basket between them. He sat listening to the noise of Blandyburg's Saturday afternoon, thin but insistently arriving at his ears from the Square, three blocks away. His head pulsed. Perhaps the storm would cool it down. And he was vaguely worried—he hadn't remembered that man with red hair in the stained clothes so well. He ought to have thought of something more about him. He was somebody. And it was plain that he had been ill or lately hurt. Ailanthus tried to think of anybody among all the hired men or carpenters and messengers of Blandyburg who had been awfully sick, this month or last month, and who had red hair.

"'Lanthus?"

"Yuh?"

"D'you suppose people—I mean poor people—envy us?"

"Us?"

"Yes," she said shyly. "I mean—that man with red hair looked across. He looked so—so down and out. And poor people don't come into this part of town much unless they're plumbers, or somebody's chauffeur, or a carpenter, or cut grass. It's—Judge Ransome was saying something about it the other night—like that part of Paris ——"

"Oh, the Faubourg what's its name—Saint Germain—no, Sainte Germaine. Yes, this is the Park Avenue, sort of. . . . I don't know if they do, Kay. Nobody's a millionaire on this street. There's nobody really rich in the county except Colonel Warren. Dad's not. The farm pays some, an' I guess he makes nine or ten thousand a year out of The Argus—which is darn good for a country newspaper, Uncle Nolan says. Maybe people envy us. Uncle Nolan could be rich as sin if he went an' practiced in New York or somewhere. They have him down to lecture at —— Gee, my head aches!"

He shut his eyes on the placid gloom of the street, with its red brick houses and the old white porches of limestone from the hills up the valley, and wished himself two miles away, at home in his shower bath. This was rude to Kay, but the prettiest girl was no compensation for that ache. Noises seemed to swell against his ears. Three barks from someone's motor really rang into his head like shots, although no motor moved on the street. And all the noises of the town increased. Blood beat and fought so in his head. He breathed slowly and counted sixty and wished he could fall asleep.

"Something's happened," Kay said.

"Huh?"

"It's an accident or a fire. People are running."

"Let 'em run," said Ailanthus. "I don't give a hoot."

He kept his eyes shut. Maybe because he would be twenty-one this October an accident or a fire wasn't simply absorbing any more. Kay stood up, he heard, and certainly people were running. Somewhere in this street a door clattered open and shut with a biting squawk. And then Ailanthus opened his eyes on a sound that thrilled. A horse was galloping on asphalt.

"It's Toby!"

Ailanthus ran down to the sidewalk. Nothing could have happened to dad, who was at Ransome's house, and mother was spending the afternoon with Mrs. Edge out at the Edge dairy farm, and she had Corinne with her. Only, here came Toby, yellow in the face, gripping his mare with his hard knees.

"Get over to the hospital, fast!"

"Who is it?"

"Red! The fella missed him once. Hustle!"

The mare spun. Her front shoes circled over the motor as Ailanthus fell into his father's car, and Toby galloped

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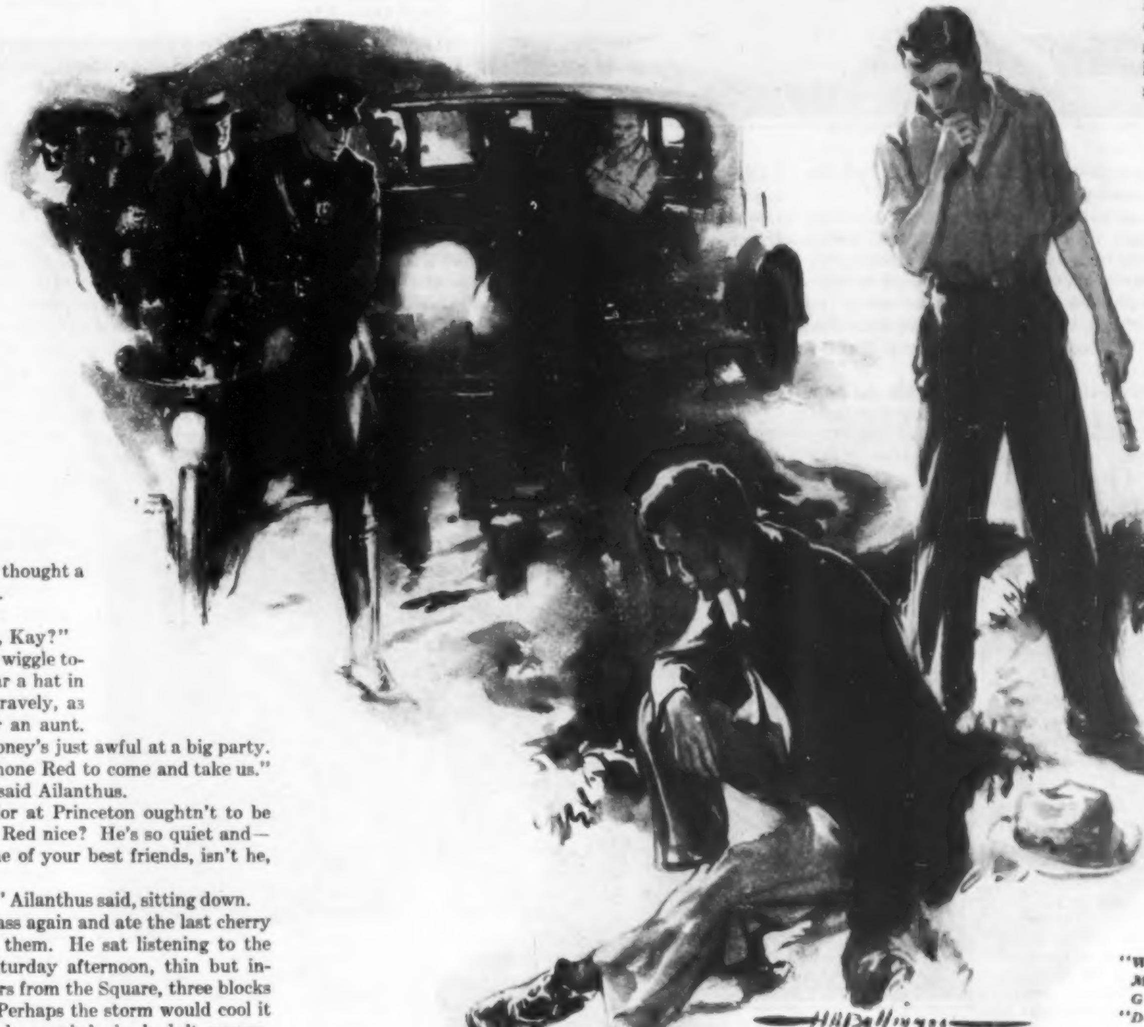


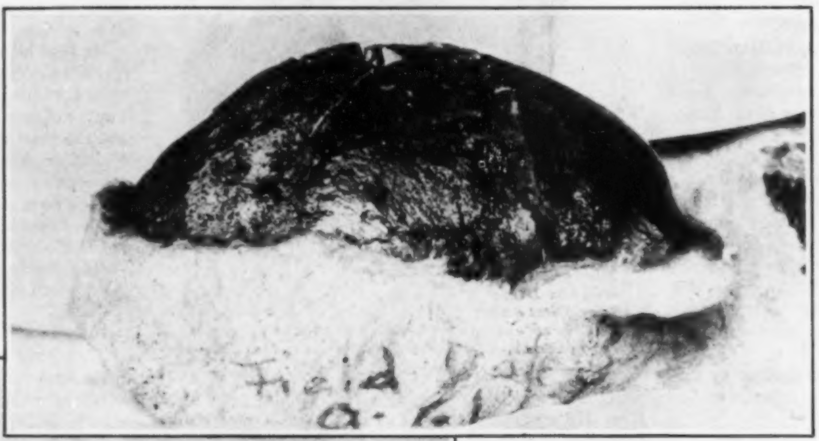
"Who Represents the Majesty of the Law, Gentlemen?" "Don't Get Funny," Said Officer Heffernan

ADAM'S GRANDPARENT

By Roy Chapman Andrews

WHEN the Central Asiatic Expedition first went to Mongolia in 1921, we became known as the Missing Link Expedition in spite of all that we could do. This was simply because one of our objects was to search for the remains of primitive man, which we believed would be found somewhere on the great Asiatic plateau. Before we started, I could be sure of hearing the same joke at least once each day.

"Why do you go way out there to hunt for the missing link? I see dozens of them every morning in the Subway!"



Sinanthropus Pekinensis. The Peking Man Skull in Burlap Wrapping. The Top Half of the Skull is Shown. The Remainder is in a Mat of Plaster and Burlap. The Right End Shows the Massive Eyebrow Ridge

At Left – The Town of Chou Kou Tien From the East. The Lime Deposit is in the Center, About a Mile From the Village. Chou Kou Tien is 25 Miles From Peking

The local habitat of the missing link might be shifted to various parts of the city, according to the orbit of individuals, but the remainder of the joke was always the same.

However, we were not to be appeased with the living metropolitan product. We wanted one that had been a long time dead. And by long, I mean long. Not a paltry few thousand years. A hundred thousand would be interesting certainly; half a million much more so; one or two millions really satisfying. We felt that such an individual might give a lot of information about the why and wherefore of the human race.

Therefore, we persisted in our plans and made our journey to the very heart of the storm-swept desert of Gobi.

In Peking, the familiar American joke was continually in our ears: "Don't endure sand storms out there in the desert. I saw a missing link this morning pulling a ricksha!"

The Peking Man

AND now, suddenly, the joke has a real significance. Almost at the front door, as it were, of the Central Asiatic Expedition's headquarters in Peking one of the most primitive types of humans known to science has been found. Unfortunately for us, we cannot claim him as our own. I think that anyone could have collected a number of right arms among the members of the Central Asiatic Expedition, had it been necessary to sacrifice them to achieve the present discovery.

It stands as the most important known link in the broken chain of human ancestry. It may be the most ancient. Of the early types it is by far the most complete. Its geological age and position can be most accurately dated. There are other superlatives which it warrants, but those I will relate in a moment. First should come the romance of its discovery and the well-deserved credit to its discoverers. Also it must properly be referred to by name, for even though it has been dead for somewhere near a million years, the christening took place only recently. Not again will the discovery be referred to as "it."* The Peking Man is his name. Scientifically he will take first place in the list of distinguished dead as *Sinanthropus pekinensis*.

Bringing him to light was an international event in both importance and achievement. The site of his long burial was discovered by a Swedish scientist, Dr. J. G. Andersson. Money for the initial work was furnished by Sweden; later by the Rockefeller Foundation of America. A brilliant young Canadian anatomist, Dr. Davidson Black, organized and directed the excavation in conjunction with the Geological Survey of China. A Swedish paleontologist, Dr. Birger Bohlin, supervised the actual fieldwork, assisted by three Chinese, Mr. C. Li, Dr. C. C. Young and Mr. W. C. Pei.

Until Dr. J. G. Andersson came to Peking as mining adviser to the government, very little attention had been paid to the paleontological wealth of China, scientifically. Fossils had only a commercial value. The Chinese call them *lung gu*—dragon bones. Like tigers' claws and whiskers, bats' dung, snakes' flesh, blood from a brigand's heart, deer horns, and a dozen other similar ingredients, fossil bones and teeth were used as medicine. They still are, just as much as before China began to worry about her sovereign rights and the unequal treaties.

Science Gets a Setback

WHEN dragon bones are powdered, dissolved in acid and mixed with a liberal quantity of superstition, the concoction is of undoubted efficacy for every kind of illness from dysentery to bullet wounds. The apothecary shops do a lucrative business, buying their products from some lucky native who has discovered a fossil-bearing locality. In Sze-chwan province, Walter Granger, paleontologist of the Central Asiatic Expedition, found that the Chinese were mining fossils in deep pits. Some of the deposits had been worked for centuries, the rights being handed down from generation to generation of a family. Hundreds of thousands of specimens, scientifically priceless, had been ground to powder and sold to prevent stomachache!

Doctor Andersson, as a member of the Geological Survey, began a systematic investigation of Chinese paleontology, the work being supported by Swedish finances. He encountered many difficulties. One of the most serious was the universal belief in *feng-shui*, the spirits of the earth, wind and water, which guard all burial grounds. In most thickly settled regions in China it is difficult to find a place where *feng-shui* is inoperative. The fossil hunter must be extremely cautious in digging without having first obtained the consent of the nearest villagers. He needs unlimited patience, great tact, and a saving sense of humor.

Doctor Andersson had some amusing experiences during his first investigations. Once when he had gone through all the necessary formalities of obtaining the owner's permission to excavate a fossil deposit, his operations were halted by the sudden appearance of an irate old lady. Angry men are bad enough, heaven knows, but when a Chinese woman works herself into a frenzy, everyone hunts cover. This particular old lady was so enraged that she seated herself squarely in the hole that the paleontologist had dug, and refused to move. Arguments were useless. Doctor Andersson could not well shovel her out

(Continued on Page 157)

The Face of the Chou Kou Tien Deposit. At Left, Doctor Zdansky. Walter Granger, Left Center. The Skull Was Found About Sixty Feet Below the Working Here Shown

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*EDITOR'S NOTE—As this issue goes to press, Doctor Black is reported in a dispatch to have reached the conclusion that the "Peking Man" probably was a woman, a young adult female. The skull at that time still remained imbedded in part of the rock in which it was found. The task of chiseling the stone away will require several months more. Not until then will it be possible definitely to determine the brain capacity and other characteristics.

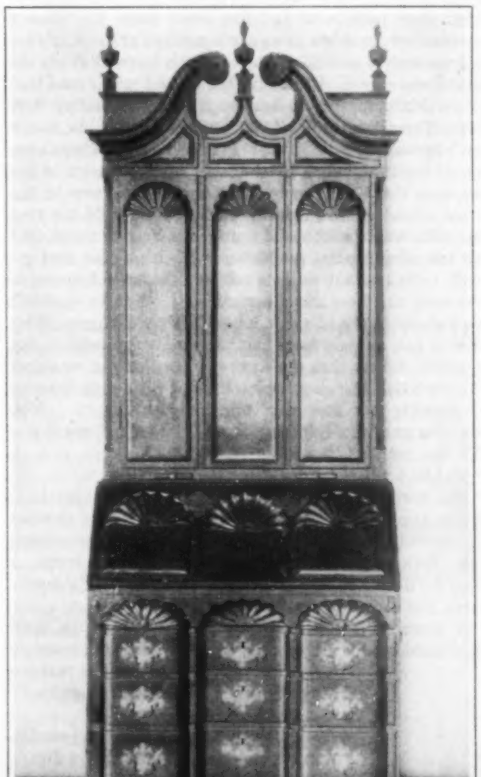
ANTIQUE HUMBUGS

A Priceless Communion Table

By Wallace Nutting

SO MANY have the antique bug! Will it do any good to take the hum out of the bug? There are so many humbugs entertained regarding antiques, and so many antiques that are humbugs, that it will be some fun dissecting each one and will do no sincere person harm.

There has been a flood of ink shed regarding antiques, but the shedders are, so far as the press articles are concerned, exclusively literary people. Most of these writers are entertaining—sometimes unconsciously so. All of them, except, sometimes, the stock columnists in the dailies, are good reading. But has Mr. Public ever asked himself the question why antiquarians have not been among these writers? Or the largest collectors? Or the big dealers? One would think this question would have been asked before. It has been asked privately. The answer is easy. Most great collectors are men of wealth or years. Writing is not their profession, nor is there any reason why they should write, as they look at it. I have in mind the dean of all collectors, who is often importuned to write but who never would do so. He is too busy. Such persons prefer looking at antiques. And dealers' stock in trade is, to a small extent only, the articles they have for sale. Mostly their stock is the knowledge of what, where and whither. This knowledge they do not care to sell, much less give away. And they are not a writing people. So it is that the very persons who have the knowledge which the public would like are the very people who do not impart it.



A John Goddard Secretary in an Estate of Such Vested Wealth That There is No Human Probability it Will Ever Pass From It. The Probable Chef-d'Œuvre of American Mahogany

The writer no longer collects and has no antiques for sale, and therefore has no reason for silence, except to keep the good will of the dishonest, and that is not worth while after one has ceased to collect! But it is a motive that weighs heavily with many excellent people who dislike to make enemies, or who may want a favor of a questionable dealer, or who fear publicity.

Among the illusions or false surmises current are:

That a person buying for his own use can tell whether an article is antique or not.

Observe, I confine this class to collectors who are not in any way professional; and even so confined, it is the largest class of persons interested in antiques, and runs into many, many thousands.

Obviously no one will consciously pay several times the true value of an article. But the joy of collecting and that frequent self-conceit which gives life its snap and trade its stimulus are qualities as common as snowflakes in Labrador. The collector—especially the beginner—does not pause to reason out the fact that thousands of men have schooled themselves to do him, or at least to sell him. These thousands, being professionals, see more alleged antiques in a week than a lay collector can take time to see in a year. This buyer would not think of pitting his knowledge against that of a surgeon, but he does pit his ignorance against the dealer in a hundred cities every day. As both he and the dealer enjoy it, who shall say them nay? The buyer's error arises from his presuming that the subject requires little knowledge, easily mastered. There is, however, no more subtle, no more experienced mind required in any other department of life. Notice how connoisseurs differ regarding the author of a painting.

Who is the Expert?

SPEAKING broadly, one may say that twenty years of careful study is not enough to render a buyer fairly certain of his ground. And even so, if he has never become an amateur cabinetmaker, he cannot detect some signs which are important to observe. Some buyers can be fooled all the time. I have in mind a gentleman, of good capacity in general, who has collected for sixty years and has a menagerie of unnamable humbugs.

That a buyer may consult an expert and obtain reliable information.

Who is the expert? Men of wealth cannot be bothered to act as experts. And they are too wise to act in such a capacity. In practical experience the expert selected is always a dealer. Will a dealer make an enemy of his neighbor dealer by going into his place and pronouncing his stock spurious? No, not for pay. A common illusion is that one can judge an article by a picture of it. Though it may at times be possible to see from a picture that the thing is new, the fact may be that careful examination in the best light is required. I call to mind a piece sent me to purchase. A rare expert was calling at my home. It took him an hour to determine that the piece was spurious. I returned it. Afterward an old collector bought it for a good piece and paid a great sum. It was an excellent piece of work, afterward traced to its maker, who had received for it less than an equally good, frankly new piece should have cost. Sweat-shop labor or foreign labor produces most of this stuff.

You will be fooled if you depend on your own judgment, and you will be fooled oftener if you depend on the available expert, because he is not the right man.

It should be remembered that the dealer usually wants a piece for himself if it is for sale at a moderate price. And he can afford to pay more than the ordinary collector, for he knows of some long pocketbook waiting to open for a prize piece.

A large collection was bought by word of mouth by a dealer. He informed another dealer of his purchase. "What?" said his confidant. "You didn't buy that stuff!" The buyer hedged off, and within a month his confidant bought the collection for himself, paying the full price quoted, and actually sold for a double price to his informant dealer some of the articles. Yet not a word had been said against the collection. There was merely a lifted eyebrow. For the designation "stuff" is often used of the finest articles. The writer, who bought for twenty-five years and has written more than fifteen years on antiques, now knows of one nondealer who can be called upon to act professionally as an expert.

The Only Acceptable Advice

THE blunt fact is that advice is generally asked after the purchase is made, and there is no surer way to offend a friend than to tell him the truth, especially when the information costs nothing. I recall many an embarrassing moment when some acquaintance has asked me about his belongings. There is only one attitude to assume—that of delighted admiration. Then away goes one's friend and proclaims, "Mr. So-and-So, the well-known expert, says my stuff is wonderful." It is. Hence, if you tell the truth you lose your reputation for veracity or for knowledge and lose a friend. If you lie you are a fine fellow, but those who know chuckle. So there you are. It is never safe to visit a friend who is a collector—that is, if you know anything. If you carefully maintain that you know nothing about it you are not playing up or doing what is wanted of you. There is no escape. For I have never yet seen that person who would thank from the heart one who told him the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

That an expert always knows an antique.

The writer once possessed a wonderful Windsor chair. He copied it for one who posed as a friend. The copy was avowedly new and looked new. It turned up at an auction

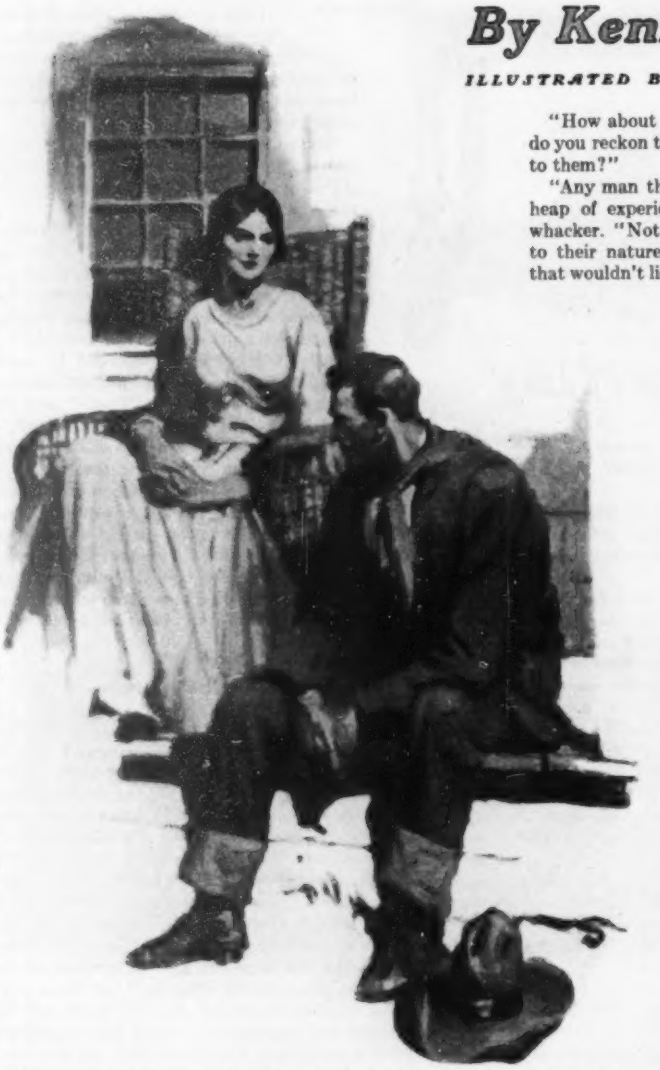
(Continued on Page 149)

An Aster-and-Tulip Chest

THE SACRED TRUTH

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD



"'You Ain't Disagreeable, I Don't Think,' Says Dan. 'No, Esmeralda, You Ain't Disagreeable'"

THE air was clear, crisp and cool, but not too cool for comfort withoutdoors in the sunshine-flooded lee of the Box Elder stage station. The big cottonwood near the corrals had almost completely divested itself of its leafy clothing, and stretched naked boughs and twigs in a venose pattern again the blue of the sky, no longer inviting the heat-oppressed to shady repose; the expanse of short, curly buffalo grass, threaded to the distant Cheyenne bluffs by the now hardly verdurous creek, was bleached to gray, but the prospect was pleasing, and the stock tender's guests had moved out to enjoy it when the midday meal was over, tilting against the weatherboarding the chairs that they had dragged out of the steaming and malodorous atmosphere of hot dishwater.

Besides Samuel Stegg, the old ex-bullwhacker, who had ridden over from his ranch and adopted family for his weekly visit to the station, the dinner guests were Lon Selby, the district attorney, and Jay Slyfield, the Hermosilla storekeeper, who were out on their annual chicken hunt with dog and guns. As they were leaving the table Jay had told the stock tender that he was right sorry not to be allowed to remain and assist with the dishwashing, and the stock tender had observed, pleasantly enough, that Mr. Slyfield was a profanely qualified liar.

"Them is fighting words, Hank," said Slyfield. But he spoke without heat and made no hostile demonstration, despite Mr. Stegg's provocative urging and reproaches for his spiritless inaction. The conversation on the subject was renewed when the stock tender, his dishwashing done, rejoined the group.

"Didn't David say that all men are liars?" asked Slyfield.

"He said it in his haste," Mr. Stegg informed him. "All the same, there's times when lying is ness'ry and times when it's excusable. Somebody else said, without hurrying, that only children and fools speak the truth."

"How about women?" asked the stock tender. "Or do you reckon that 'fools' covers the ground in regards to them?"

"Any man that thinks women are fools ain't had a heap of experience with 'em," declared the old bullwhacker. "Not insinuating that falsehood ain't foreign to their natures," he hastened to add. "I knew one that wouldn't lie no more'n George Washington or me."

"One!" sneered the stock tender.

"There's others a-plenty, prob'ly," said Mr. Stegg. "Still and all, mabbe there ain't so many that had the habit so strong and set as what Esmeralda Beecham had it. She run it into the ground."

"Now we're a-going to get the truth, the whole truth, and etsetrys," the stock tender predicted, winking at the others. "It's a wonder to me how Sam thinks up all them truths of his that he's always a-telling."

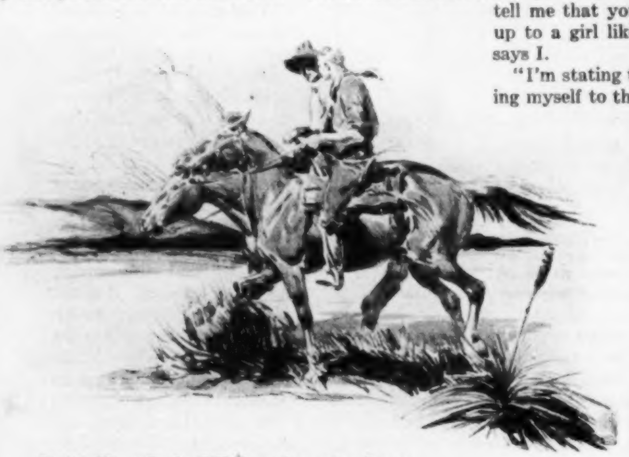
Esmeralda Beecham come out here from Iowa to teach school—Mr. Stegg began. She was a cousin of Mis' Jim Ritchie on Horsehead, and the schoolhouse is a-standing today to prove she taught there, and old Jim 'll bear me out that she boarded at his place while she taught there. I could call to mind a half a dozen others, if they ain't dead or left the country. I think Gene Hartman in Hermisillo was one of her scholars. Anyway, if there was anything that Esmeralda just naturally despised, it was a lie, and you didn't have to know her long afore you'd find that out. She wasn't a particle afraid to tell you, so you had to watch yourself close when you was a-talking to her—which you was apt to wish to do—first off, anyways—account she wasn't no ways bad-looking and not more'n twenty at the outside.

Just to show you, Mis' Ritchie, feeling sort of affectionate, started to call her Esma. That would have been all right with most girls, but she wouldn't have it thataway. "I wish you wouldn't call me that," she says. "It's 'Esmeralda.' I don't like it and I'm sorry that pa and ma ever named me that, but that's what they done, and you can't go back of the family Bible, can you? I think, myself, that 'Esma' is prettier, but it would be deceptional. If you called me 'Esma,' it would be a lie, and if I let you, it would be me acting a lie; don't you see it would?"

"No, I don't," says Mis' Ritchie. "It wouldn't be no worse than me calling my husband 'Jim' when his name's properly 'James.'"

"She calls me worse than that sometimes," says Jim, who was then present and told me about it. "When she gets on the warpath she calls me all the names she can lay her tongue to," he says. "I tell you she's a terror to snakes."

"You mean that snakes are a terror to her," says Esmeralda, real sober. "I know that she's afraid of them, and I am too."



Fin'ly They Rode Off Together at a Lope

"If that's the case, I'll have to get rid of Ezekiel." And when she wanted to know who Ezekiel was, he told her that it was his pet rattlesnake, which was the only one in captivity that was educated to rattle an accompaniment to banjo music. "Ellen doesn't mind that one," he says. "I suppose you wouldn't want to hear him in his specialty if I whistled him out of his hole behind the kitchen wood box, would you?"

"Don't you pay no attention to him, Esmeralda," says Mis' Ritchie. "He ain't got no rattlesnake; he's just teasing you."

"Do you mean he's lying to me?" she asks, looking at Jim real reproachful.

"Romancing," says Mis' Ritchie.

"I call it lying if a person tells another person what ain't so," says Esmeralda. "I'm sorry, Cousin James, but you needn't expect me to believe anything that you ever tell me again. You see, that's the trouble with people who tell lies, besides its being sinful: Nobody ever believes 'em. You can't tell when they're a-lying and when they're a-telling the truth."

I said to Jim, "Great Scott!" I says. "Pretty tough to have a woman like that around!"

"Oh, she's all right," says Jim. "I'm right fond of her. When she looks at a fellow in that solemn way, out of them big soft brown eyes of hers, and allows that liars are goin' to get their portion of hell-fire, she's more fun than a wagonload of monkeys. You can't get mad at her, she's too dog-gone sweet, and Ellen and me both know that it's the way she was raised. Ellen says her pa and ma figured that you wouldn't appreciate heaven if you was happy here below. They didn't kill all the laugh in Esmeralda, but it wasn't because of want of trying, I reckon; and there's another thing that helps to make her kind of strict in her idees, and that's her name. Some girls she knew in the normal school where she went, back in Iowa, told her that Esmeralda was the name of a girl in a French novel that went traipsing around in short skirts with a goat and got herself talked about with a soldier. 'Course Esmeralda never read this here novel herself, and her folks wouldn't have had one in the house on a bet. If they'd known about it they'd just as soon have had her christened Jezebel, but Esmeralda figures that she's got to act so's folks wouldn't think she's liable to go prancing around with a tambourine and showing her stockings unconventional. . . . You come over and take Sunday dinner with us and see if you don't like her."

"Mabbe I will," I says.

"You won't be the only one that finds her right interesting," he says. "Dan Bixby's been over twicet in the last week to see how my curly kale and squaw corn was coming along. He's right hungry for information about crops. I reckon he'll be homesteading a hundred and sixty somewheres, the way he talks."

"If them wild oats he's sowed ever comes up, he'll have a considerable of a crop," I says. "You don't mean to tell me that young devil is making up to a girl like this Esmeralda?" says I.

"I'm stating the facts and confining myself to the same," says Jim.

Well, that was a surprise to me. I don't say there was any real harm in Dan. He was a lanky, loose-jointed, red-headed puncher with a yard-wide smile that used to train with Bobby Nivens that was foreman of the Z Bell later on, and married Margarita Biglow. The boys used to call them the long and short of it, and they sure made a team, even if they wasn't matched for size. Either one of them could think up more deviltry in one night than any five common waddies, and what Bobby overlooked Dan would s'gest, and vicey versey. "Reckless" wasn't no name for them. Consequences was something that you took the best you could, but wasn't what you needed to figure on beforehand, accordin' to them. And another thing, Dan was the gol-darndest liar that ever stepped, and he'd tell 'em with a face as innocent as a newborn babe. Not lies that would hurt anything, you understand. Only to carry out a joke or by way of pastime.

Anyway, I went over the next Sunday and seen Miss Esmeralda, and I couldn't hardly b'lieve it of her. Brown, wavy hair with a clean shine to it, and a heap of it; one of them rose-leaf complexions and an elegant figure and quite a few frills and furbelows onto her dress, even if it did come up to her ears and down to her knuckles and her shoe tips. She didn't look noways 's if she was a-going to make me stand in a corner with my face to the wall if I didn't behave, and when I told her it was a pleasure to meet her she didn't call me down. Maybe she seen the truth a-shining out of my eyes.

Mr. Stegg

She was still new enough to the country and its ways to be a heap noticing and mighty cur'ous and, enduring of the dinner, Jim took advantage of her asking questions to give her a consid'able misinformation of one sort and another. She was a-mentioning Injuns, in particular, and he told her that old one about how he got ketched in the shut-in end of a box canyon by a horde of red-skinned demons led by the bloodthirsty old scalawag, Two-Kettle.

"There I was at the last turn," says Jim. "Six of their bravest warriors had already bit the dust since they started to chase me, but there was still all of a couple of hundred left, and I knowed the odds was against me in spite of my unerring aim. I looked despritly about me, but there wasn't no way to get out. The walls of the canyon was as steep as the side of a house and all of forty foot high at the lowest, with no foot holts, and them redskins seen it and reelized it as quick as I did, and let out bloodcurdling yells of triumph. All I could do was sell my life as dear as I could, so I loosened my knife in its sheath, slipped my last cattridge into my rifle, drawed a bead on old Two-Kettle and pulled trigger."

Jim sort of paused and looked at Esmeralda. She was a-bending forward, pale and horror-struck, with her eyes wide and her mouth a little open to help her to breathe.

"Dog my cats if the blamed gun didn't miss fire!" says Jim. "The hammer just clicked, and that was all, and the next moment they was on me. That was the end."

He stopped and put a forkful of mashed p'taters in his mouth, and then he told me that the country was a-needing rain right bad.

"What do you mean—the end?" Esmeralda asks him. "What happened?"

"I wanted to spare you the harrering details," says Jim. "They killed me, of course, and scalped me. You'd shudder if I told you any more."

Esmeralda's pretty red lips come together tight and she pushed her chair back and started to get up when Mis' Ritchie caught her arm.

I spoke up quick. "Anybody that didn't know you would think you was a-lying, Jim," I says. "Anyway," s' I, "you must be mistaken, because if they killed you, you wouldn't be here to tell the tale, and if they'd scalped you, there wouldn't be no hair on the top of your head. I reckon you must be a little mixed up. When did this here happen?"

"Sometime along in August in '83 or '84," Jim answers. "Mabbe you're right, Sam," says he, feeling of the curly thatch on his skull. "Still and all, I don't see how it could have been otherwise. I couldn't never have climbed out of that canyon. Them walls was forty foot high."

"He's just lying again," says Esmeralda, sharp and bitter, "and I hate a liar."

"Just a moment," I says to her. "I don't like to think that Jim would lie. There's no need of lying when truth is so much stranger than what fiction is in this territory. But I think I can explain. It was along in August, either in '83 or '84, that Capt. Joshua J. Gassenheimer left Fort Kearney with a troop of the Seventh Cavalry and orders to bring in Two-Kettle, dead or alive. He trapped the treacherous chief and his band in a box canyon. That's hist'ry. I reckon them soldiers got into action just about the time Jim was at bay, using his clubbed rifle with murd'rous effect, and Two-Kettle s'rendered right after they poured in the first volley, but not afore Jim was stunned by a blow from a war club wielded by one of the painted savages. Try to think, Jim."

"It all comes back to me now," says Jim. "Yes, that was the way of it. They put me in an ambulance and carried me to the fort, where I lay for months, a-hovering between life and death. Sure!"

"I was the nurse that nursed him," says Mis' Ritchie ca'mly. "He was a sweet patient too."

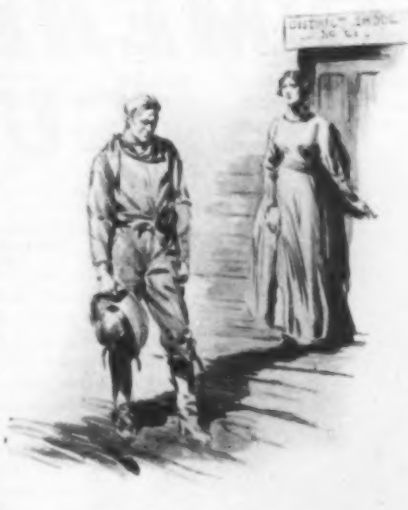
That made Esmeralda turn on her. "Why, you never told me that," she says, astonished. "You wrote and told ma that you'd met Cousin James at a social gathering."

"Not 'Cousin James,' surely, my dear," Mis' Ritchie makes answer.

"'James' then," Esmeralda c'rects herself.

"Nor yet 'James,'" says Mis' Ritchie. "I wouldn't have been so familiar and onladylike, I hope. I know you wouldn't say anything that wasn't true intentional, Esmeralda, but you did ought to be careful. But don't feel bad about it, honey; we all make mistakes."

"You're just a-trying to plague me," says the girl, half laughing and half mad. "Mr. Stegg," she says to me, "I can't never tell whether they're teasing me or telling the truth. Do you think it's right to tell lies? I don't mean that I don't b'lieve about them awful Injuns, but other things. The other day Cousin James said that he had a pet rattlesnake, and he never had nothing of the kind."


She Told Me I'd Have to Go

"That certainly wasn't right," I says. "I'd call that a plain untruth."

"I'll tell you something that's the truth without meaning to plague you," says Mis' Ritchie. "That pest Dan Bixby's just rode into the yard."

Esmeralda turns her head quick to look out of the window, and at the same time she flushed up noticeable.

"I'll go out and boot him off the place!" says Jim, getting up from the table and speaking mighty fierce. "Where's that shotgun of mine? I'm sure not a-going to have him coming around here and pestering Esmeralda, and if he won't take a hint off'n my boot sole, I'll see what a load of buckshot'll do."

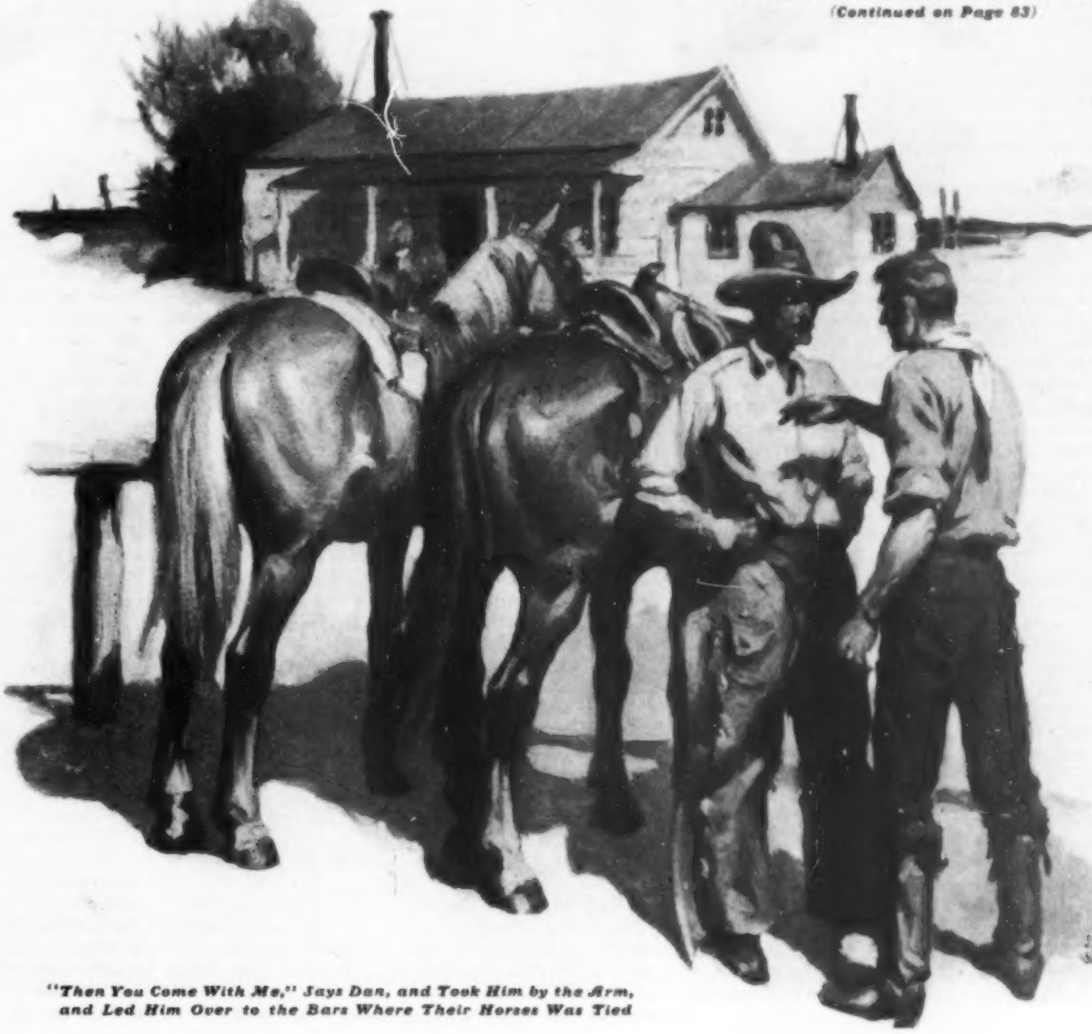
"Cousin James!" cries Esmeralda. "Stop him, Ellen! Don't let him!" She got up too. "He doesn't pester me. I never said he did. Ellen!" She grabbed Jim by the arm, and right at that minute Dan Bixby looks in at the door, a-grinning.

"What's all this scrapping about?" Dan inquires. "Better let me handle him for you, Miss Esmeralda. . . . Howdy, Mis' Ritchie. You're a-looking like the roses in June. And if there ain't my long-lost uncle, Sam Stegg, bless his wild heart! They told me that Boone May's stranglers hung you on Centennial prairie for hoss stealing, Sam. *Com' esta?* Ain't this here a d'lightful re-onion?" He dusted the floor with his hat brim and made Esmeralda a low congee. "*Señorita, de mi alma!*" he says. "How, Jim!"

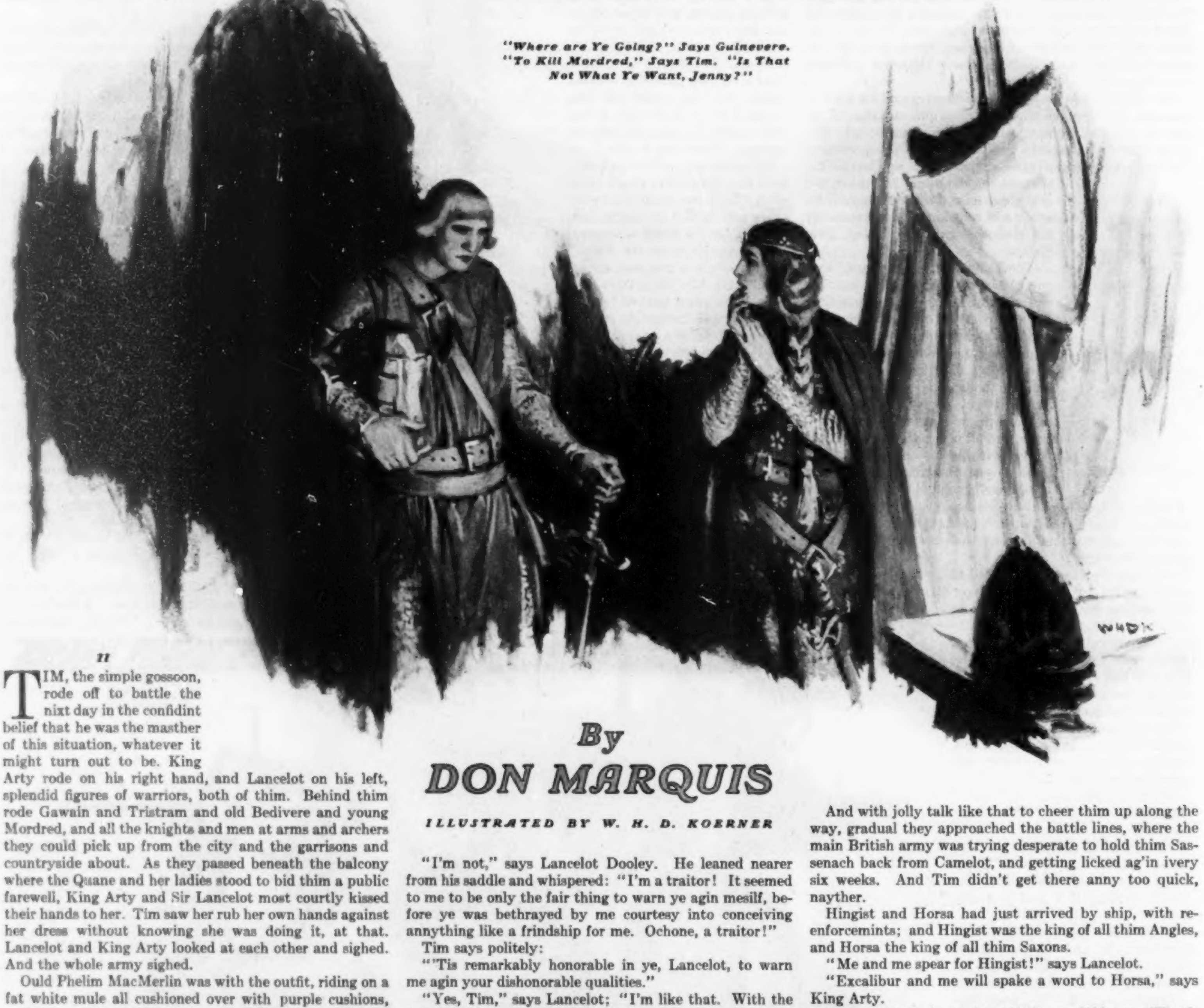
"Glad to see you, Dan," says Jim, real hearty. "You're a mite late, but I reckon we can fix you up a bite. Set down."

"Don't you do it, Mr. Bixby," says Esmeralda, and she said it so earnest that we all stared at her. "I don't care if he is my cousin," she goes on to say. "He ain't glad to see

(Continued on Page 83)


"Then You Come With Me," Says Dan, and Took Him by the Arm, and Led Him Over to the Bars Where Their Horses Was Tied

KING O'MEARA AND QUEEN GUINEVERE



"Where are Ye Going?" Says Guinevere. "To Kill Mordred," Says Tim. "Is That Not What Ye Want, Jenny?"

II

TIM, the simple gossoon, rode off to battle the nixt day in the confidint belief that he was the masther of this situation, whatever it might turn out to be. King Arty rode on his right hand, and Lancelot on his left, splendid figures of warriors, both of thim. Behind thim rode Gawain and Tristram and old Bedivere and young Mordred, and all the knights and men at arms and archers they could pick up from the city and the garrisons and countryside about. As they passed beneath the balcony where the Quane and her ladies stood to bid thim a public farewell, King Arty and Sir Lancelot most courtly kissed their hands to her. Tim saw her rub her own hands against her dress without knowing she was doing it, at that. Lancelot and King Arty looked at each other and sighed. And the whole army sighed.

Ould Phelim MacMerlin was with the outfit, riding on a fat white mule all cushioned over with purple cushions, and the magician was looking as plaised with himsilf as an orphan at an outing. 'Twas wan of the convintions of warfare in Britain in thim days ye had to be carrying a wizard along with ye. There was three cartloads of guinea pigs and white rabbits accompanying Phelim, and all through the campaigns that ensued he was pothering around behind the lines projucing these silly-eyed bastes out of helmets; and whin he wasn't doing that, ye would see him in the mouth of a cave somewhere, burning chimical messes ye could smell for miles. It had but little relation to the sanguinary affairs of war, but Tim said nothing, for he perceived 'twas good for the morale of the troops. They'd always been used to folderols like that. Tim had commandeered from the resources of the kingdom a thousand hogsheads of ale and three thousand head of sheep and oxen, for a strategetical purpose I will tell ye about soon, and they come trailing along in the dusty rear.

They'd been riding a couple of hours the first day out whin Sir Lancelot Dooley pushes his horse near to the High King of Ireland, and he says:

"O'Meara," he says, "is there anny notion in your mind at all, at all to the iffict that maybe I'm a pretty good fella?"

"Ye have all the machinery for it, Dooley," says Tim, "if ye did but give way wance or twice to a bubble of high spirits."

By
DON MARQUIS

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

"I'm not," says Lancelot Dooley. He leaned nearer from his saddle and whispered: "I'm a traitor! It seemed to me to be only the fair thing to warn ye agin mesilf, before ye was bethrayed by me courtesy into conceiving annything like a frindship for me. Ochone, a traitor!"

Tim says politely:

"'Tis remarkably honorable in ye, Lancelot, to warn me agin your dishonorable qualities."

"Yes, Tim," says Lancelot; "I'm like that. With the ixciption of wan thing, me honor is acute. Iverybody knows what that wan thing is, but 'tis niver mintioned in my prisince or the King's, Tim. Poor Arty—me heart bleeds for that man, Tim. He suffers the pangs of Hades! He knows, but he has not anny idea that I know he knows—and I'd hew the black heart out of the churl that wised him up, for 'twould be the death of Arty's dignity. Poor Arty, what he suffers whin he reflicts on my despair!"

"Lancelot," says Tim, "I hope ye won't take me remark as personal, for 'tis only intinded as an observation on the world at large—but it looks to me there could be cases and occasions where 'twould be betther to have less honor and more control over what ye do have. Did it get loose from wan entirely, might it not be turning around and biting itsilf to death?"

An hour or so later, King Arty comes close to Tim on the other side.

"O'Meara," says he, "did Lancelot say annything to ye?"

"Nothing ye could construe as significant," says Tim.

"Poor divil!" said King Arty. "Me heart bleeds for him! What that lad suffers because of the refinemint of his nature! With the possible ixciption of mesilf, Tim, there's no such sinsibility in the world wide. If he should iver find out that I knew, 'twould be the death of him entirely!"

And with jolly talk like that to cheer thim up along the way, gradual they approached the battle lines, where the main British army was trying desperate to hold thim Sassenach back from Camelot, and getting licked ag'in ivery six weeks. And Tim didn't get there anny too quick, nayther.

Hingist and Horsa had just arrived by ship, with reenforcemints; and Hingist was the king of all thim Angles, and Horsa the king of all thim Saxons.

"Me and me spear for Hingist!" says Lancelot.

"Excalibur and me will spake a word to Horsa," says King Arty.

"Lave that single-combat talk!" says O'Meara. "That's tourneymint stuff! First, we win the war, and afther that, if ye want to give exhibitions of single combat for the binifit of the soldiers' home, all well and good. If ye meet Hingist or Horsa in the mix-up, wallop thim good, but don't seek thim. There will be bigger business afoot.

"And I don't want none of you lads galloping out and breaking your lances agin the center of shields, nayther, what way you'd be doing in a tourneymint. Aim below thim shields; aim at thim Saxons' stomachs! Their heads is solid and their chists is like barrels of nails. There ain't but wan place to get a Saxon, and that, saving your prisince, is the belly."

"'Tis not chivalry," says King Arty.

"'Tis war," says Tim.

"'Tis scarcely honorable," says Lancelot.

"'Tis efficient," says Tim; "and kape the change."

The nixt day Tim give thim their first lesson in strategy, which was retiring to a prepared position, and thin advancing from it ag'in with a flanking movemint. The prepared position was on a wide semicircle of hills round about a plateau, and this plateau was about four hundhred yards from the Sassenach front lines. Tim had all thim sheep and cattle driven to the plateau and killed and roasted there, and the barrels of ale was opened and tin dippers hung to thim. Whin the smell of the barbecue drifted to the Saxon lines, five thousand of thim advanced at wance; and afther making the pretinse of a skirmish Tim's men retired to the prepared positions, but thim Saxons did not follow. Gluttonous and enthusiastic they wint for that roasted meat and ale, and whin they could no longer navigate because of their heathen excisses of appetite, Tim's men flanked thim and circumvallyated thim and complately abolished thim. 'Twas but a minor dimonstration, but it showed thim Round Table lads there was possibilities in strategy. But ould Phelim MacMerlin got the credit amongst the troops, for he had been in a cave throughout the engagemint, burning sulphur and making incantations, and afther that MacMerlin himsilf sint word to the people in the towns back home, which was cried by trumpeters about the streets: "Don't use sulphur; it will win the war." The word wint round he'd found another book.

A few more ilimintery lessons in strategy like that, and in two weeks Tim was ready to risk a gineral engagemint. He picked his spot and deployed and marched and maneuvered, and made his final dispositions judicious and careful; and there came a day in midsummer whin more than thirty thousand of the Gael, stretched out in long veteran lines upon a ridge that overlooked a watered valley, was face to face with nearly fifty thousand of thim Saxon pirates. To be precise, 'twas Tuesday, the twinty-sicond of July, of the year 578, Anno Domini, as has been passed down from O'Meara to O'Meara iver since.

At nine in the morning, High King O'Meara and King Arty rode slow and somewhat anxious along the lines, looking over their own troops and trying to figure out the dispositions of the inimy. And ivrywheres King Arty showed himself—and the great fine figure of a chief he was—the lines burst out in cheers.

"Art!" they cried. "King Art and the Gael foriver!"

"They love ye, Arty," says Tim.

"'Tis well that somewan does, Timothy," said King Arty, with wan of thim big, rib-lifting, windy sighs of his.

"I do," says O'Meara.

"And the Quane does not," says King Arty. There was a pang wint through Timothy O'Meara at that, but he armored his mind agin it; for, what the divil, says Tim to himsilf, wan must not think of women and the implications of their questing loves whin the wind of war is blowing through his hair and the tides of war are lapping at his feet. But he pitied that King, too, and he says:

"If ye die today, Arty ——"

"I may fall, but I shall not die!" says that strange King, with a queer high pride in his face and voice, and the awesome glimmer of prophecy about him like an immortal cloak. "Times and tides shall come, and tides and times shall go, and I be living on in this land of mine foriver!"

A strange King, foolish and noble, mad and gentle; and his proper traffic was war and angels. He niver had anny business marrying a mortal woman. There was moments whin ye felt, if ye laughed at him, ye would be laughing at God. But times there was, if ye had the laughing divil in your heart, ye could not hilp but laugh; and if ye were a man, ye laughed and loved, and hated yoursilf for laughing, and if ye were a woman, ye laughed and hated him ye could not make less than an angel. A strange King, and daunting—daunting.

King Art and King Tim commanded the center; on the right was Lancelot and young Mordred, and Tristram and Gawain took the left wing. Behind the lines, sitting beside a magic dew pond on a hill, was ould Phelim MacMerlin burning asafetida, and all night and all day he was squeaking wizard incantations to a circle of cormorant gulls was wheeling inward from the sea with the salt hope of slaughter in their charnel beaks.

'Twas about half afther nine the sky was darkened sudden by a singing cloud of arrows from the Saxon lines, and the iron points came raining downward with a whistle and a buzz. The British archers answered, and here and there the horses began to stamp and dance and whinny as the darts rattled and splintered on the flints, and men loosed their swords and tightened their belts, and the dragon banners was shaken loose and set flaunting and clutching with their red claws at the wind, and the glint and jangle and the hum grew greater, and men's hearts was tight and quick, and here and there, from the tinsion, some high-strung young fella was sick at his stomach—and small blame to him, ayther; I might have been so mesilf.

There come a deep bull-chested roar from the Saxon army, and a gray wave of the Saxon sea lifted up and rolled forward; and the Gael flung back a high-pitched yell would make ye think the pipers of the pit was blowing all the rage of Limbo in wan blast.

"They're coming!" says King Art. "Mount! Mount!"

For the British horsemen had been standing all by their horses' heads this last twinty minutes, gentling thim, and with their shields covering the bastes' heads from the arrows.

"Bugler, sound the mount!" says King Tim. And "Mount!" sings bugle to bugle, up and down the lines. "Mount! To saddle, saddle!" sang the bugles. 'Twas planned and ordered by Tim what troops and squadrons should first advance, and all thim Round Table lads with the heaviest iron on thim was amongst the first that creaked and grunted into their saddles with a clatter of their hardware.

"Lances!" says King Tim.

"Lances! Lances!" cries the bugles. "Spears in rest!"

"Let's go, Tim! Let's go!" cries King Art.

"Not yet," says King Tim. "We'll strike thim whin they're starting up the slope, and us coming down."

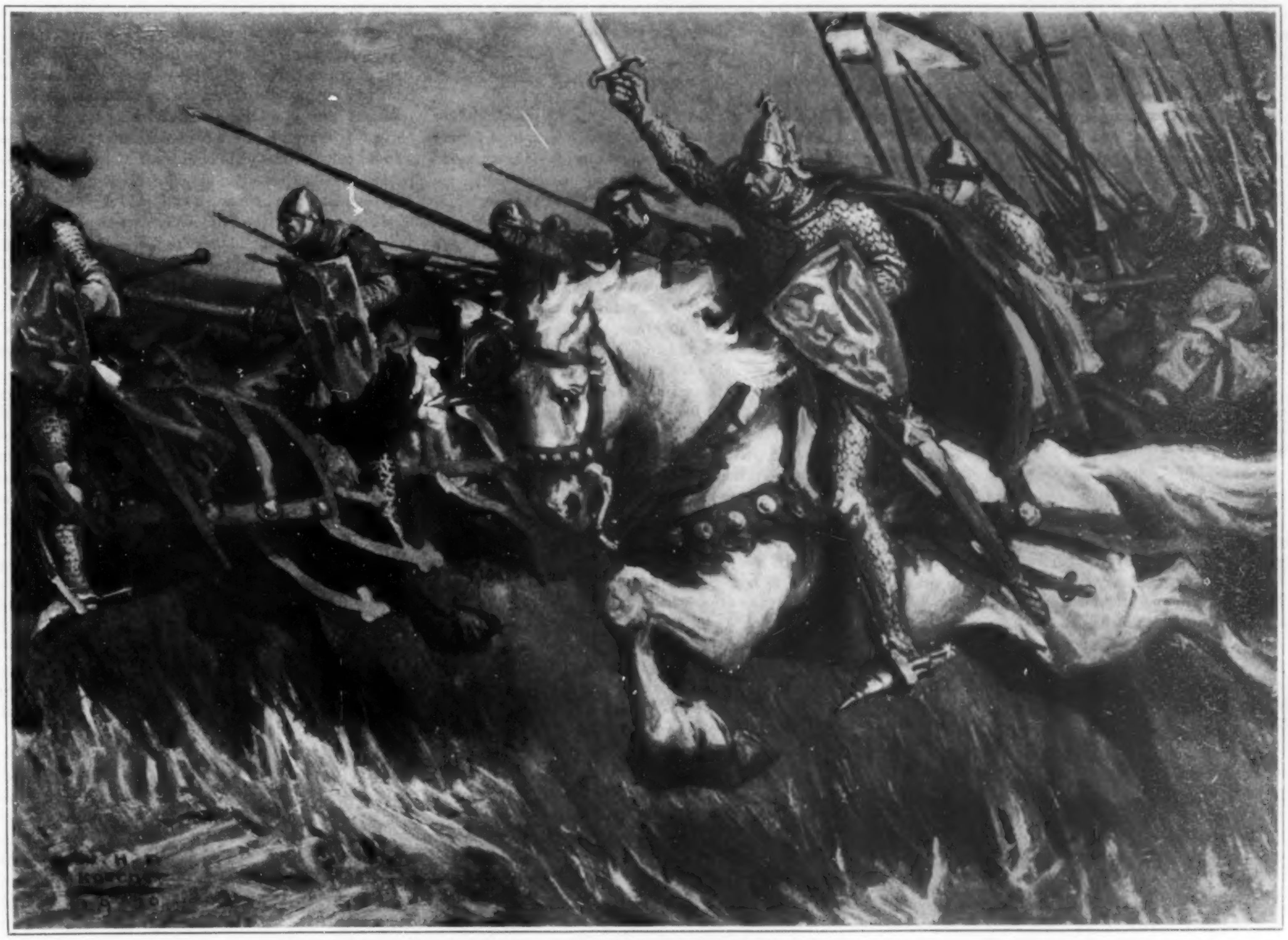
"Kings niver wait!" says King Art. And he laughed the only laugh Tim iver heard him utter.

"Thin follow me!" shouts King Tim. "For God and the Gael! Forward!"

"Forward! Forward!" shrieked the bugles. "At the charge!"

Tim, he was off in front like a red-hot kick from the foot of hell, and King Art of Britain afther him; and behind him he heard and felt the hammer and the rush of five thousand mounted men as they swung out of the clack-clack

(Continued on Page 110)



"Forward! Forward!" Shrieked the Bugles. "At the Charge!"

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 22, 1930

Why Not Register Them?

LEADING authorities on immigration, including Mr. Davis, Secretary of Labor, are in general agreement that we cannot maintain proper oversight over our large foreign population without the establishment of some Federal and nation-wide system for the registration and positive identification of aliens. Since time out of mind, we have been talking about it, but the years roll by and we do nothing about it. Why not?

One reason is that our unbidden guests do not wish us to do anything about it. Their voices are loud in Washington. The issue is not a new one. In the House, in the Senate and elsewhere, it has been discussed for years, and it has never failed to stir up the bitterest opposition on the part of organized alien elements and of their supporters in Congress.

The opponents of such measures know full well that aliens are being bootlegged into the country on a great scale by professional immigrant smugglers; that other thousands manage to slip undetected across our thinly guarded frontiers; that still other hordes obtain unlawful admission by deserting at our seaports the ships on which they have worked a passage hither. They are not unaware of the disproportionate amount of crime, indigence, disease and insanity chargeable to our foreign population.

It would be the height of injustice to declare, either directly or by implication, that it is only low-grade, undesirable aliens who, from base motives, oppose measures for their registration and identification. Thanks to the reforms of recent years, we are probably now admitting a better run of immigrants than we have at any time within the past generation. The majority of them bring hither clean blood, mechanical skill, industry and good habits. They did well at home and they continue to do well here, and they deserve sympathetic and considerate treatment; but, very naturally, they desire to be free from the sometimes irksome police regulations which, in Europe, they accepted as a matter of course, and, as a consequence, they join their protests to those of the alien chorus.

The grounds for opposition to proposed legislation are largely sentimental; and, as might be expected, it is branded as un-American by every hostile alien critic. More than once, in these columns, attention has been directed to the zeal with which aliens instruct Congress and our own people in the elements of American tradition, and the presumption with which they denounce as un-American any proposed law or regulation which does not command their approbation. This convenient epithet has been applied, in season and out of season, to every proposed solution of our alien problems. Long ago it lost all meaning, if, indeed, it ever had any in the quarters in which it is most employed.

Though they should be obvious to everyone who knows anything about the subject, some of our own people, including members of both houses of Congress, have failed to see the advantages which would spring from a suitable system of registration and identification. Primarily it would afford a means of keeping track of aliens and of showing whether or not they entered the country lawfully. It would make it possible to keep court and police records of inestimable value on criminal activities, in whatever part of the country they might occur. It would yield data upon which to determine, for better or worse, the quality of an alien's participation in American life.

Such a system would be of no less advantage to the newcomer himself. It would exhibit him for what he is and it would entitle him to all the consideration which is owing to duly admitted foreigners who are peaceable, law-abiding and industrious. The more positive the means of identification employed, the more serviceable they would be to the alien if he were unjustly accused in a court of law. The fuller the record, the more the accused would enjoy the benefits of an honorably earned good repute. Only the lawless and the criminal would have anything to fear from the working out of such a system.

It is to be hoped that Congress will lose no more time in passing a carefully thought out and well-considered registration act, one which will alike benefit our own people and prove a shield of defense to our law-abiding sojourners, an act free from oppressive features, but sufficiently stringent to serve its own underlying purposes.

Earned Income

EVERY now and then a newspaper, woman's club or other organization renews the agitation for a further reduction in the Federal income tax on earned as compared with other classes of income. The arguments presented are fairly well known and manifest as far as they go. It is contended that incomes from capital can bear heavy taxes because the capital itself remains intact. But the doctor's skill, the lawyer's intellect, the author's inspiration and the salaried business executive's energy are not fixed, indestructible and capable of producing annual income forever. Capital is permitted to replenish its loss and set up a cushion against taxation by means of depreciation, obsolescence and depletion. But the human vitality, health and strength lost in earning salary and fees cannot be deducted in any such way. Indeed, income so earned is often the sole capital to the extent that it is margin above expenses.

There is a real injustice here, but as a practical, technical matter it is extremely difficult to remedy. The public mind, however, is lamentably and quite unnecessarily confused on the subject. The public has been given to understand, by those who agitate the question, that great numbers of people suffer from this discrimination. The fact is that the overwhelming majority of earned incomes are not affected at all, because they are either not reached by the income tax or the amounts which must be paid are too small to matter. Each time the tax rates have been lowered, literally millions have been let out at the bottom. In other words, most earned income is in the lower brackets, which are no longer burdened, and never were to any serious degree. This is especially true since the 1929 reduction in normal tax rates. No cuts were made in surtaxes, but the normal rates, which are what count heavily with the mass of earned incomes, were drastically slashed.

Indeed, it seems to us that the best way to reform the income tax, to simplify it or to iron out injustices is to reduce the rates all along the line as rapidly as the state of national finances permits. Suppose, in the earlier years, that a more substantial discrimination had been set up in favor of smaller earned incomes. Then a real injustice would have been effected in exactly the opposite direction. The widows and orphans would have suffered as well as the old people living on the savings of a lifetime of work. Indeed, why should an old man, living comfortably on the proceeds of forty years of toil, even though his income is in a relatively high bracket, be penalized in comparison with the younger man on a large salary? Thus it is apparent that the attempt to effect social justice through relative income tax rates runs into all manner of snags. Fortunately, these problems are no longer acute, because of the reduction in rates, and they will become even less troublesome as both normal taxes and surtaxes are still further cut.

Census Limitations

ALTHOUGH unusually careful preparation is being made for the forthcoming decennial census, and while correspondingly valuable results are expected, there is danger of exaggerating the possible accomplishments of an official count of this nature. An interesting example of misunderstanding of census limitations is found in the discussion, by no means entirely new, of the classification of women homemakers as having no occupation. Enumerators in the census of 1930, as were those in 1910 and 1920, are instructed to write the word "none" in the occupational column opposite the names of women who give no occupation except that of housewife. There are perhaps twenty-three million such women, and their continued classification occupationally as "none" has aroused resentment in certain quarters. The vice chairman of one of the women's organizations recently said that the fact that women who work in their own homes "submit to this is due principally to the inferiority complex, which is so hard for so many women to shake off." There are those who hold that such a classification is a slur upon the hard-working women whom Secretary of Labor Davis describes as "the busiest, biggest business executives in the world."

These criticisms entirely overlook the inherent limitations of census procedure. Nearly one hundred thousand relatively untrained enumerators must be employed for a transient piece of work. In interviewing women in the home, it is difficult for them to distinguish between women who do only unpaid home housework and those who are paid as housekeepers either in that or some other home, or who combine home housework with paid domestic service inside or outside. Moreover, many daughters and sisters are recorded as helping in the housework whose part is exceedingly small. The amount of home housework done by any individual woman or girl is an exceedingly elastic and indefinite unit. One woman might report herself as a home housewife who merely employs and supervises a paid housekeeper or a staff of servants, and another who herself labors fourteen hours a day.

It is next to impossible to gain through a census any satisfactory statistical record of the work done by women not gainfully employed. It is the same with church and many kinds of welfare workers. These are mostly women who are not paid for their services. In none of these occupations is there any pecuniary return, but, as stated in one of the census reports in 1900, the woman in such work "is helping to sustain the productive capacity of the community quite as truly as her male relatives who are earning wages." While the home housekeeper is among the most valuable of all workers, her occupation lies outside the field of economic competition. It does not affect and is not affected by the labor supply and market demand. Moreover, as Joseph A. Hill, assistant director of the census, remarks, the service rendered to society by the home housekeeper in her capacity as wife and mother is not solely economic, or even mainly so.

If the number of women in money-earning pursuits is added to the home housekeepers, it will be found that 89.7 per cent of all women sixteen years of age and over are employed. This is almost exactly the same as the proportion of men gainfully employed—89.9 per cent—but, in addition, many women who are wage earners are likewise maintaining homes and mothering children. How the work done by women compares in quantity or in social value with that done by men cannot be measured or answered by statistics.

THE APPETITE OF TYRANNY

By Gilbert Seldes

"THY banners," according to an old song addressed to the United States of America—"thy banners make tyranny tremble!" And the usual method of provoking a hearty and savage rage against these same United States is to list the petty tyrannies which, far from trembling, are operating under the sanction of the banner itself.

Assuming that the city of New York is still part of the United States, you may observe a street in what is known as the cloak-and-suit sector. Wrapping yourself in red, white and blue, you proceed to a certain corner, fifteen feet from your destination; as you turn, a policeman calls on you to stop. When you are persuaded, by his insistence, that it is really yourself, and not a pickpocket, he is addressing, you explain to his limited intelligence that you want to go to the building next door but one. He is not interested and waves you across the street. You protest and he continues to wave. By this time the traffic light has changed and you cannot cross; you stand fretting in a crowd which thickens at the corner, and while you wait you observe the street to which you are forbidden access. As far as you can see, no earthquake has shattered the pavement, no water main has burst, there is no fire. The only odd thing about the street is that everybody on it is walking in the same direction—which is not the direction you tried to take. When you dash across the street, rush with the stream of traffic to the next corner, and try to turn back, the light has changed again. You have experienced the final degree of traffic control—the one-way street for pedestrians.

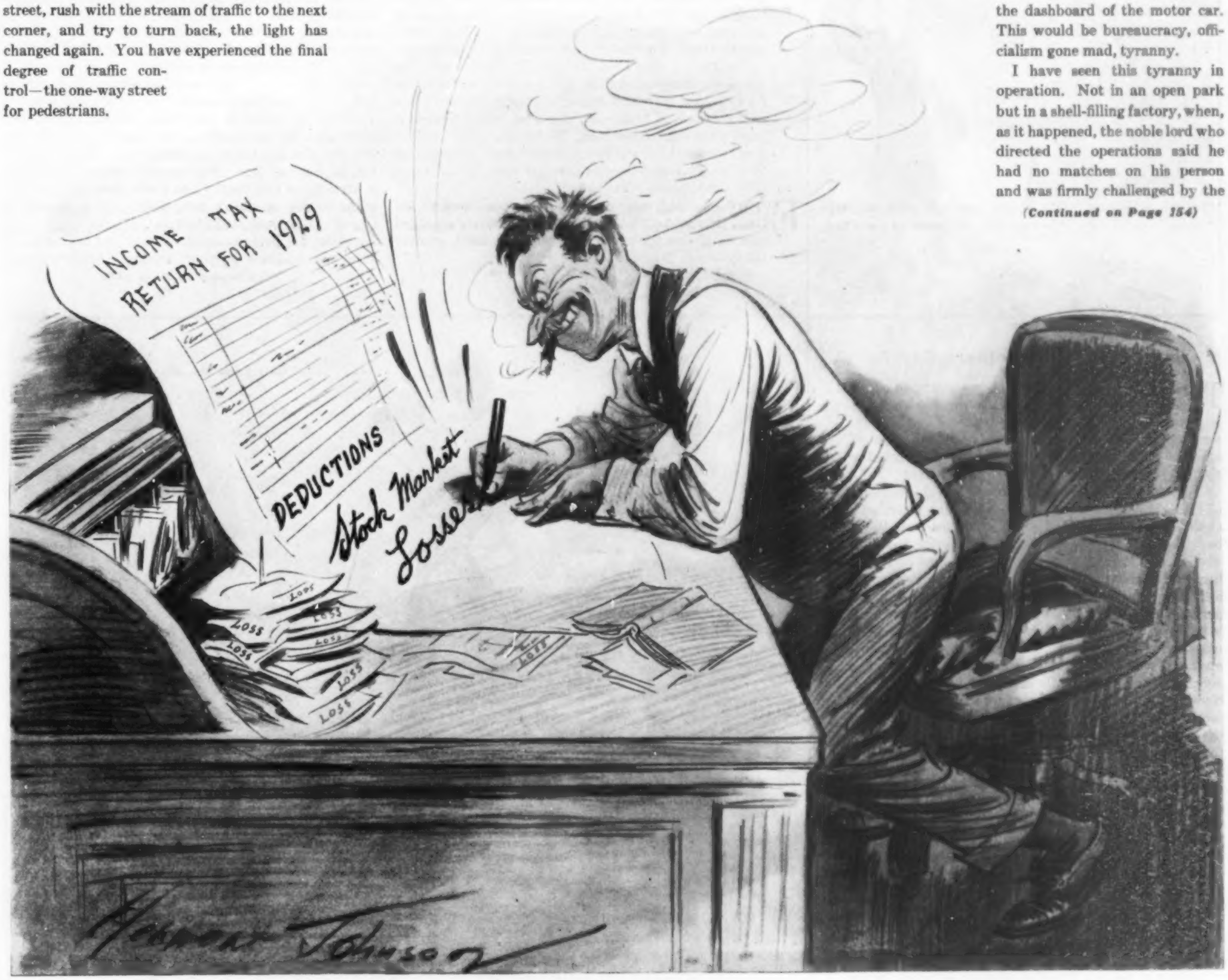
This is the right moment to recall the line about tyranny trembling. Or to think of Lord Northcliffe's unverified remark that the Americans are a docile people. Or to console yourself with King Lear's announcement that a dog's obeyed in office. It doesn't much matter what you think, because one certainty will overwhelm you—that you will do nothing about it. You are not the type to write letters to the paper and start a campaign. You wouldn't know to whom to send a letter of protest. It occurs to you, presently, that the people who work on this street must suffer the discomfort and humiliation of regimented walking every day of the week, and that they have done nothing about it. This is the point in your fretful anger when you may decide that Americans have lost their taste for liberty, that the war was a mistake, and that the country needs, more than anything else, a new Jefferson, a new apostle of freedom.

Rage is not a peculiarly suitable state of mind for clear thinking, but it is a good one for cataloguing grievances, and in this case the mere length of the list is significant because of its geographical distribution. Not only in New York and not only in America has the liberty of the individual been curtailed. The *Verboten* sign, which we fondly believed a purely Prussian phenomenon, is posted in Spain and Italy and England and France, and "*sens unique*" is as vigorously enforced by the gendarmes as "One-way street" by the traffic cops. Last summer at certain spots on Long Island it was a misdemeanor to water your lawn; three years ago in Spain it was a contravention to kiss your own wife in a railway compartment; today in Italy the public good rejects the bachelor and frowns on too many late parties; in Australia a laborer may not go on strike when the whim seizes him; in England, at certain hours, a candy shop may not sell you a bonbon, while a theater may—unless the law has been changed; on some American roadways you may not discard the butt of a cigarette. The list is endless.

Obviously, these prohibitions are not all of the same kind. The most impassioned libertarian and the most abandoned smoker would recognize the reason for not throwing lighted butts along a road where autumn leaves are ready to start a forest fire. But they would protest with some bitterness if a forest ranger, with the authority of the Government, were to search their pockets at the entrance to the reserve, remove all matches and lighters, and disconnect the electric gadget on the dashboard of the motor car. This would be bureaucracy, officialism gone mad, tyranny.

I have seen this tyranny in operation. Not in an open park but in a shell-filling factory, when, as it happened, the noble lord who directed the operations said he had no matches on his person and was firmly challenged by the

(Continued on Page 154)



THE SILVER LINING

POST SCRIPTS

A Short Kiss and a Merry One

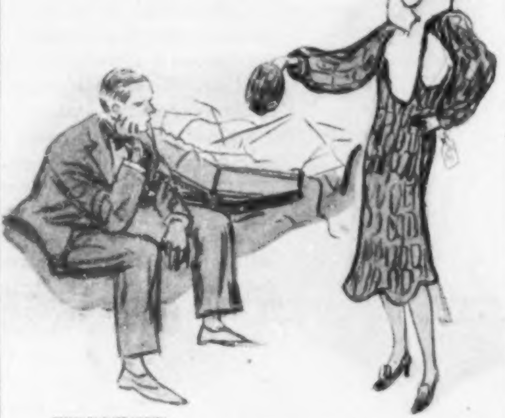
PLEASE to hug me quickly, dear,
With enthusiasm bold;
Please to kiss me on my ear,
For the tip of it is cold.

Please enfold me in your arms
In the style you have devised
For exhibiting the charms
Of a fervor undisguised.

Please be swift, my love, and strong,
For a conscience cannot rest
Quietly, for very long,
In a conscientious breast.

—Margaret Fishback.

"But, Darling, the Nine Hundred Dollars Includes the Muff"



DRAWN BY ALICE HARVEY

Don't Toss Your Mothers, Boys!

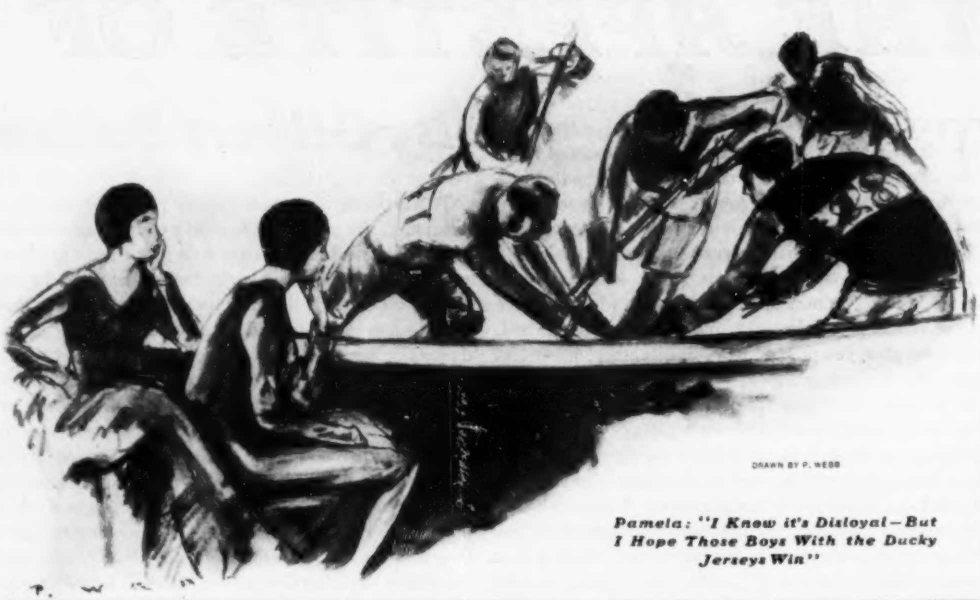
THE youth of the land, it is said, gathers in the darkened picture palaces and carries away with it impressions that can do naught else than soil and sully the American Scene. Do impressionable young minds adopt, for their own uses, the very gestures of these celluloid paragons? They do indeed!

These be serious portents, if true. Take this question of lifting mothers, for instance. Constant attendance at the more glittering cathedrals would lead one to believe that the accredited method of greeting the little silver-haired lady would be to swoop down on her, grasp her firmly beneath the shoulders, lift her up, swing her hither and yon for several seconds, and then, finally, set her back on her feet. All over the country, even as this is being written, heroes—strong fellows—are stalking into talking-picture drawing-rooms with an "Ah, there, mother!" and are going through such didos as could be conceived only in a family of weight lifters. Imagine, if you can, what this would mean were it adopted as the most happy of maternal greetings. Picture for yourself the daily horde returning from farm, field and factory to give mother a tossing! It must not be.

Would your mother like it? To be sure, the elderly ladies of the screen seem to relish such exercises; but are they not paid to do so? Is it not possible, even in these extreme cases, that the smiles which suffuse the features of the mammas are smiles of relief upon being set down again, rather than those of joy at being hoisted?

If the screen inculcates such goings on until they become the accepted performances of the millions, now is the time to take steps. Before this deadly virus has seeped through the systems of our youth, let us attack! Think of your mother; think of my mother! Write to your congressman!

Are we to become a nation of mother tossers or are we not? —LYNN MCMANUS.



DRAWN BY P. WEBB

Pamela: "I Know it's Disloyal—But I Hope Those Boys With the Ducky Jerseys Win"

Cozy Little Sedan

NOW, please, Carl, before we start—before you even start the motor, please listen. Please—let's—not—drive so fast. Now is that all right? Did I ask you to do it the right way? I mean it was all right, asking you that way, wasn't it, Carl dear? . . . Well, don't just sit there. I'm ready. Just please don't drive so fast.

Carl! . . . Don't say 'What?' like that to me. I'm not deaf. But it's a wonder I'm not dead, and you too. I know Mrs. Hay isn't saying anything, but she's just as frightened as I am—oh, don't be polite, Grace. I know you're frightened too. No wonder. . . . Now, Carl, please don't try to cut in that way. Remember there are human beings in the back seat. . . . Carl! How dare you say that to me? . . .

Well, I didn't ask you to stay in second gear all the time. Please don't let's have any more of your so-called humor. Drive the car in high gear, but don't go over thirty-five or forty. . . .

(An hour passes.)

Goodness, is this only Norristown? I thought we'd be in Reading by this time. Carl, will you hurry it up, just a little? I don't mean a hundred miles an hour, but this is only Norristown. . . . Yes, I know you noticed it, dear, but don't be disagreeable, I was just reminding you. . . . I know it isn't your fault in the towns, dear, but we could hurry it up a little out in the country, couldn't we? (*Sotto voce to Grace:* Now we'll get it. He gets furious so easily.)

Oh! Oh! . . . Oh, nothing, dear. Just out of breath. I wasn't frightened. . . . No, not a bit. I wasn't a bit afraid of that truck. It couldn't do any more than kill us, could it, Carl dear? . . . Oh, no. Oh, no, I'm not being sarcastic, dear. Me sarcastic? Oh, no, not me, dear. Why should I be sarcastic about a little thing like that? You knew that truck wasn't going to hit us, didn't you, dear? . . . (*Loudly to Grace:* I have such confidence in Carl's driving, Grace.) No, dear, not being sarcastic. I was just telling Grace I have confidence in your driving. Anyhow, dear,

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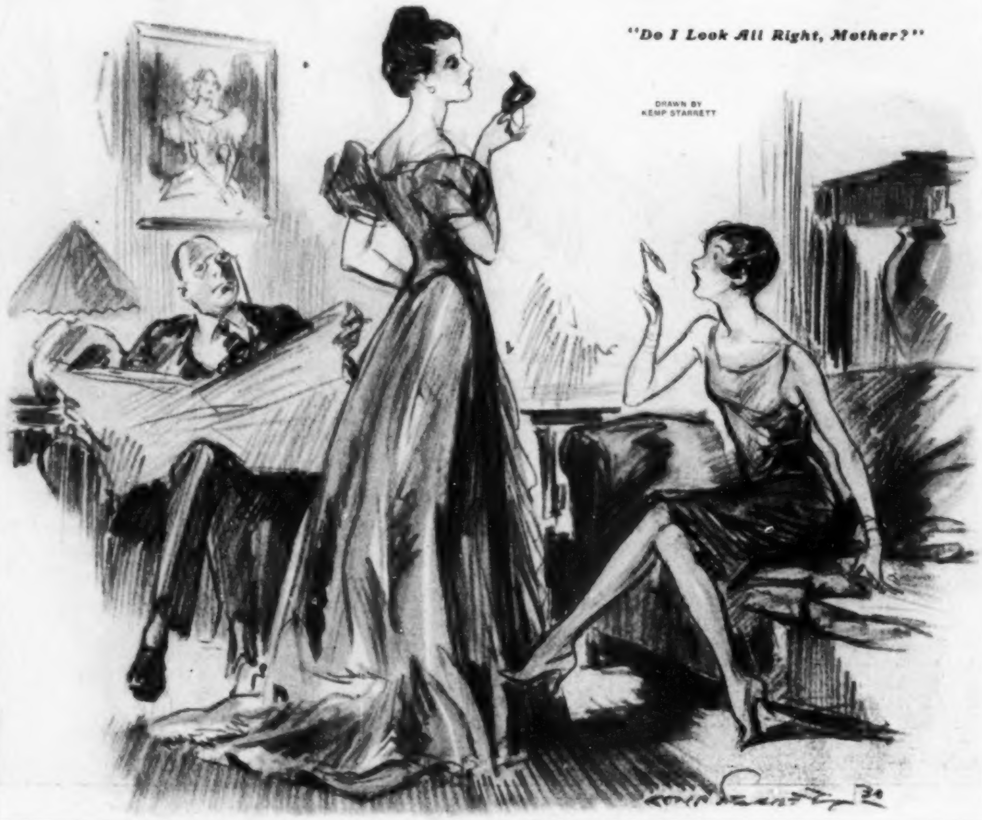
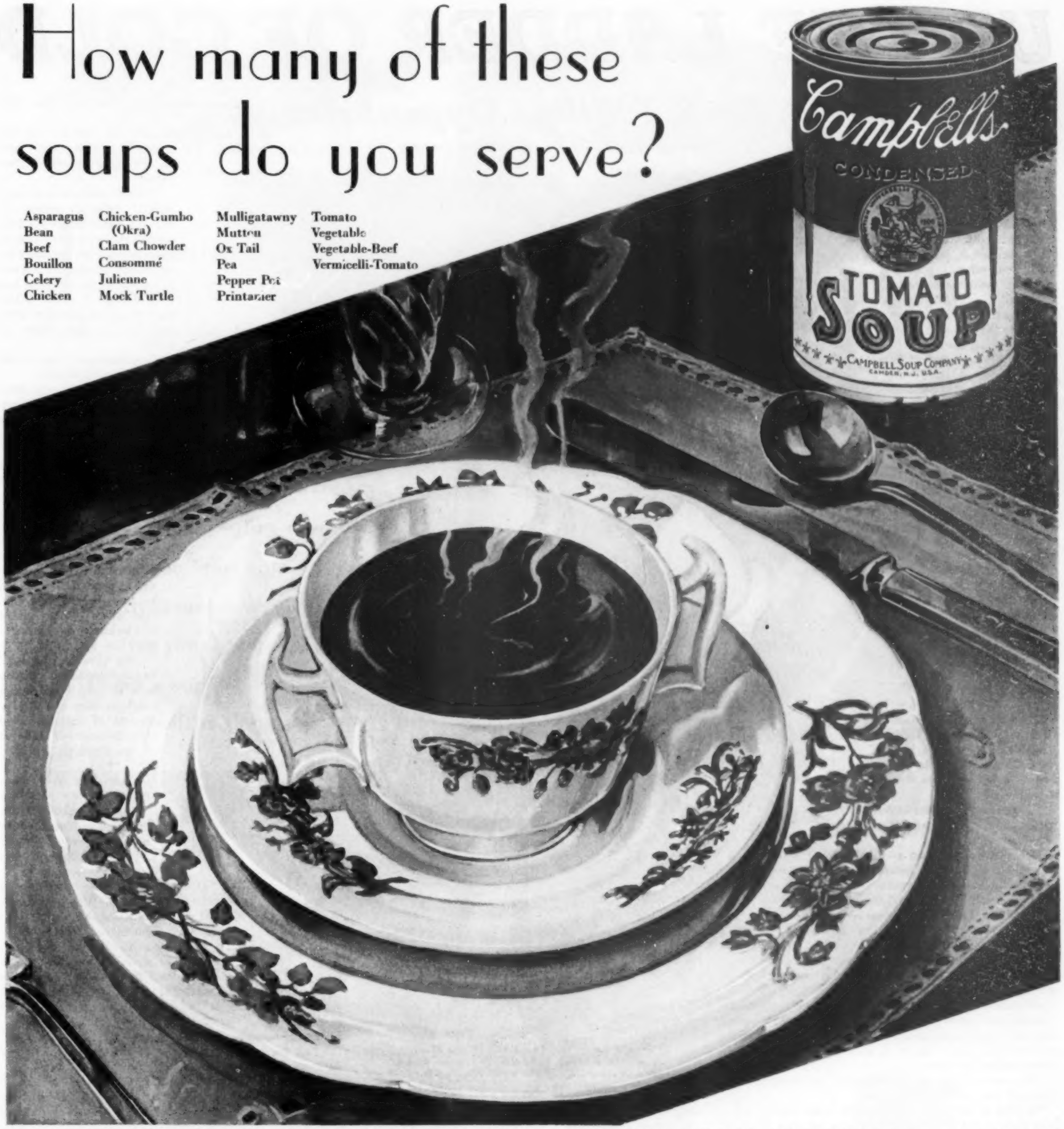
"Do I Look All Right, Mother?"

DRAWN BY KEMP STARRETT



How many of these soups do you serve?

Asparagus
Bean
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Vegetable
Vegetable-Beef
Vermicelli-Tomato



MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

In reading the list of Campbell's Soups at the top of this page, you no doubt noticed several of the soups about which you said: "There's a soup I haven't tasted for a long time. It sounds inviting. I think I'll get it today."

Exactly. There's such a delightful variety in Campbell's Soups that they never fail to give you real help in keeping your meals new and fresh and attractive. Begin with Campbell's Tomato—favorite soup of the whole nation. 12 cents a can.

The best little luck
I could wish you each day,
Is a plateful of Campbell's
To brighten your way!

UP THE LADDER OF GOLD

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

"I Would Go to the Far Ends of the World—Although I Hate Traveling—Sooner Than Find Myself Anywhere Near Warren Rand"

XXIV

TELLESOM was sipping his cocktail, when a waiter appeared round the corner of the bar, ushering in a man whom he recognized at once as the *commissaire de police* at Antibes. They approached the table where Tellesom sat. The official saluted stiffly.

"Monsieur Tellesom?"

"That is my name."

"I require a few words with you, officially and in private," the *commissaire* announced.

"That sounds rather alarming," Tellesom replied. "What's it all about?"

"Too grave a matter for light speech, I fear," the other declared. "At the same time, it is not my wish to inconvenience you. Perhaps you will accompany me to the hotel. We can arrive there at a larger measure of privacy."

Tellesom rose reluctantly to his feet.

"If you wish it," he assented. "I am always anxious to answer questions any official of the law may wish to ask me, but I suppose you realize that you are making me a trifle conspicuous by addressing me in this fashion."

"That is not my affair, monsieur. You will be so good as to follow me."

"You might remember when you address me, *monsieur le commissaire*," Tellesom enjoined, "that I hold the rank of colonel in the British Army, and am entitled to be so addressed."

"That may be, if you have told the truth about your name," was the brusque retort.

Tellesom looked down at his inquisitor meditatively. The longer he looked, the more uncomfortable the little man became.

"I must tell you frankly," the former confided at last, "that I find your manner somewhat offensive. I have changed my mind to some extent. I am not inclined to leave this place and go to the hotel with you, until I know your business. There is an empty room here which is used for luncheon when the weather is bad. You can follow me there if you like, and I will answer any questions which I think fit."

Tellesom strolled toward the empty, covered restaurant, and the *commissaire* was forced to follow. They reached a retired table, and Tellesom at once seated himself in the most comfortable chair.

"Now be so good, sir," he begged, "as to explain your visit and put your questions."

"I have to ask you—colonel," the other began, with a little gulp at the title, "what you were doing on the night of September second?"

Tellesom threw back his head and gazed up at the ceiling.

"What day of the week was it?"

"Thursday."

"A gala night. I am able to satisfy you. I dined at Juan-les-Pins Casino with Lord Montorse and a party of young people from here."

"And afterward?"

"I played *chemin de fer* for an hour or two, danced at Maxim's and so home."

"Did you drive home alone?"

"That appears to be more my business than anyone else's."

"It is the police who are questioning you," was the pompous rejoinder.

"Then I may be forgiven if I find the police a little over-anxious to assert their privileges," Tellesom observed dryly. "However, we will not quibble. So far as I can remember, I drove home my host, Lord Montorse, a young man named Ben Tyson, another young man who is staying in the hotel, but whose name I forget, and a young lady, Miss Sarah Hincks. Having gone so far, I will now add this: I decline to answer any further questions until you explain your presence here."

"I can satisfy you by asking yet another question," the police *commissaire* declared, with a certain grimness. "Were you acquainted with the unfortunate Madame von Trugner who was murdered at the Provençal Hotel on that night?"

"I had some acquaintance with her," Tellesom admitted. "If my memory is correct, I spoke to her even on that evening in the *chemin de fer* rooms."

The *commissaire* was exultant.

"Ha-ha!" he exclaimed. "And you left the baccarat rooms with her, eh?"

Tellesom reflected.

"I believe I did," he assented. "So far as I remember, I accompanied her to the outside steps of the Casino."

The *commissaire* was feeling a great deal better.

"And afterward?" he leered. "It was only a few hundred meters from there to the apartments of madame."

"I won't dispute your geography," Tellesom replied. "I did not accompany madame beyond the steps of the Casino, and I stood with her there for only a few minutes, for she was in a bad temper, and she had been losing. I know better than to talk to gamblers when they are in that frame of mind."

The *commissaire* rubbed his hands softly together.

"Let me correct you, *monsieur le colonel*," he said smilingly. "Madame left the Casino that night a very large winner."

"So I have heard. She went back again, and, I believe, won a considerable sum. For her own sake, I regret it very much."

The official glanced toward the door to conceal his disappointment. There was no sign as yet of the help which he needed, the intervention which would enable him to launch his thunderbolt.

"We have information," he said solemnly, "that you have in your possession a pearl necklace and a large amount of money stolen from the rooms of madame on the night of her murder."

"Then you have managed to become possessed of some particularly rotten information," was the cool reply. "I have nothing of any sort belonging to madame in my possession."

"You have visited the apartment of madame at the hotel?" the *commissaire* asked with unpleasant emphasis.

"I have done nothing of the sort," Tellesom rejoined. "I called upon madame on her arrival and saw her in the lounge. That would be at least three weeks ago. Since then, I have not, as a matter of fact, entered the hotel, except to take a drink at the bar in company with a number of other people."

The *commissaire* changed his tactics.

"You are a member of the British Secret Service, I understand."

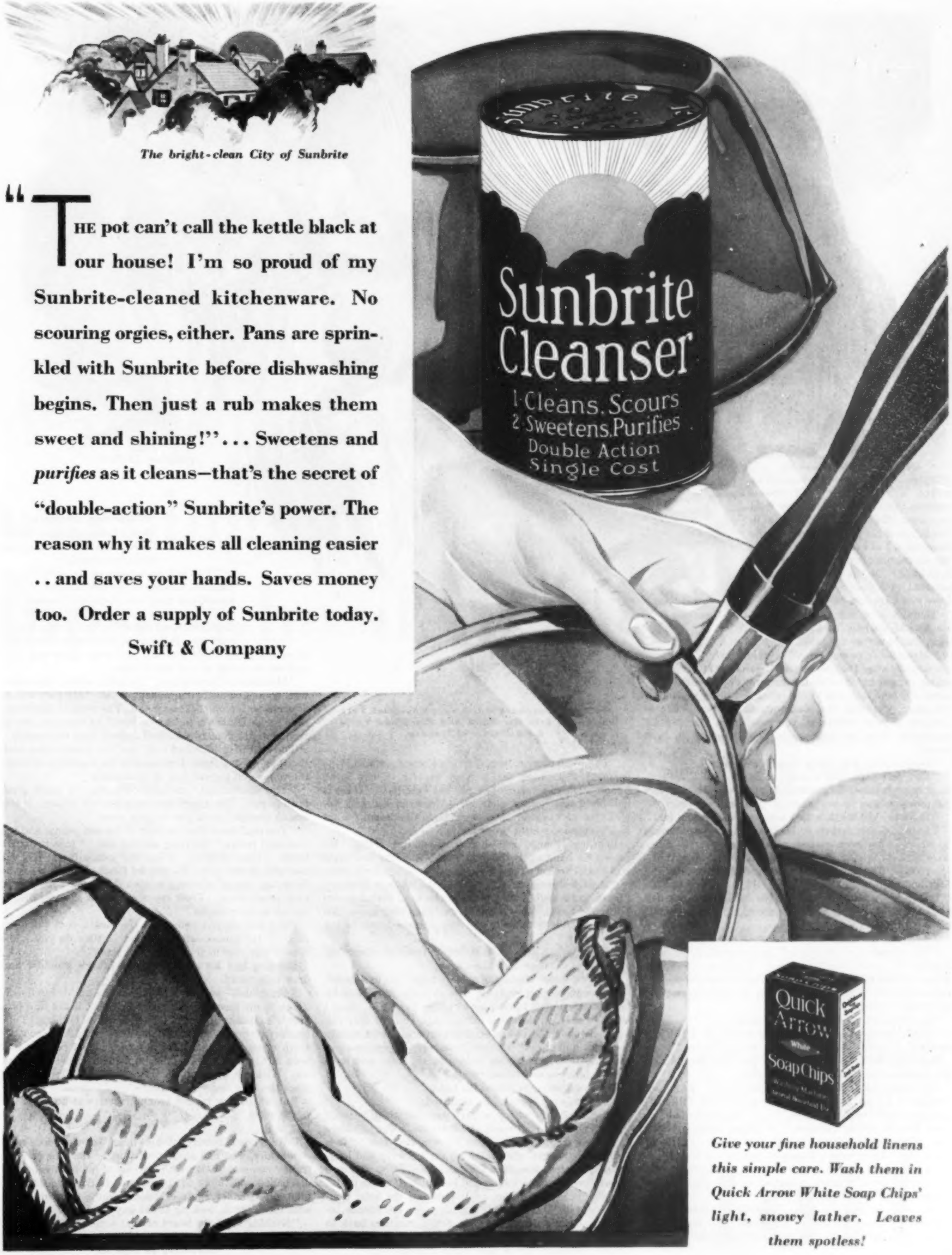
"It seems to me," Tellesom remarked, with somewhat impatient sarcasm, "that you possess a singular aptitude for obtaining false information. I left the service of my government some years ago—with distinction, it may interest you to know, *monsieur le commissaire*, and suggestions as to my future of which any man might be proud."

The *commissaire* was beaten. He could make nothing of this Englishman who spoke French like a native, who remained scornful and unperturbed in the face of the charge brought against him, and who certainly possessed that air of distinction which made it difficult to associate him with this particularly sordid crime. He pretended to reflect. From his pocket he produced a packet of caporals and lit one. Tellesom drew out his own case and followed suit. The *commissaire* frowned.

"We are in a public place," Tellesom reminded him. "I am not, I hope, for your sake, under any form of arrest, and the smell of that stuff you are smoking would make me ill if I didn't try to drown it. Have you finished with me?"

"No, *monsieur le colonel*, I have not finished with you," the *commissaire* replied irritably. "I will ask you this

(Continued on Page 30)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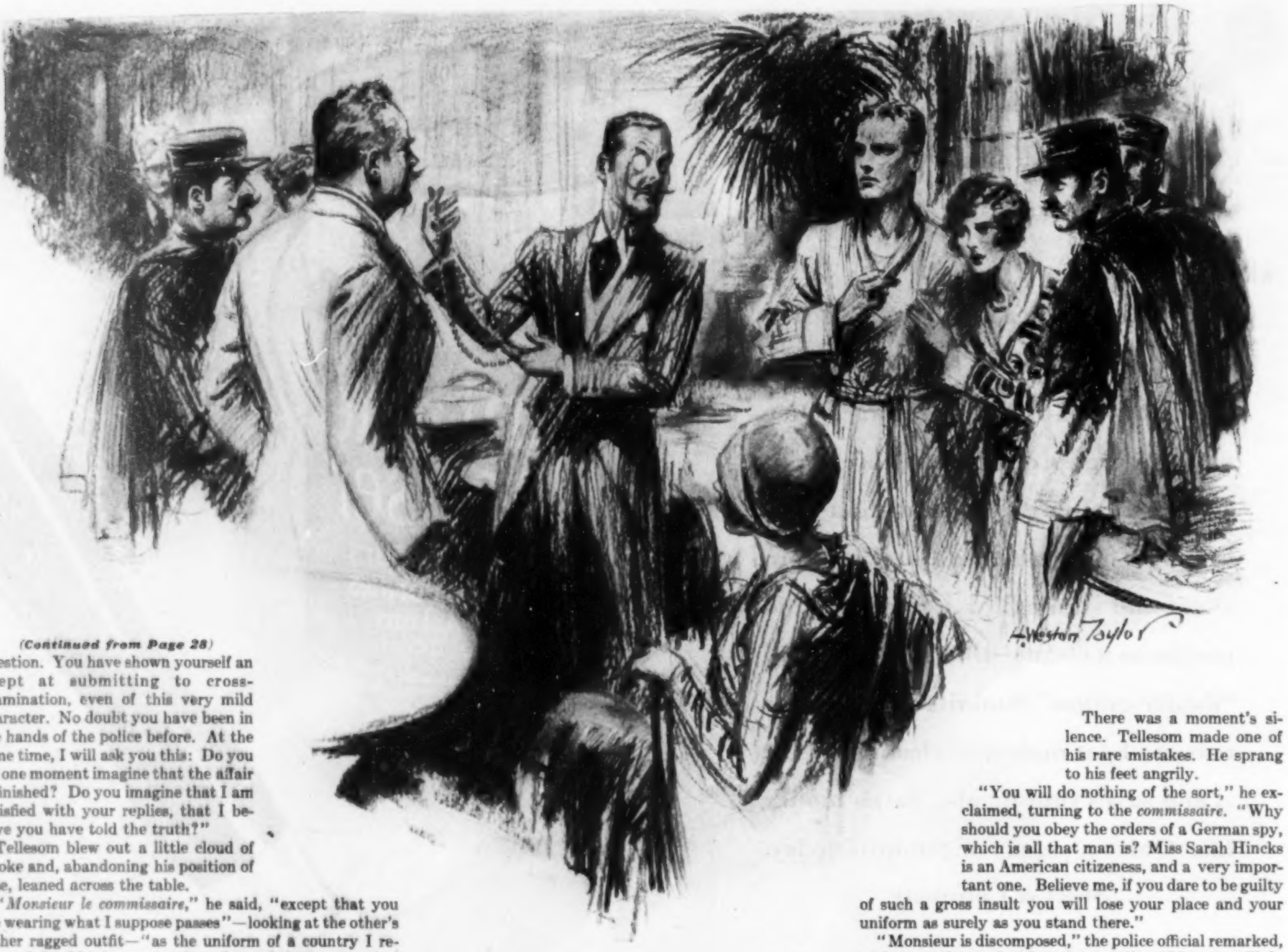


Monsieur Trenchard Adjusted an Eyeglass, Took the Pearls Into His Hand and Examined Them for a Matter of Seconds

(Continued from Page 28)

question. You have shown yourself an adept at submitting to cross-examination, even of this very mild character. No doubt you have been in the hands of the police before. At the same time, I will ask you this: Do you for one moment imagine that the affair is finished? Do you imagine that I am satisfied with your replies, that I believe you have told the truth?"

Tellesom blew out a little cloud of smoke and, abandoning his position of ease, leaned across the table.

"*Monsieur le commissaire,*" he said, "except that you are wearing what I suppose passes"—looking at the other's rather ragged outfit—"as the uniform of a country I respect, I should take you by the collar and throw you out of the place, whatever the consequences. If you desire to progress in your profession, you must learn that it is an impossible thing to address an English officer in such terms."

The little man was beside himself with rage.

"How do I know that you are an officer at all?" he spat at him. "Besides, things may happen. In another five minutes you may be my prisoner. We shall see then."

"Indeed! And what, may I ask, are you waiting for?"

The official rose eagerly to his feet. The two gendarmes by whom he had been accompanied had reappeared. They were both empty-handed. The *commissaire* gazed at them, speechless. The foremost gendarme hurried across the floor and saluted.

"This fellow speaks French," the *commissaire* warned him quickly. "Come on one side. Let me have your news."

The gendarme obeyed.

"The chamber of monsieur," he reported, "has been searched by Henri here, and myself—I, who am an expert. Every drawer has been ransacked; every possible hiding place explored. The bundle of which we had information is nowhere there."

The official twirled his mustache savagely.

"We have been deceived then!" he exclaimed. "Ha, it is *monsieur le baron* who comes! Now we shall know."

Behrling had looked in from the bar, and, recognizing the *commissaire*, strolled into the room.

"An affair of business that I interrupt?" he asked genially. "Ah, no, I see that it is my good friend Tellesom, and my friend the *commissaire*. . . . Inquisitive fellows, these French police, Tellesom," he added, turning toward him. "Quaintly intelligent though, sometimes. They find out things. They have a knack of finding out things."

"A word with you, *monsieur le baron*," the official who was the subject of discussion begged, strutting up to him. "A word with you at once."

"As many as you please, sir," Behrling assented.

Tellesom lounged back in his chair. He was really rather enjoying himself. The police official drew Behrling out of earshot.

"The room of monsieur who calls himself 'colonel,'" he confided, "has been searched by experts. There is no bundle such as *monsieur le baron* has described. There is nothing incriminating whatever. Monsieur Tellesom denies that he has ever entered madame's bedroom. I am in a position the most unfortunate."

Behrling laughed good-humoredly and heartily. He placed his hand upon the little man's shoulder and drew him nearer to Tellesom.

"Master of languages," he said to the latter in German, "listen to me while I tell you that these local French police are dunderheads. They see no further than their noses. No wonder that it is difficult to bring a crime home to the guilty party."

"Even with a little outside help," Tellesom remarked.

Behrling was upon him like a flash.

"So you know about the outside help!" he exclaimed. "My agents were clumsy for once, eh? Good! That may help us. I thought I saw my way before I came in. Now I feel sure of it. *Monsieur le commissaire*, you say that you have searched the rooms of this gentleman who rightly describes himself as 'Colonel Tellesom'—a gentleman of great distinction, I assure you—you say that you have searched his rooms without result."

The *commissaire* extended his hands.

"That was my report," he admitted.

"I will tell you why you have searched them without result," Behrling continued, and there was no good nature now in his voice or smile upon his wrinkled face. "It is lucky that the men who watch for me are wary and long-sighted. Listen, *monsieur le commissaire*. You searched them in vain, because he has an accomplice, because he has an accomplice with whom he mounted to the hotel from here, an accomplice who sits laughing with her friends behind us at the present moment. Send your men back to the hotel. Demand that they search the room, not of this Colonel Tellesom, but of Miss Sarah Hincks."

There was a moment's silence. Tellesom made one of his rare mistakes. He sprang to his feet angrily.

"You will do nothing of the sort," he exclaimed, turning to the *commissaire*. "Why should you obey the orders of a German spy, which is all that man is? Miss Sarah Hincks is an American citizeness, and a very important one. Believe me, if you dare to be guilty of such a gross insult you will lose your place and your uniform as surely as you stand there."

"Monsieur is discomposed," the police official remarked, with an unpleasantly triumphant smile. "My men will do as *monsieur le baron* has suggested. The room of Mademoiselle Sarah Hincks is to be searched," he repeated firmly, turning to the gendarmes, "and do your duty thoroughly."

The two men marched out, and the *commissaire* took Behrling on one side. Underneath his truculent attitude there was still a great deal of uneasiness.

"You understand," he said earnestly, "I place great faith in you. The Americans are a difficult nation. If this means trouble I hold you to your word."

"You shall have your pension to the last penny, and ten thousand francs," Behrling assured him. "It is the truth which I have divined. I saw the man's face. He was touched on the raw. He will be touched again when he finds that beautiful young woman driven off with him to your *gendarmerie*. Trust me, *monsieur le commissaire*. I do not make mistakes."

"But how do you know that the bundle is in the hotel at all?" the *commissaire* persisted. "How do you know that it was ever in this Tellesom's room?"

Behrling laid his hand upon the other's shoulder and drew him round.

"My friend," he admonished, holding up his forefinger, "look in my face and ask yourself if that is the face of a man who speaks of that of which he knows nothing. That bundle was in the room of monsieur, and I hit upon the truth when I told you that in a moment of panic it had been removed to the chamber of mademoiselle. We shall see. With me, you are safe. I would even advise you to place the man under arrest."

But when they turned around, there was no Tellesom in the room.

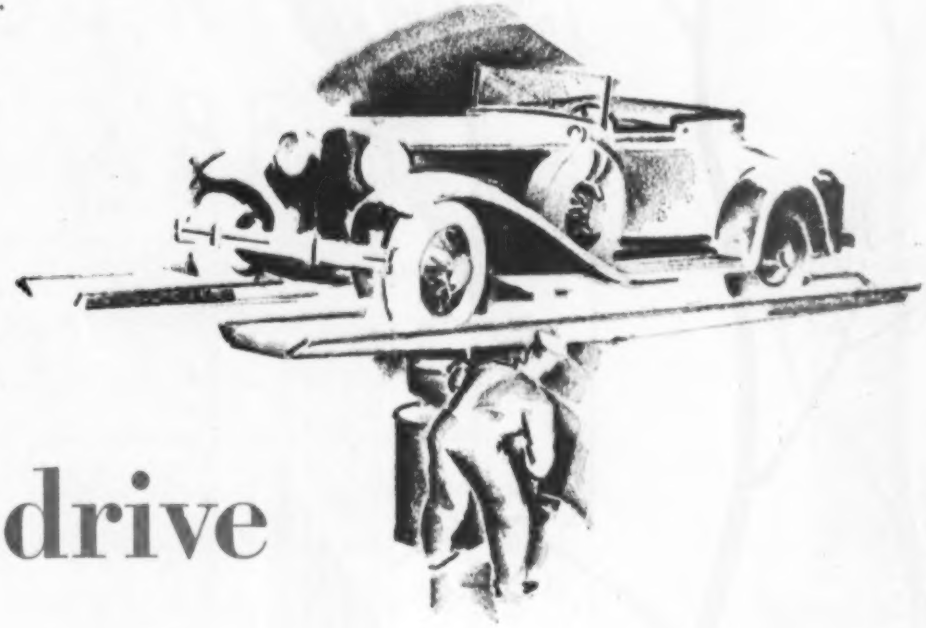
XXV

IT WAS about twenty minutes later that the police *commissaire*, who had spent that time at the telephone in frantic communication with various of his branch offices, descended once more to the terrace, to find Behrling, an unusually somber figure of discomposure, standing there with folded arms, looking at the gay scene below.

"Nothing has been heard of that accursed Englishman at Juan or Cannes," he announced. "It is a certain thing,

(Continued on Page 95)

Spring begins March 21st



A double warning to those who drive

1. Where freezing weather is over:

Warmer weather is here. Balmy days suggest longer motor trips and faster driving. Engine temperatures are running higher. For this warmer weather your engine needs:

Fresh oil. During cold weather you have used the choke freely. Your present oil is probably thinned and diluted with gasoline. Probably it also contains water due to crankcase condensation.

A summer oil. With freezing temperatures (32° Fahrenheit) past, you should change now to the Mobiloil recommended for your car.

Let your nearest Mobiloil dealer drain and refill your crankcase with the correct summer grade of Mobiloil recommended for your engine—*today!* Drive in where you see the Mobiloil sign.

2. Where freezing days may still occur:

Many motorists use winter oil to the danger point. If you live where freezing days may still occur, your engine needs:

Fresh oil. Cold days require free use of the choke. Your used winter oil may be dangerously thinned with raw gasoline. Play safe! If your oil has been used long, have it drained off and the crankcase refilled with Mobiloil Arctic.

When freezing days are gone for good, you can safely change to the grade of Mobiloil recommended for your engine.

So remember: Though spring officially begins on March 21st, summer lubricants should not be used until freezing days are gone for good.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY
Makers of high quality lubricants for all types of machinery

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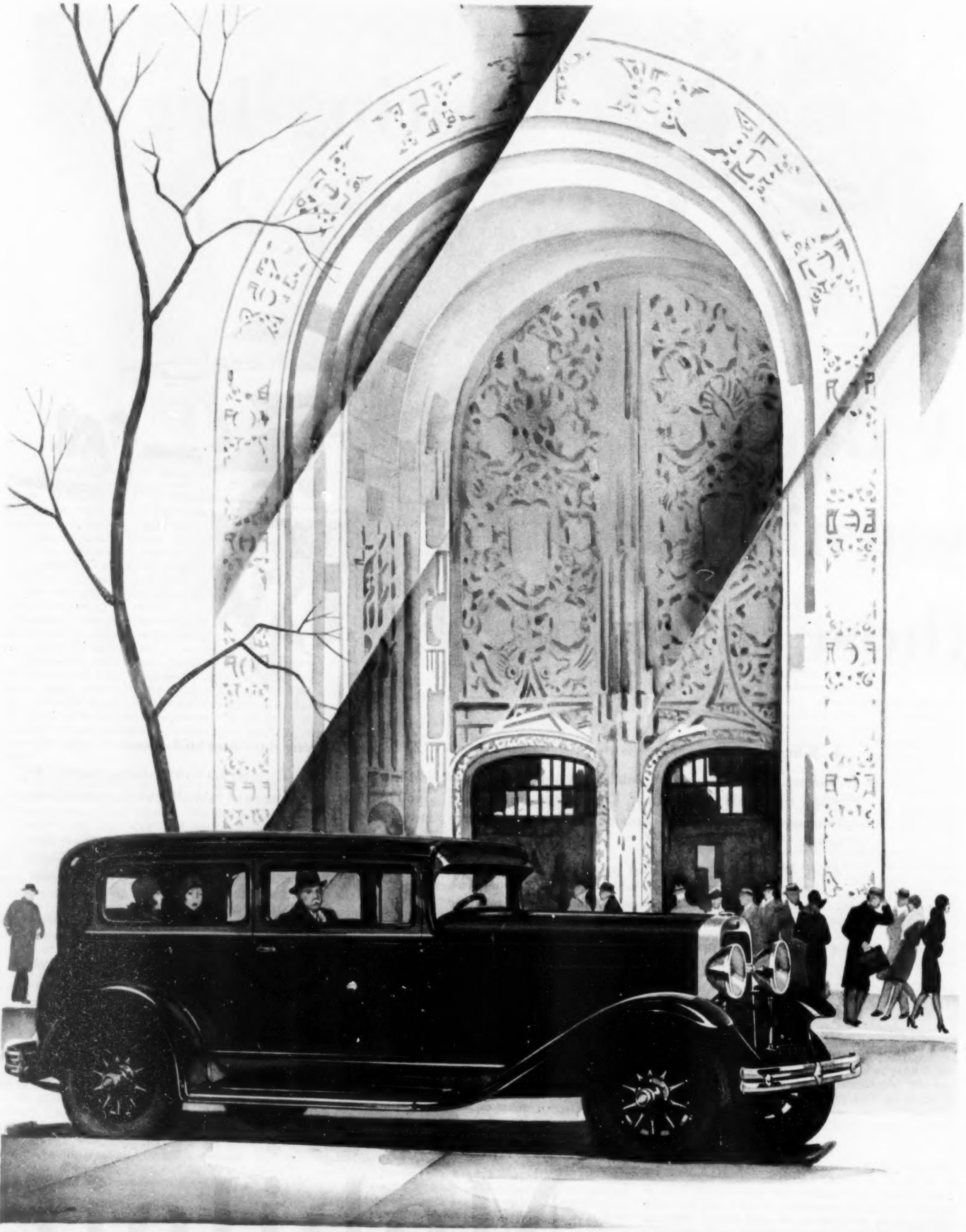

THOROUGHLY DEPENDABLE AS A GOOD FRIEND SHOULD BE

It is easy to understand why the men and women who drive Oldsmobiles speak of their cars as they would speak of a good friend. For these men and women have found in Oldsmobile the first requisite of genuine whole-hearted friendship. They have found character—and the kind of character that carries with it an unfailing capacity to serve long and well.

To these owners, Oldsmobile has proved itself always dependable . . . always alert, faithful, and eager to go.

They know from long experience that Oldsmobile will take them through each successive season with the same unfaltering ability. They know, further, that Oldsmobile is an every-day, all-weather friend—that it is deserving of their confidence and worthy of their trust.

Too, these men and women know exactly why their Oldsmobiles serve so well. They know that Oldsmobile's design is right, achieved by the combined talents of Oldsmobile and General Motors engineers. They know that its beautiful Body by Fisher is staunch in every respect. They know that the car has been tested and proved on the General Motors Proving Ground. Most important of all, they know that Oldsmobile is pledged to fine car standards and built to do all things well.

Oldsmobile is thoroughbred. You can rely upon it to serve you capably and honestly, asking little in return. It will prove itself to you, in the way it is proving itself to thousands of owners throughout America—thoroughly dependable, as a good friend should be.

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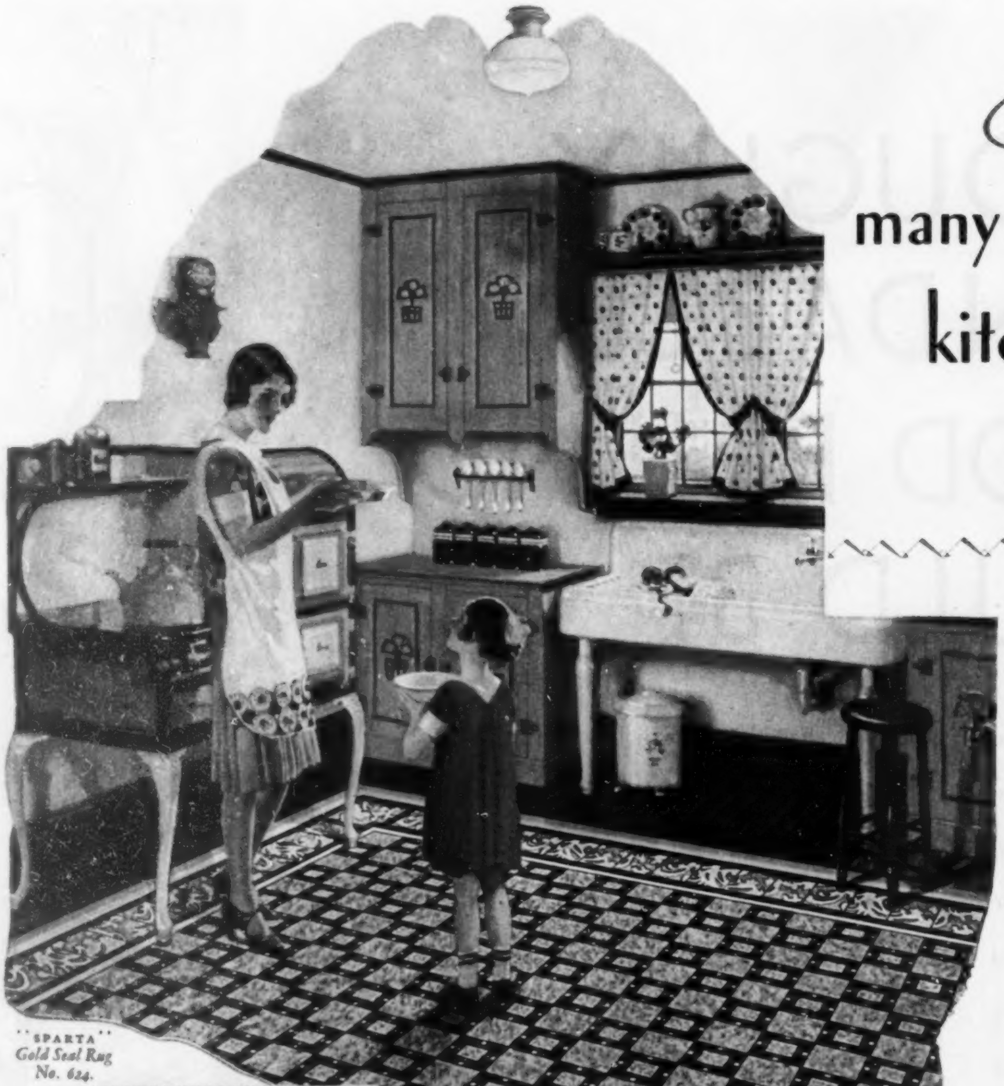

"SPARTA"
Gold Seal Rug No. 624.

How many a down-and-out kitchen *has been reformed*

HOW we women love to "complete a costume"! A new dress always makes us want new shoes, new stockings and a new hat.

And has it ever occurred to you that a new *Gold Seal Congoleum Rug* will make you feel just that way about your kitchen? Before you know it, you'll be hanging new curtains at the windows—repainting the woodwork—transforming your "workshop" into one of the pleasantest rooms in the house.

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Everywhere throughout the country there are merchants who will be glad to show you the new *Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs*. If you want the biggest value your money can buy in labor-saving floor-coverings, choose from the rugs that carry the big *Gold Seal*.

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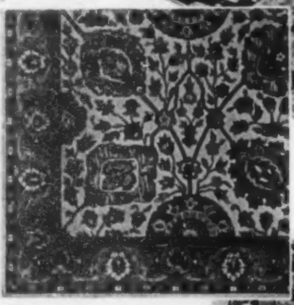
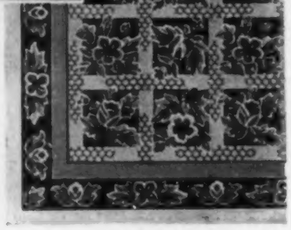


"TURKAN" . . . *all the beauty of a costly Oriental design. Gold Seal Rug 621.*



"PLANTATION" . . . *a lovely hooked-rug effect Gold Seal Rug No. 616.*

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Insist that this Gold Seal appear on the rugs you buy!

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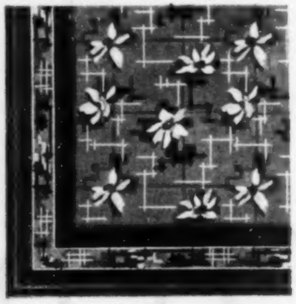
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK
REMOVE SEAL WITH WET CLOTH

"DUVAL" . . . *a flower motif in the modern spirit. Gold Seal Rug No. 619.*



GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM RUGS

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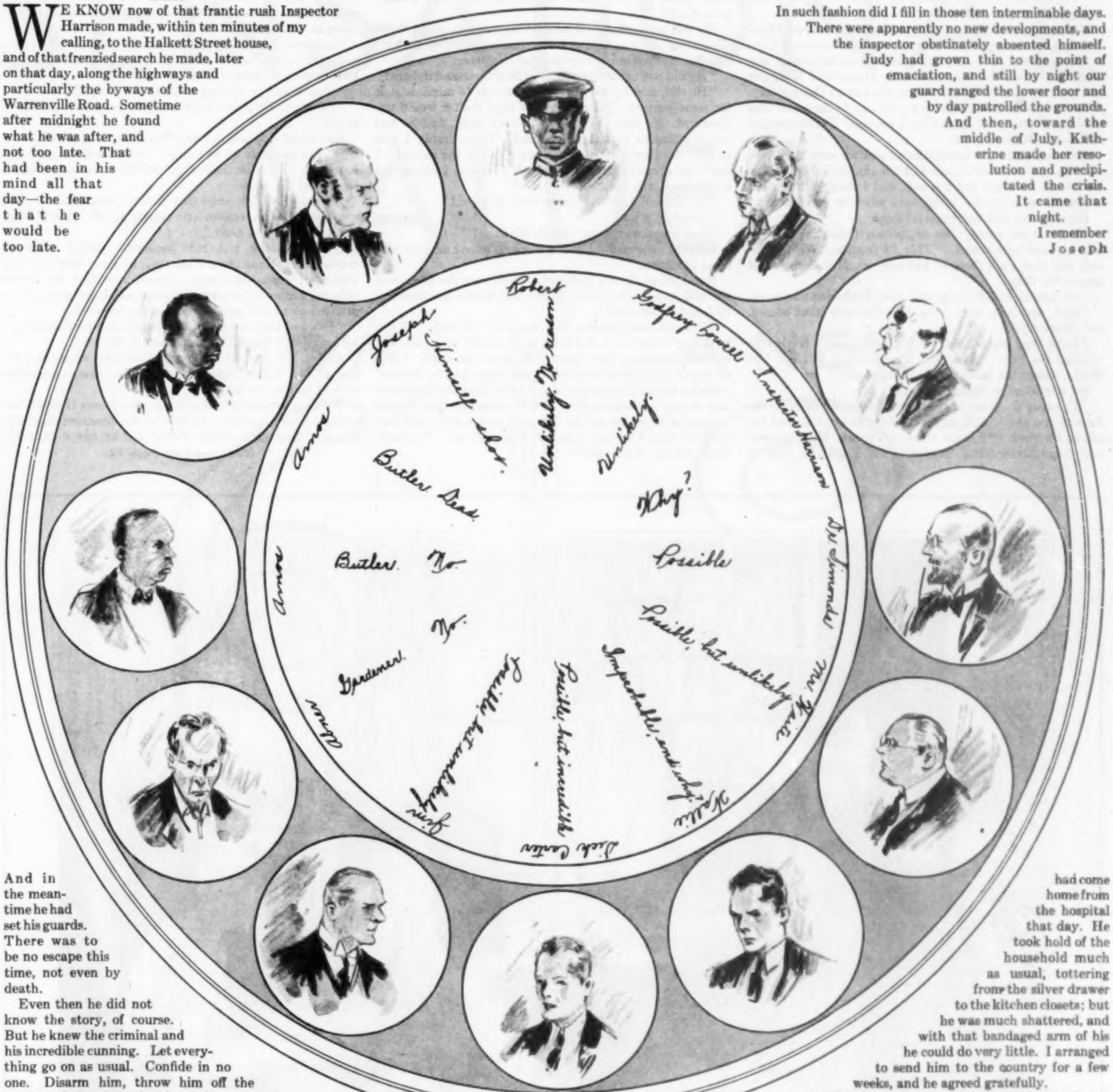
THE DOOR

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

XXXI

WE KNOW now of that frantic rush Inspector Harrison made, within ten minutes of my calling, to the Halkett Street house, and of that frenzied search he made, later on that day, along the highways and particularly the byways of the Warrenville Road. Sometime after midnight he found what he was after, and not too late. That had been in his mind all that day—the fear that he would be too late.



In Such Fashion Did I Fill in Those Ten Interminable Days

And in the meantime he had set his guards. There was to be no escape this time, not even by death.

Even then he did not know the story, of course. But he knew the criminal and his incredible cunning. Let everything go on as usual. Confide in no one. Disarm him, throw him off the track, and then into that fancied security of his thrust the long arm of the law. That was Inspector Harrison's method, he has said since, and that it answered is shown by the fact that for ten days apparently nothing happened.

Ten hot July days, with Godfrey working on the appeal; with Jim growing weak from heat and strain; with Joseph in the hospital, receiving our visits with great dignity, but refusing to alter his original story that he had been asleep and had not seen his assailant; with no word whatever of Wallie or of Mary Martin; with the flowers on Mrs. Bassett's grave shriveled in the sun, and the policemen still on duty in my house and grounds, and with Katherine still in the house on Pine Street, stubbornly refusing to accept that repudiation of her which she considered Howard's second will to be.

Sometime in that ten days I went over the possible and impossible suspects, with a notation following, and as it is before me now I reproduce it. It shows better than I can tell it the utter confusion of my mind. This is my list:

Godfrey Lowell	(Unlikely)
Inspector Harrison	(Why?)
Doctor Simonds	(Possible)
Mr. Waite	(Possible, but unlikely)
Wallie	(Improbable, and why?)
Dick Carter	(Possible, but incredible)
Jim	(Possible, but unlikely)
Abner	(No)
Amos	(Dead)
Joseph	(Himself shot)
Robert	(Unlikely. No reason)

In such fashion did I fill in those ten interminable days. There were apparently no new developments, and the inspector obstinately absented himself. Judy had grown thin to the point of emaciation, and still by night our guard ranged the lower floor and by day patrolled the grounds. And then, toward the middle of July, Katherine made her resolution and precipitated the crisis. It came that night.

I remember Joseph had come home from the hospital that day. He took hold of the household much as usual, tottering from the silver drawer to the kitchen closets; but he was much shattered, and with that bandaged arm of his he could do very little. I arranged to send him to the country for a few weeks, and he agreed gratefully.

Then, out of a clear sky, Katherine made her resolution and precipitated the crisis. She was an intelligent woman—Katherine. Perhaps I have done her less than justice in this narrative. She was strange during that time, more frightened than she wanted us to know, and the result was that she withdrew herself. I think from the time Jim took the stand at the trial—maybe even before it—she knew he was protecting somebody.

"You say that you saw his white shirt front? What do you mean by that?"

"Just what I say. A white shirt front."

"He wore no vest?"

"I can't say. I had only an impression of evening clothes. He might have worn a dinner jacket."

"But you are sure of the cap?"

"No. I think it was a cap."

"Yet he came, according to your story, so close to you that he knocked this stick out of your hand. You could see a cap and a white shirt front, but you could not see anything more?"

And it was then that Jim hesitated. He was under oath, and an oath is a solemn matter. Then he glanced toward Katherine and sat up a little in his chair.

"That is all I saw. I was on the ground. His face was turned down the hill."

Whom would he protect with his life but Howard? Howard with his heavy white hair, his invariable dinner dress in the evenings, and something to be kept hidden at any cost. Small wonder that Katherine thought of Margaret or that she reverted to the will as the key to the mystery.

And so, very close to the end now, I go to the scene that afternoon, when, at Katherine's request, I accompanied her to Mr. Waite's office.

She had made the appointment and we were admitted at once. I was rather shocked by the change in Mr. Waite. He looked worn and not too well, and I thought there was a certain apprehension in his eyes when he greeted us.

He rose, but did not come forward.

"I am lame again," he explained, indicating a cane which stood beside him. "The old trouble. Well, I can only say that I am shocked and grieved, Mrs. Somers. Of course the appeal ——"

"An appeal will do no good," said Katherine somberly.

"Still, new facts may come up. The case is, of course, not closed until ——"

"Until they have killed an innocent man," Katherine finished for him. "And that is what they will do, Mr. Waite, unless the truth can be brought out."

He stirred uneasily in his chair.

"The truth? What is the truth? I am as much in the dark as you are." And, seeing her face, he bent toward her across the desk. "I know what you mean, Mrs. Somers, and I can understand. Nevertheless, I tell you that as surely as I sit here in this chair, Mr. Somers outlined the provisions of that will and signed it when I had prepared it. He was as rational as I am now. He discussed his family and his affairs. He even recognized that the will would be a blow to you, and said that he meant to leave an explanatory letter with it. Just why he did not do so I don't understand."

He was not acting. He was telling us facts, and I think Katherine saw it as well as I did. She sat as stiffly upright, but the antagonism was gone from her voice:

"He did not explain the fund of fifty thousand dollars?"

"He did, and he did not. The son was to administer it for some purpose. He simply said that Walter would understand. He was, of course, still very weak, and he was not a talkative man, I understand. To be frank, I was in pain that first day, and not much better the second. I don't recall many details, although of course I have tried to since. A will is a routine matter."

"He did not appear to have been drugged?"

"Absolutely not."

"And Sarah was there—Sarah Gittings?"

"She left the room, but she came in once and gave him some medicine."

But Katherine was stubborn. Here were the facts, and she still refused to accept them. Mr. Waite saw that and stiffened in his chair.

"The will was genuine, Mrs. Somers," he said. "If you have any doubt of it, I will go to the hotel with you, and we will repeat my own actions of those two days. I will show you that on the first day I was taken to Mr. Somers' room by the hotel manager himself, and that the floor clerk saw us and remembers this. I will show you that Walter Somers received me at the door and took me in, and that on both days Florence Gunther was with me. The floor clerk saw her there also."

"That is what she says. I know that, Mr. Waite."

He made an angry gesture.

"But she may be lying? I wonder if you realize what you are saying? If I had forged that will—and it seems to me that this is what you imply—why should I have gone there at all? Good Lord, madam, what had I to gain by such a criminal proceeding? It's nonsense—insane, outrageous nonsense."

Katherine, however, seemed hardly to hear him. Certainly his words had no effect on her. She looked up from that careful inspection of her gloves.

"You would be willing to go to the hotel?"

"Of course I'll go to the hotel. Do you think I am afraid to go?"

She stood up, and for the first time it apparently occurred to her that he was angry—white with anger. She looked at him with that faint, childlike expression which so altered her face.

"I'm sorry. It's only that I don't understand. You see, there was no reason—no reason at all. Not if Margaret Somers was dead."

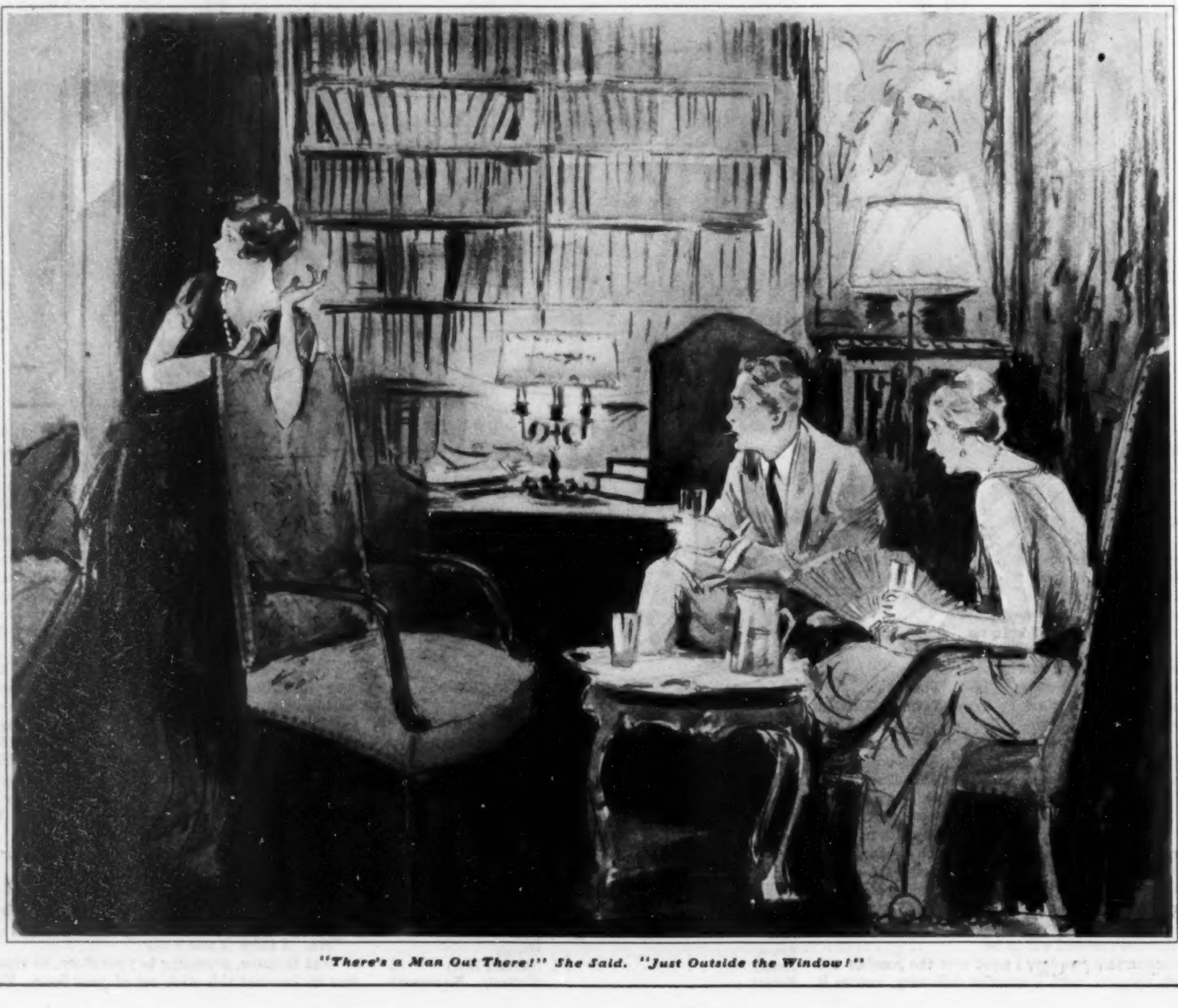
He was polite but still somewhat ruffled when we started out. None of us, I am sure, had any idea that any dénouement was imminent. I remember that Mr. Waite delayed a moment or two to sign some letters, and that he grunted as he got up and reached for his stick.

"I've lost four teeth and two tonsils to cure this thing," he grumbled, "and I'm just where I started."

And so we reached the hotel, Katherine silent and absorbed, Mr. Waite limping, and I trailing along and feeling absurd and in the way.

We were fortunate in one thing—the rooms Howard had occupied were empty. Unluckily the manager was out, but the floor clerk, Miss Todd, was at her desk. She

(Continued on Page 74)



"There's a Man Out There!" She Said. "Just Outside the Window!"

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DODGE BROTHERS

UPHOLDING EVERY TRADITION OF DODGE DEPENDABILITY

CRISIS ON THE HALF-SHELL

By Charles J. V. Murphy

IT WILL be universally conceded, I dare say, that the first outstanding hero in the oyster business was the man who ate the first oyster. His courage and enterprise are still, even in this twentieth century, a fertile source of simile. But quite apart from demonstrating these admirable qualities, this Jurassic valiant succeeded even farther. He unwittingly founded a great industry. The oyster yields annually about $16,000,000 in income—and this as it comes dripping from the water—and gives, besides, incalculable pleasure to the palates of millions.

In fine, the oyster is the basis of a very substantial business, which is prosecuted with varying diligence from Wellfleet, Massachusetts, down and around the coast, and up to Puget Sound.

As a matter of fact, it concedes first place only to the salmon.

PHOTO. FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Tonging for Oysters in Massachusetts

But here's the rub. Impressive as they are, these figures are the figures of a very sick industry. It is in pressing need of a new hero as courageous and resourceful as he who ate the first oyster. A hero, this time, who will complete the all too protracted period of ecstatic discovery and inaugurate an era of conservation. For the oyster, plagued and overwhelmed by tongers, suffocated by the poisoned wastes from cities, strangled by politics, is in great danger of partial extinction in Virginia and Maryland. True, the new and visiting eye to the oyster grounds is not likely to observe this fact immediately. Externally, there seems to have been little change. Oystering is still a hard, colorful and surprising life on the Chesapeake, in the bays, rivers and coves with which the tidewater areas of Maryland and Virginia abound. The brackish waters of Mobjack Bay, Tangier Sound, the York, Severn and Potomac rivers still seem to bustle with activity, and, between September and April, to grow gray with the dirty sails of sloops, bugeyes, skipjacks and the ugly, flat-bottomed canoes that engage in the traffic.

One observes hundreds of tongers expertly prodding the bottoms with long, unhandy iron rakes which, in their strong hands, seem surprisingly graceful instruments. Dredges squeal constantly in high-pitched voices as their iron mouths bring up huge bites of oysters from the hidden shoals. And there is the sing-song refrain, a formula for decades, as the little boats, deep down with the mounds of oysters, dirty, gray and dripping, piled higher than their coamings, come up to the buy boats from the packers and peddle their catch on the spot, cash on delivery.

Tonger's Song

THE captain of the buy boat sits cross-legged on the deck, a tally board in his hand, noting each bushel with a straight vertical line as it swings from the tonger's boat to his own decks.

"One's a one," he chants as the first bushel swings aboard; the first number designating the boat from which he buys, the second the bushel.

"One's a one," mournfully responds the boy in the small boat.

"One's a two," as the second bushel comes aboard.

"One's a two," comes back.

"One's a three."

"One's a three."

"One's a four."

"One's a four."

"One's a five. Tally."

And then, monotonously, it begins all over again, becoming lively as more boats approach. Buying becomes brisk, and the captain is hard put to it to keep track of the baskets slamming on his decks.

But the veteran oysterman who surveyed the scene with me contemplated it grimly.

"There are fewer tongers out there than there used to be," he said, "and fewer buy boats too. And more than that, there is something you can't see; and that is, there are fewer oysters out there. A barrel of oysters is scarcer than a schoonerful was twenty years ago. High-grade cove oysters, which used to sell for two dollars a barrel, now cost ten and twelve dollars. That's why you pay fifty to eighty cents for half a dozen selects on the half-shell. There ain't so many of 'em nowadays."

The fate that threatens the oyster is no phenomenon in American history. In character and psychology, it is not intrinsically different from the corrosive forces which, from time to time, have destroyed a goodly part of our natural resources, particularly wild life. With the oyster, as with other things, it is simply a case of overworking Nature. Of taking everything from her and putting nothing back. Of overlooking entirely the essential fact that all life comes from life, and that Nature, working slowly and patiently, needs the wherewithal for self-replenishment.

Wild Fruit of the Tidewater

THIS, in brief, is what has happened—is still happening—to the rich and fertile oyster bars along the Atlantic Coast, especially those in the tidewater of Virginia and Maryland, the seat of the oyster industry. These vast beds, which for more than a century provided enough oysters to supply the world, have been overfished and undernourished. They have, consequently, capitulated to the law of diminishing returns.

Maryland and Virginia, in whose adjoining waters lie the finest oyster-producing beds in the world, now face the problem in its full intensity. In both these states the oyster is an outstanding industry. Their oysters have an international reputation, both for abundance and for excellence. In the past they have produced, between them, as many as 25,000,000 bushels in a year, which is only slightly less than the entire total production of all our coastal states. Even then, according to scientists, they were not really at their peak. These were natural oysters—wild fruit. Granted the assistance of scientific oyster culture and conservation, Virginia and Maryland, according to these biologists, ought to yield no less than 40,000,000 bushels annually. This, then, is the potential side of the problem.

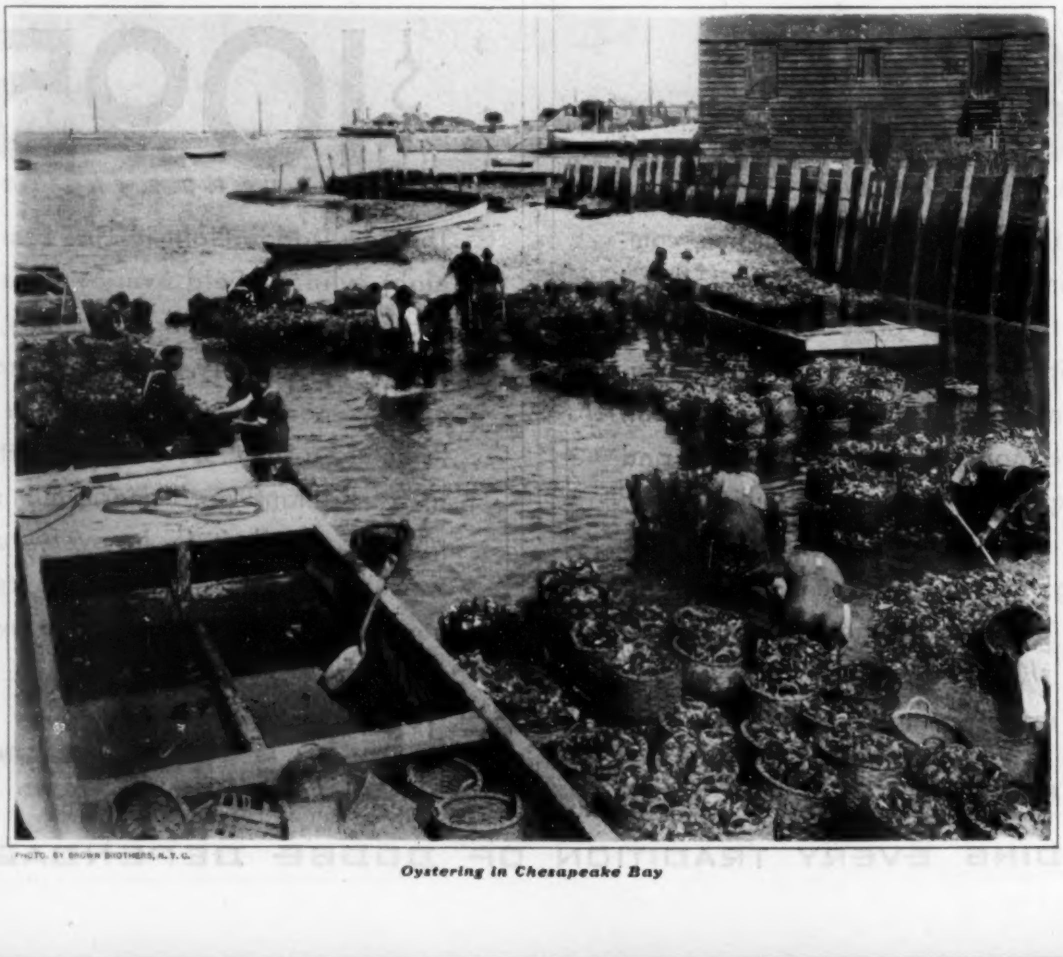
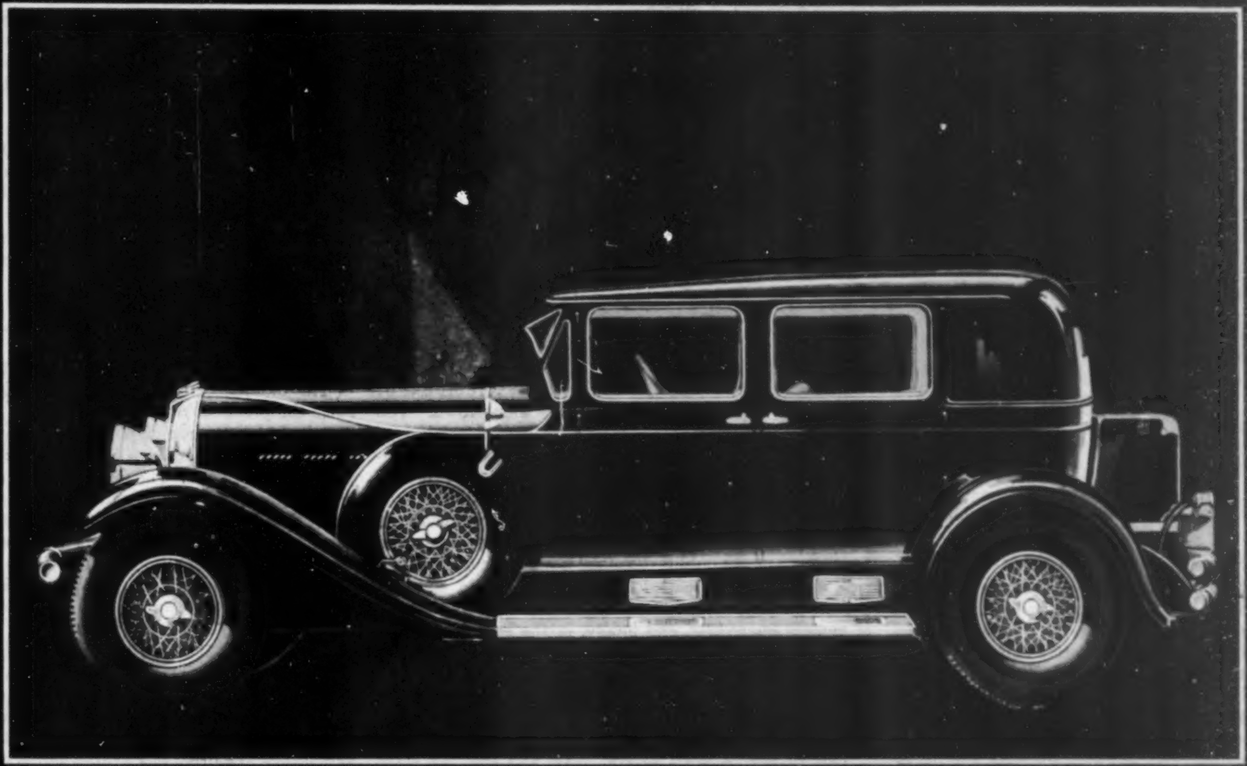


PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS, N. Y. C.

Oystering in Chesapeake Bay

On its practical side, the situation is somewhat less encouraging. The joint production of Maryland and Virginia nowadays is, instead of 40,000,000 bushels, in the neighborhood of 6,000,000. This, in itself, is cause for head scratching. But a number of hard-headed oystermen assured me that even this figure scarcely begins to tell the true story. Gloomily, they predict that another decade will see this number perhaps halved, if the wasteful, unbridled methods of fishing that prevail today are allowed to continue. Instead of remaining a staple food, they anticipate that the oyster may end up by becoming a luxury, and a very expensive one at that.

(Continued on Page 40)



There was a time when the advantages of a Straight Eight motor versus other types, needed selling to the public. Auburn, with one or two others, was a successful pioneer in this field about five years ago. Today, the demand for the superior performance, smoother and more flexible flow of power, possible only with a Straight Eight, has swept the entire country, forcing other manufacturers to follow Auburn's leadership. There is assurance to buyers in the fact that Auburn has had so many years of experience ahead of others, in which to improve and perfect not only its Straight Eight motor itself, but also priority in designing and strengthening the entire car to meet the requirements peculiar to this type of motor. It is only natural, therefore, that a rapidly increasing number of people look to Auburn for bigger value, better performance, longer endurance and a better investment. To meet this demand, and more important, to deserve it, Auburn is offering two New Series of Straight Eights; 100 h. p., 125 inch wheelbase, Sport Sedan — $1195; and 125 h. p., 130 inch wheelbase, Sport Sedan — $1495. The more competent you are to judge motor cars the more you will realize the desirability and economy of owning an Auburn.

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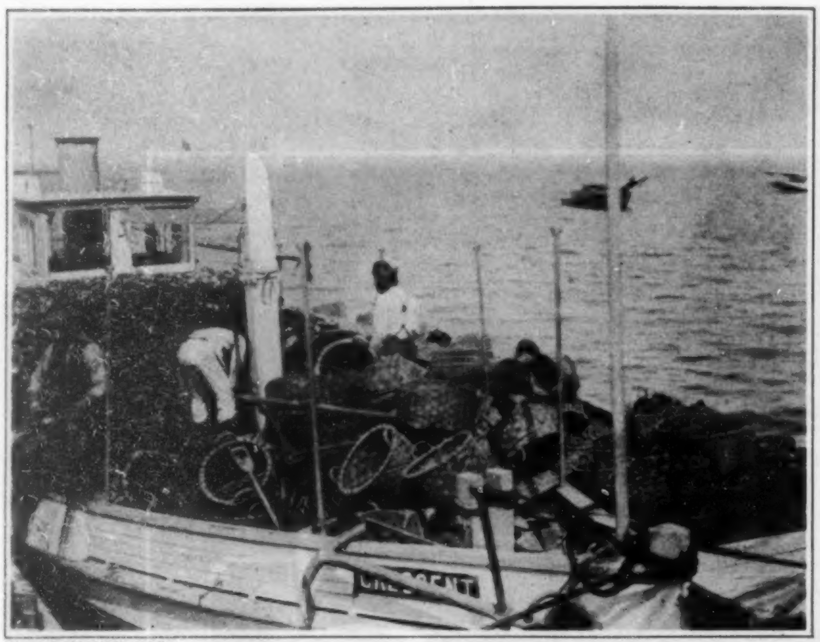

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROS., N. Y. C.

A Large Oyster Boat Which Collects From the Smaller Boats

(Continued from Page 38)

They still recall the fate of the diamond-back terrapin. It is while approaching the problem from the local, parochial point of view that the observer comes upon an unsuspected reason standing in the path of corrective action. One becomes aware of it and seems to feel it more definitely and keenly the deeper one goes into the oyster communities in the tidewater of Maryland and Virginia. True, the reason is never spoken out, but it presents itself irresistibly in the background of any conversation with the rank and file of those quiet, firm, tight-mouthed men who make their living from oysters.

In the minds of these people, God, Nature and oysters are pretty closely allied. To them, the rise and fall of oyster production is not so much a biological problem as the manifestation of a higher authority. They have consistently refused to accept the oyster as an animal. And they have, therefore, repeatedly fought down the scientists, with their test tubes, water samples, charts and high-minded schemes for oyster culture. Not unjustly, this group in the oyster industry, which in Maryland and Virginia comes pretty close to being its sum total, has been dubbed the "God-given-righters," in the sense that they look upon the oyster rocks as His to populate and theirs to harvest.

The Chesapeake Oyster Wars

SINCE these fisherfolk—tongers mostly—comprise a substantial percentage of the electorate in both states, they have not been without political power. Nor have they been lacking in a capacity for direct action. Other means failing, they have not hesitated to come out in open rebellion when they suspected their inherent rights had been trespassed. Hence, the celebrated oyster wars which have enlivened news dispatches from Maryland and Virginia. Hence, too, the need for the oyster navy which prowls the bays and rivers of Virginia and Maryland, keeping order under the threat of very businesslike one-pounders and machine guns.

In its larger aspect, the oyster war in Virginia particularly has grown out of very elemental causes of grievance. On the one side are—and always have been—ranged the planters, which is to say, individuals and private enterprises who have leased oyster grounds from the state. On the other side, the tongers, who fish from the oyster rock set aside by the state as public property. This particular motive of the quarrel has been intensified in recent years, due to the fact that the carefully husbanded areas taken up by the planters have continued to produce oysters in increasing quantities, while the public rocks have grown barren. This tilting of things naturally and inevitably made for trouble.

But lately, as a result of the investigation of scientists, the whole problem has taken a new turn. These men, who had no axes to grind, were frank in their reports. Without exception, they reported that, unless drastic steps are taken, even the few remaining commercially profitable oyster beds in the public domain will go the way of the others. Proper and adequate restoration, they said, rests upon the choice of alternatives: Either to close down all beds until Nature has had time to replenish them, or else lease the broken-down areas to private planters for scientific oyster culture.

Against these suggested reforms the tongers have stood immovably. Far from desiring that, they have repeatedly urged that all oyster lands be returned to the state and thrown open to the public.

Oystering has been a source of livelihood to the people living on the shores of Virginia and Maryland ever since the settlement of Jamestown. The vast stretches of underwater territory which abounded with sea food were for the most part set aside for the use of the public. Virginia, however, made a practice, up to 1880, of occasionally leasing certain areas to private planters by act of the legislature. This was a cause of endless quarreling, and finally, in the hope of settling the problem of public versus private rights in the tidewater, the state engaged Lieut. J. B. Baylor, of the Geodetic service, to undertake a comprehensive survey of the Chesapeake, its tributaries and estuaries, and to lay out and locate the oyster territories in the waters.

This survey required several years and cost the state $50,000. On its conclusion, Lieutenant Baylor had marked off 391 extensive areas of natural rock—hard bottoms on which young oysters will strike and grow naturally—and established them by triangulation and logarithmic computation. Two hundred and one thousand acres were thus set aside as public areas for the use of the citizens of Virginia. Some 400,000 acres of potential oyster-producing waters lay outside this area. This territory could be leased from the state, and to date planters have taken up approximately 60,000 acres, which they have converted into more or less scientifically controlled producing beds. Nevertheless, this limited and supposedly inferior area last year produced approximately two-thirds of Virginia's entire crop of marketable oysters.

Now, this Baylor Survey, as it has come to be called, has by this time attained to the nature of a *cause célèbre* in Virginia's oyster crisis. Because of the great expense that would have been involved, the boundaries of the public rocks as defined by Lieutenant Baylor were never marked out by buoys. The planters who sought leases generally engaged their own surveyors. And, naturally, they tried to obtain grants as close to these natural beds as possible, since the hard bottoms adjoining this shallow rock were more conducive to oyster growth than the deeper, muddier bottoms farther out.

This particular situation has been the cause of many uprisings among the oyster clan, but, more generally, it has served as a pretext for uprisings the fundamental irritant of which was nothing less than, as one old oysterman put it, "the hatred of them that hasn't for them that has."

The tongers realize that the oyster beds of Virginia, which they once believed were inexhaustible, are now apparently doomed. With the exception of a few bottoms in and around Mobjack Bay, practically none of the public rocks is producing oysters of marketable size. Beds in the Rappahannock, York and Potomac rivers, in the bays and coves of Accomac and Northampton counties, have been exhausted.

The decline is told in figures. In 1880 the public rocks of Virginia produced 7,000,000 bushels of marketable oysters. Nowadays the yield is barely 1,000,000. The rest of their yield, amounting to about 1,400,000 bushels, is made up of seed oysters—that is, small, young oysters which are sold to planters, who replant them on their own grounds, fatten them and bring them to market.

The financial loss to tongers here has been considerable. The bid and asked price of marketable oysters fresh from the water varies from ninety cents a bushel to one dollar and forty cents. For seed oysters, the price runs from twenty-five cents to thirty-five cents a bushel.

The decline is further reflected in the diminished buying power and wealth of many communities which once were largely supported by the oyster industry. The number of tongers in Virginia has decreased from 14,000 to 5000 in twenty years. Great oyster centers such as Hampton, Newport News, Battery Park and Norfolk have been especially hard hit. Within recent years a number of once powerful and wealthy planters have retired from the business altogether, and several others have publicly threatened to do it in the near future.

Effects of the Oyster Shortage

IN MARYLAND the situation is somewhat different. The difference, however, is essentially one of aspect, since the practical results are the same. Of the approximately 500,000 acres of potentially oyster-yielding tidewater in the state, only a few thousand are operated by planters under lease. The rest is public rock, open to tongers and dredgers. But as with Virginia, only on a greater scale, these public rocks are suffering from diminishing returns. In 1885 Maryland produced 15,000,000 bushels of oysters. Her annual production today is about 2,000,000. The decline has accelerated mathematically during the past decade. For instance, during 1919–1923 production fell from 4,000,000 to 3,000,000 bushels, a decrease of 25 per cent. From 1923 to 1928, from 3,000,000 to 2,000,000, a decrease of 33⅓ per cent. In short, where seven oysters used to grow in Maryland, there now grows only one.

The economic effects of this decline are written as vividly across the face of its tidewater as the breakdown of its agricultural resources was written across the face of Massachusetts. Here are deserted villages along the shore, lifeless counterparts of New England's abandoned farms. The effects may be seen in the decline of Crisfield, oyster capital of Maryland, in the passing of the shanghai gangs which used to muscle unwilling recruits for the oyster fleets, and in the stubborn quarreling that precedes every local election.

On a recent survey of thirteen once famous and opulent oyster bars in the Potomac, from Piney Point to Pope's Creek, Dr. R. H. Luce, of the United States Bureau of Fisheries, pronounced all but two depleted—that is, "the

(Continued on Page 42)

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A South Carolina Shucking Platform. The Oysters are Canned and the Shells Burned and Ground Into a Fertilizer Rich in Nitrates

EVERY GRAHAM SIX AND EVERY GRAHAM EIGHT IS COMPLETELY EQUIPPED WITH SHATTER-PROOF *PLATE* GLASS

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VERY GOOD CARS AT LOW PRICES

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Miles per gallon are always variable, of course, according to driving habits, the number of traffic starts and stops, and the condition of the engine cylinders, the ignition system and carburetion.

But of one thing you can be solidly, serenely sure—Graham cars will give you the very utmost in mileage that can be gotten out of a gallon of gas under any and all driving circumstances, when the ability of these cars is considered.

The usual low gas mileage of the typical eight-cylinder car, for instance, does not apply to the Graham Standard and Special Eights; and with the Graham Sixes the contrast is equally sharp.

In their exhaustive studies of this important phase of car ownership, the Graham engineers have had recourse to road tests under all conditions, and their findings are arrived at with a background of the average circumstances in which the average car is driven.

Averaging their results, the net shows that the Eight with four-speed transmission yields 16 miles to the gallon at a road speed of 25 miles an hour, while the three-speed Eight, at the same speed and under the same conditions, returns 14 miles; with the four-speed and three-speed Sixes registering 18 and 16 miles per gallon.

It is not to be assumed that these mileages are the hard-and-fast standard to be expected of the car driven continually in congested city traffic, nor of the one which spends the greater portion of its time on the longer inter-city runs.

In the former case, the variation will naturally be downward, and it should be upward in the latter.

To the average car owner of to-day, the possibility of such fuel mileage will seem remarkable; but its real significance is in the return to something like the operating economy of former days.

It is a tribute to the thoroughness of Graham engineering and the fineness of Graham manufacture which, because of the value they imply, should be a paramount attraction to every thoughtful motor car buyer.

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Graham Cars will give you value and performance—reasons in plenty for preferring them. Their crowning appeal is the safety of the shatter-proof plate glass doors, windows and windshields. The more you study that one factor of protection for yourself and your family from an all too frequent and dreadful danger, the more surely it will lead you to the conclusion that it renders all the other attractions of Graham Cars irresistible

Watch This Column
Universal's Weekly Chat

THE signal triumph of MARY NOLAN, one of the screen's most beautiful women, is a tribute to her charming personality and the ability of Universal to uncover real talent and properly develop it. MISS NOLAN'S climb, rapid as it has been, is no more sensational than that of many another famous screen player who started in what many call the "Cradle of the Stars"—Universal. More power to her then, and may her beauty, her talent and her popularity never grow dim. —C. L.

MARY NOLAN'S triumphs this year: "Shanghai Lady"—"Undertow"—"Barbary Coast"

Do you recall how wonderfully JOHN BOLES sang in "Rio Rita" and "Desert Song"? His songs were among the most attractive features of those productions. But when you hear him sing the stirring "La Marseillaise" in the Universal Picture of that title, while confronting a mob of five thousand revolutionists, you will hear and see him at his best.

LEWIS AYRES, who portrays the role of Paul in Universal's production of "All Quiet on the Western Front," is sure to jump into the first line of "fan" popularity, once this remarkable picture goes into circulation. His work in this picture is one of the outstanding features of Erich Maria Remarque's very unusual story of the German side of war as seen through the eyes of youth.

There are so many noted artists in PAUL WHITEMAN'S "King of Jazz" that it is difficult to single any of them out for praise. Suffice it to say that the screen has never produced such a marvelous array of singers and dancers in any show, nor has any picture ever shown such a musical artist as PAUL WHITEMAN plus the help of his world-famous band.

Jeanette Loff in "King of Jazz"

Universal is making a talking picture of thrills and grandeur from Langdon McCormick's great stage play, "The Storm." Imagine, if you can, what sound pictures will do with the roar and crackle of the flames of that thrilling forest fire; the sound of the falling trees, and all the other sensational effects that were not possible in the days of silent pictures. Watch for this. It will be very much worth your while.

I want correspondents in every community. You don't know what a help you can be to your townsmen and to Universal. Why not write me today?

Carl Laemmle,
President

If you want photographs of JOHN BOLES, BARBARA KENT and KATHRYN CRAWFORD send 10c in stamps for each.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
"The Home of the Good Film"
730 Fifth Ave. New York City

(Continued from Page 40)

present available oyster population being insufficient to warrant continuous commercial use." According to Doctor Luce, it would require five years of energetic conservation and cost $200,000 to rehabilitate these thirteen bars alone.

The same state of affairs is common to the entire bay, on the eastern and western shores. Practically all the public rocks are exhausted.

Several decades ago, Tangier Sound, that lovely sweep of seascape, regularly produced 4,000,000 bushels of a particularly tasty kind of oyster. Now it barely yields 50,000. Even Governor's Run Bar, known world-wide for its fat and luscious oyster, has ceased to produce. Whole villages have either passed out of being or else are dying on their feet.

They are much more pessimistic in Maryland. "The bay," they will tell you, "has gone dead. The waters have changed."

To this, Dr. Reginald V. Truitt, professor of agriculture at the University of Maryland, and one of the outstanding authorities on the oyster, answers with an indignant negative.

"There has been no change in the chemical or biological properties of the waters of Chesapeake Bay of a nature that would render it less adaptable for oyster culture," he said. "The Chesapeake Biological Laboratory has just made an exhaustive study of the subject, and its findings, together with records made by research specialists over a period of forty years, show that the waters of Chesapeake Bay have not appreciably changed since the entire tidewater of Maryland was highly productive of oysters.

"Maryland ought to be producing 25,000,000 bushels of oysters a year, adding $20,000,000 to her wealth, and employing 150,000 persons, instead of 30,000. There are 400,000 acres of potential, highly productive oyster lands lying fallow in her tidewater.

"The reason for the present crisis lies in the fact that conservation in the past has been based on political, rather than biological, expediency. Corrective steps have been taken recently, but these, as yet, are neither extensive nor thorough enough to insure adequate results."

Road Beds Instead of Oyster Beds

"The rehabilitation of the oyster beds is no greater or more mysterious a problem than replenishing worn soil. The initial fault was in permitting beds to be so stripped of mature oysters that those remaining had no chance to repopulate the bars. Another important cause contributing to depletion lies in the fact that young oysters have not been given a chance to grow.

"The young oyster, in its short-lived, free-swimming period, is seeking some hard surface on which to strike. It is not over-discriminating. It may strike on any inviting surface—an old boot, glass, a sunken log. But mostly it prefers another oyster shell.

"It is now a well-understood truth that the removal of shells from the bottom has been one of the principal causes of depletion. The floor of the Chesapeake and its tributaries has, to a large extent, been swept clean of shells, with the inevitable consequence that young oysters have no place on which to strike. And overwhelmed by enemies, at the mercy of tide and storms, they perish quickly. Modern equipment has helped to hasten this situation, particularly the dredge, which is especially injurious to bottoms.

"In the old days, the worthlessness of shells was the temporary salvation of the industry. The great mounds of shucked shells that grew outside packing houses during the season were carted down the bay, bit by bit, and dumped on the bottom again, since it seemed the easiest and least expensive way in which to dispose of them. But from 1890 on, these shells began to have real value as material for road building, agricultural lime, chicken grit. After that, a precious small part of them ever got back to the water.

"Any policy looking to the rehabilitation of the beds of Virginia and Maryland must carry with it the return of all shells from shucked oysters to the bottom. Merely to restore the proper quantity of shells to the Chesapeake would be a terrific problem. It would take no less than 45,000,000 bushels between Sandy Point and Point Lookout alone, and the cost to the state would probably approach $5,000,000.

"A step, however, has already been taken in this direction. Under a law passed in 1927, Maryland has taxed planters 10 per cent of all shells taken from public rocks. These shells will be replanted on certain areas and the beds closed until the oysters have a chance to grow. But this in itself is not enough. It is her ironic fate that Maryland, which for years supplied Massachusetts and other Northern states with seed oysters, now has no important seed beds of her own. She is dependent upon Virginia and North Carolina for her supply, and there have been reports that Virginia, sorely vexed by her own troubles, may presently shut down on the export of seed oysters until her own beds have recuperated. Maryland, for instance, already has a law, curiously enough, forbidding the export of seed oysters from the state.

"Experiments are under way, however, looking toward the conversion of up-bay areas into seed-producing beds. This was undertaken over the protests of packers and tongers, who objected to having these areas closed, although they were no longer commercially usable. Unfortunately, just when the opposition was being won over to the value of the experiment, a succession of spring freshets practically destroyed the beds. Nevertheless, the experiments have been resumed."

From time to time, through the agency of coöperating commissions and concurrent legislation, Virginia and Maryland have tried to work out a means of salvation for Chesapeake Bay. By acts of legislatures, the states have rerun the boundary lines, and have provided for concurrent exercise of police power and administration.

Legislation has been adopted aimed toward preventing further destruction of oyster beds. For instance, no motorized dredges are permitted to operate on public rocks, due to their destructiveness to bottoms. Only sail is permitted. The taking of shells from public beds has been interdicted, and under the cull law, the legal size of oysters, save those from seed beds, has been restricted to three inches. Patrol boats have been provided to prevent violation of these laws and to prevent the smuggling of shells and oysters below the legal size between the states.

But in a large measure, the true problem—that is, the replenishment of the Chesapeake—has not yet been provided for. Two suggestions, drafted by commissions from both states, are now before the authorities. One asks for the leasing of beds in the Chesapeake to planters from both states, each with equal rights. The second suggests a general tax on all oysters from public rocks, the proceeds to be expended in reconstruction of bottoms. To the first, the tongers are inseparably opposed. And to the second, there seems to be the economic objection that the present low production could not support the tariff.

Increase Instead of Decrease

Virginia and Maryland, however, have not been alone in their troubles. At one time or another, the great oyster-producing states of the Northern Atlantic Coast have suffered from the same depletion, and some of them have never recovered. For instance, save on the highly cultivated blue-point areas in Long Island Sound, oystering has practically died out in New York waters. Production has fallen from 4,000,000 bushels in 1911 to barely 1,000,000. Quite the same fate overtook the rich and famous beds in Massachusetts and Rhode Island. The celebrated Cotuit has now become barely a trade name.

The outstanding exceptions, however, are New Jersey and Connecticut. Facing utter exhaustion at the turn of the century, these two states adopted radical legislation, sharply delimiting the open season, the size of oysters, and providing for a wide leasing of beds to private planters. For example, in Maurice River Cove, the seat of New Jersey's oyster industry, the proportion of planted ground to public ground is three to two. For the rest of the tidewater, however, the average is five to one. Moreover, public grounds are used only for seed production and the season is limited to May and June. Production, consequently, has been doubled since 1880, and the value of the crop is approximately $10,000,000, which is greater than the total production of both Maryland and Virginia. Approximately two-thirds of this income comes from the 30,000 acres of planted ground. Connecticut's production has, during the same period, mounted from 336,450 bushels, valued at $383,625, to more than 1,000,000 bushels, valued at approximately $1,400,000.

In both these states, as on the blue-point preserves of Sayville, Long Island, oyster culture has become a precise science. As a modern farmer rotates his crops, so these planters carefully rotate their oyster beds. There are separate beds for seed oysters, for growing oysters, beds for fattening them for the market. Even tanks for purification. But even at that, they have not yet resorted to the careful devices of the oystermen of Holland, who, impoverished by lack of space and proper conditions, cautiously, jealously raise and nourish their oysters in little baskets sunk in the waters of the flat country.

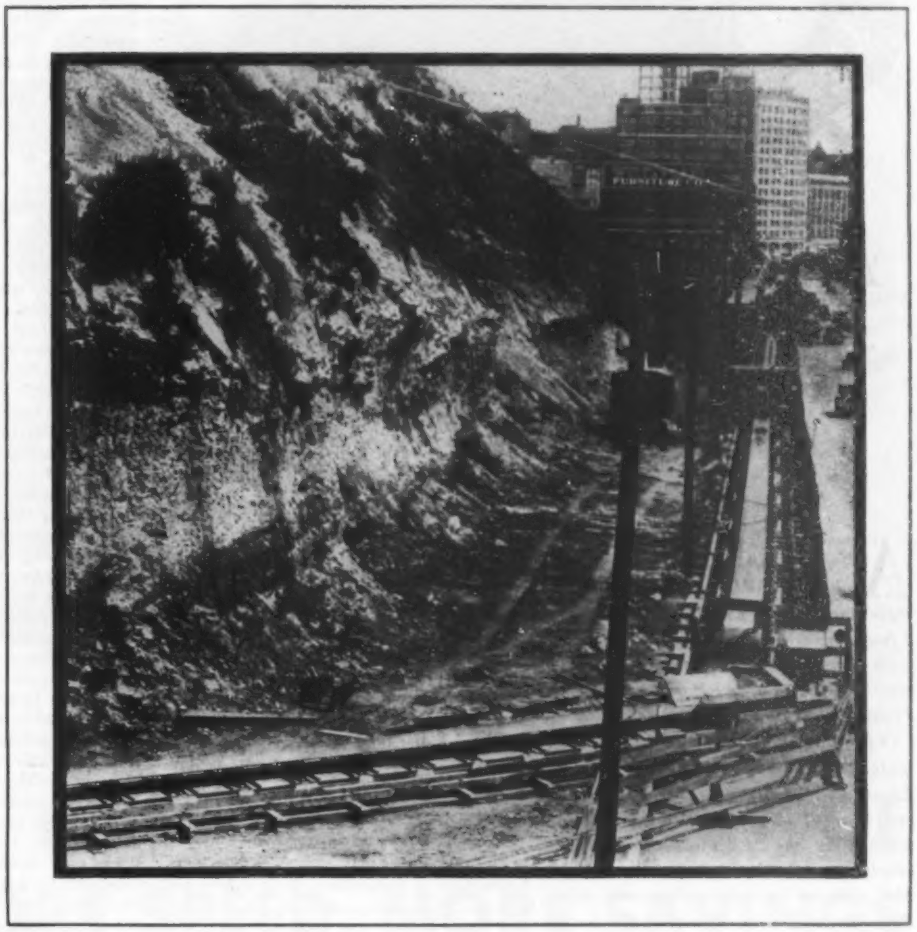
PHOTO. BY H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

An Oyster Fleet in Maurice River, New Jersey

A HILL in the HEART OF SEATTLE ...moves to the sea

How **GOODRICH CONVEYOR BELTS** *are helping a city remove an obstacle that blocked its progress*

Steel barges receive dirt and rock from Goodrich Conveyor Belt, then take it out to sea



Above photograph shows Goodrich Conveyor Belts in operation at Denny Hill

TWO years ago, Seattle faced a problem. The city was growing . . . its business section expanding. But blocking the way was Denny Hill . . . a hill several blocks long on each side.

Seattle decided to amputate Denny Hill. Decided to cut it away . . . dump it in the sea. The question became "How?"

An elaborate system of belt conveyors, designed by the Link-Belt Company, was the answer. Electric shovels were put to work. Portable conveyors were set to carrying dirt and rock to a main disposal point. Then, through several blocks of Seattle's business section, in an elevated covered way, other belts carry the dirt in an endless stream to waiting barges.

Seattle began to amputate Denny Hill many months ago. By this summer, the project will be completed at a cost of two and a half millions. In the meantime, the work moves smoothly, night and day, without shutdown or delay . . . and at low cost.

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Contributing materially to the success of the operation is the fact that approximately two miles of belting on which the whole system relies are Goodrich belting made on the Highflex principle.

This Goodrich principle involves a method of construction which materially lengthens belt life and reduces wear. It is one of the many Goodrich developments which give Goodrich products specific fitness to specific conditions.

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Goodrich maintains a special Industrial Research Committee whose work it is to help apply these principles as well as devise new ones.

Executives are invited to correspond with the Chairman of this Committee, who serves as a consultant in the solution of difficult industrial and mechanical problems. The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co., Established 1870, Akron, Ohio.

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Over 32,000 rubber articles, representing more than a thousand distinct rubber products — Goodrich Silvertowns · Zippers · Rubber Footwear · Drug Sundries · Soles · Heels · Hose · Belting · Packing · Molded Goods.

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"AS PRINCIPAL *of a consolidated school, I must daily make countless decisions for five hundred boys and girls, their teachers and parents. The past year I found myself getting stale and swamped with work. I tried the usual remedies: tonic before meals, taking a vacation—but I remained irritable, nervous, depressed.*

"While spending July Fourth with mother, I glimpsed my first ray of hope. Years ago, she told me, she had used caffein until she had suffered a nervous breakdown. She tried Postum, and today, despite her eighty years, her hand is steady. Mother urged me to give Postum a trial. To my amazement I discovered that it was not a feeble imitation of my usual mealtime beverage but an appetizing drink in its own right.

"I have kept on drinking Postum because I like it. I feel like another man. Already I can sense a renewed spirit of cordiality between my teachers and myself. They no longer fear that every call to the office means a 'bawling out.' Thanks to the restorative my mother prescribed: Good Postum!"

FRANK B. LINDSAY, Hastings, Florida.

* * *

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Perhaps you, yourself, have never considered caffein as a possible cause of overwrought nerves and fagged spirits. But make Mr. Lindsay's experiment. Eliminate caffein from your diet, and let Postum show you how well you can be! Try it for thirty days—*then* decide whether you ever want to go back to caffein.

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MR. MURPHY OF NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 15)

been troubled with mice, and when you're troubled with mice it is very wise to leave open all the interior doors in your home when going away, or the little villains will gnaw through the doors. You can prevent that sort of thing by using steel doors, but I don't think they're ever quite the same as fireproofed wood. So cold and institutionlike. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Murphy. . . . And then came that steady and deafening grinding and squealing. My eyes were on the Americus, and I can tell you they popped. The windows of the showrooms on the ground floor were gone; I hadn't seen them go, nor heard them; you could hear nothing but that merciless grating and wrenching. The limestone ashlar between window openings fell out and I saw red iron. The building was —— Up shot my gaze to the roof. The shining surfaces up there seemed to be undulating in the sunlight.

"The building was —— The great Americus Tower —— No, I didn't believe it. Like our friend Mr. Murphy here, though with less excuse, I couldn't believe it. I stood there. The three stories of ashlar were undulating, buckling, and they seemed as pliable and elastic as rubber. They didn't disintegrate; they didn't fall. And then they fell—three stories of cut limestone—into the street. But so incredulous was I that they seemed to fall slowly, like sheets of paper wafting down.

"The building was falling. The Americus Tower was falling. The brickwork of the whole twenty-fifth floor—some say it was first the eighteenth, but I say it was the twenty-fifth—came away and swept down, slowly, floating. It was a steel-bearing job, of course; the walls were carried on the steel.

"The Americus was tilting. Its façade was dissolving. I claim that the steel failed first at the twenty-fifth floor. No matter now, but it was once thought very important, before the public took the bit in its teeth and brought in the verdict in advance of the evidence. I testified to it, telling what I saw; let other people tell what they saw. The façade below the twenty-fifth floor seemed to stand still while the upper twenty floors bowed toward the street. And then the whole vast fabric moved from its place in the sky—moved outward, slowly, so slowly; gathering speed.

"I turned and bolted for dear life. I never ran so; I didn't feel myself running; I was only intent on getting away, and I everlastingly got! I shot up Fifth Avenue. Flashing a look about, to see whence destruction would rush upon me now, I saw the people on the Elevated station on Sixth Avenue, agape, hands in air. I met a man last February in Sebring who was on that Elevated station that day; he told me that he was not conscious of being frightened, but that his heart stopped beating. I wasn't like that; I was stampeded. I'm told that the air was full of a vast roaring and whistling, but I didn't hear it. When the Americus came flailing down across Bryant Park and the blocks north—Mr. Murphy's private residence landed in Forty-fifth Street, knocking a ten-story loft into a cocked hat—the noise was heard in Irvington-on-the-Hudson and in Summit, in New Jersey; but I didn't hear it, upon my word. I was running.

"I was pretty heavy then, and I lost my first burst about Forty-fifth Street; a policeman had me by the shoulder. I was sobbing so for breath that I couldn't talk. I knew him and he knew me, and he told me that he thought I was running away after setting off a bomb, but he didn't tell me until months later, and then it had come out in the investigation that he had fired a shot at me. All he said at first was, 'It's Mr. Craig.'

"'Did you see it?' I gasped.

"'What? I heard it, God knows. What was it?'

"We were up to our ankles in water that was pouring down Forty-fifth Street; a main had been broken evidently. The street was level with water from building line to line.

"'Let's go back,' I urged. And with him beside me, I ran the other way, as if a wave had caught me and swept me to Forty-fifth Street and was now receding with equally compelling sweep.

"Yes, there are a great many people in New York who have the mayor's holiday and the ballyhoo over the new Controlane to thank for their lives. Seven thousand people would have been at work in the Americus that was now lying across Bryant Park like a wrecked and beached steamer. Not since the last earthquake below a modern city has anyone seen the like; and not even then, let me say. Why, sixty years ago, at San Francisco, the steel-framed buildings stood; the outcry against them after the Americus disaster was reactionary panic. As well condemn steel ships because of the Titanic or Burgundia sinkings; the Burgundia was ninety thousand tons, and it went down like a tin cup. An accident is an accident, and such will happen to the end of time. The Americus disaster might have been much worse. I believe not more than a hundred and fifty people were killed in all, which was wonderful luck, speaking from the viewpoint of the rest of us.

"It took the Northard and the Hennesy wrecking companies four months to cut up the wreck and ride it away; they were two weeks clearing Forty-fifth Street of the metal roof. The Metropolitan, I understand, realized only two thousand dollars from the sale of the roof as junk—something queer about that. The Tyng process for deep mining had knocked the bottom out of the price of roofing metal, but scrap gold was still worth a dollar ten a pound; and there was the aluminum alloy. However, that's a small matter; I mention it because it was wrangled over during the investigation."

"That was a great investigation," said Cohen. "Some of those witnesses should have left the chamber under arrest, for they certainly violated the P. & P. Act."

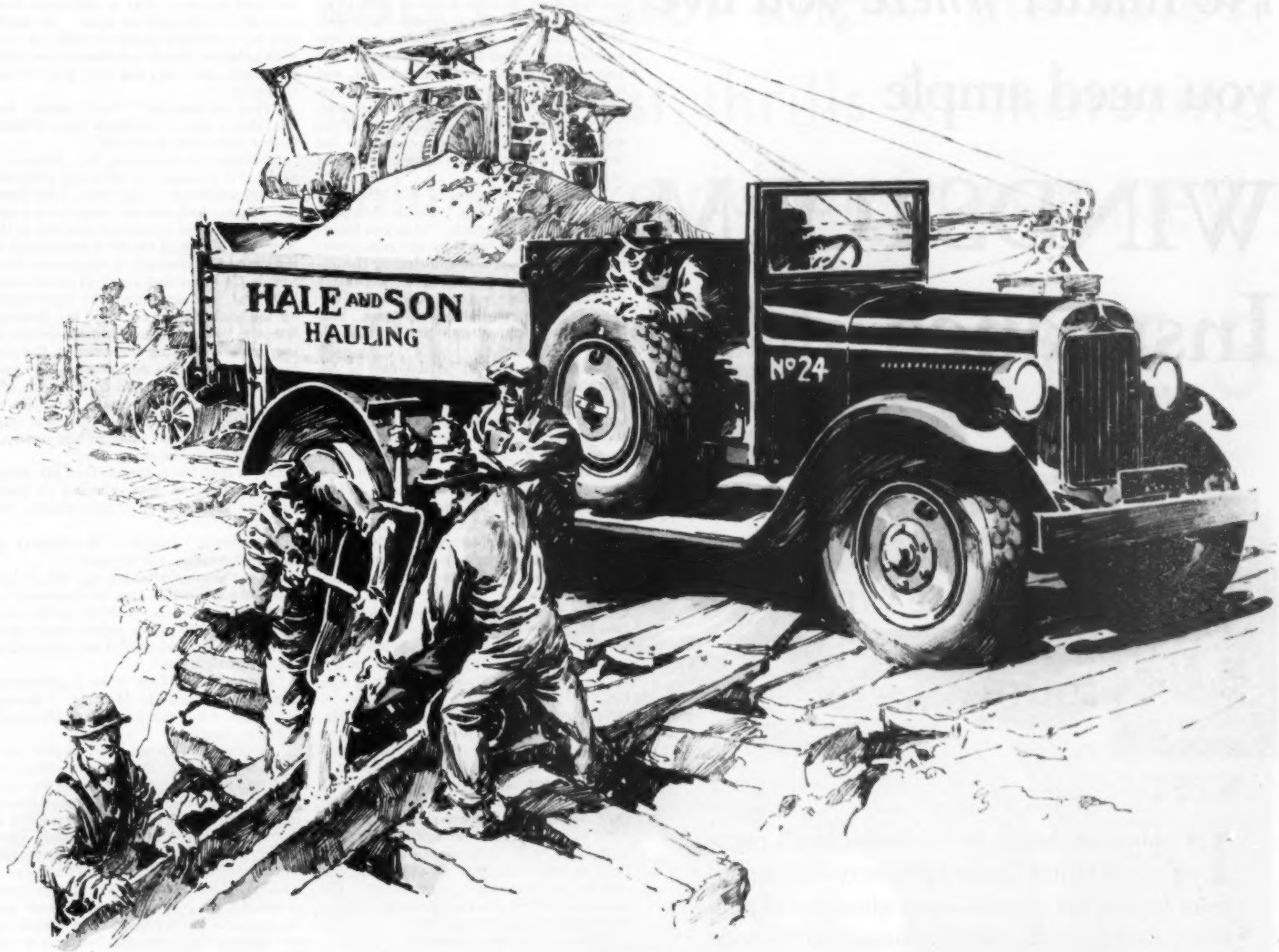
"Publicity," I nodded. "Harrigan's testimony, that such a time was made over, is a fair example—barefaced publicity for the new striated steel process. I myself had sometimes thought that designers were going too far in lightening structural steel, but I'm no steel engineer, and I guess Hendricks knew his business; he designed the Americus steel. He exposed Harrigan's animus later on when he proved that the eccentrically loaded columns were braced laterally, bringing the thrust below the bracing; and that was accepted practice. As for the carrying capacity, those columns were rolled steel, and it's sound construction to impose a working stress per square inch of sectional area of ten tons. Harrigan's stuff was all laboratory stuff, theorizing; practice is what I go by, and I don't want anybody to stand around and tell me how to pick up the mule's hind foot, especially if he's selling crutches."

"They believed Harrigan."

"I tell you he was selling the striated steel process! Go look at the fifty-story Federal Building on Mail Street, and you'll see so-called settlement cracks. Settlement cracks, my eye; they're caused by the buckling of the striated steel columns. The material has tremendous tensile strength, and is fine for framing and connecting—trimmers, headers and tail beams—but I'd prefer even cast iron for compression. I'm no steel engineer, but I'm betting my money every day on my notions of construction. The steel didn't fail until the Americus was away out of plumb—when the masonry flaked off—and then it began at the splice plates. That was what let in the lurid yarn about the erectors neglecting to rivet.

"Excited and puzzled people will listen to anything; you remember the amateur

(Continued on Page 48)



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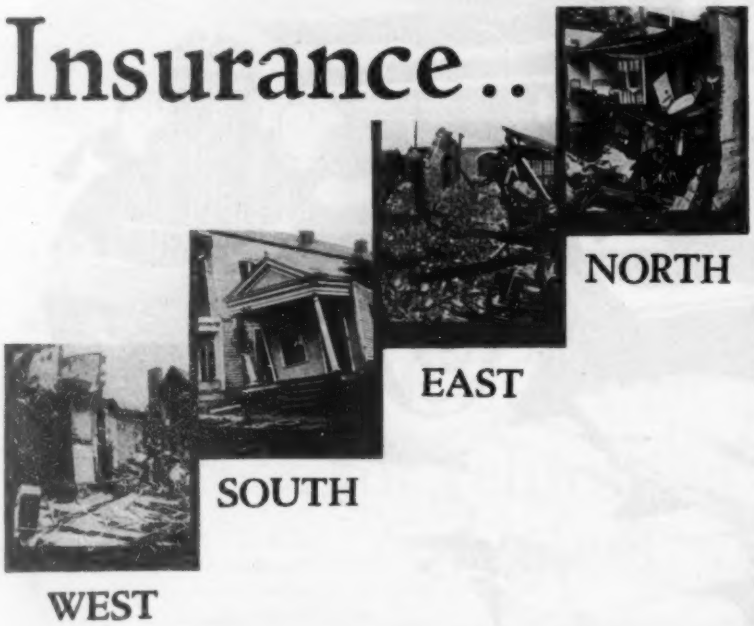

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(Continued from Page 44)

detective who rushed in and told them that the first-floor columns were not steel at all but cast pottery! What started the wheels in his head was my testimony that the building had failed first at the street; that pointed inquiry at the base columns, and it was discovered that one of them had been eaten nearly through by sulphuric acid. The explanation was that a canister of the acid had leaked into the channel; the tenants of the ground floor were industrial chemists."

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," said Mr. Bligh.

"I believe, Mr. Craig," said Mr. Murphy, spreading his blue prints, "that you builders calculate your costs by the cubic foot; correct me if I err. Now, including the observation room and garage, I had about one hundred and ten thousand cubic feet in my residence atop the Americus Tower, and if I pay you eighty thousand dollars per year ——"

"Hendricks insisted to the day of his death that the bearing stresses had shifted. He was the best steel engineer in New York, but he got his reputation, of course, by shaving the margin of safety. Any dub can design steel if he is given a free hand to thicken it, but the engineer who gets the business is the one who can lighten it. When the Americus was built, steel was selling for about a hundred per ton erected, and a difference of a thousand tons was worth saving. I do think his 40 per cent aluminum alloy was too much, in columns, but it was accepted practice.

"The steel failed somewhere, changing into thrusts what were meant to be compressions. Steel-framed buildings will stand a shaking, such as by earthquake, much better than an old-style, wall-bearing job, but they won't stand a lateral thrust so well. Speaking of wartime risks, like Mr. Murphy, a bomb exploding by a masonry wall will knock a hole in it and let the rest of the wall stand, but if that bomb knocked out a column of a steel-bearing job, the whole building would pull that way. That's my opinion, though I'm no engineer. Hendricks said that the loadings had shifted, bringing stresses to bear on columns that they weren't designed to carry, but he couldn't explain how it came about. His plans are still on file, and many competent engineers have passed on them."

"What about the foundations?"

"There was a loose end. That excavation beside the Americus might have had something to do with the catastrophe. Too bad that the excavator and all his men were killed when the gable wall fell on them. Dan Derry, better known as Dynamite Dan, was the excavator. He had been shooting several holes at a time, and that's not so wise, because an unexploded charge is likely to be left in the rock. If he detonated a forgotten charge under one of the piers of the Americus Tower, it might have brought the building down. The footings were examined after the water was pumped out, but nothing was learned."

"The water?" said Mr. Murphy, frowning.

"The main intake had been broken, naturally."

"Mrs. Murphy ——"

"The footings were on bed rock and there was no evidence that they had shifted. You remember the report of the investigating committee; after reviewing all the guesses, they favored that of a theorizing engineer and guessed with him that the collapse was due to fatigue of materials."

"In other words," smiled Cohen, "they brought in a verdict of death by suicide; that the Americus Tower had become tired of life."

"May I venture to hope, gentlemen," said Mr. Bligh, "that we may soon find time to attend to our affair? If you can use this ten acres at Canabec ——"

"Now there's an idea," said Mr. Murphy brightly. "Perhaps you can settle a domestic controversy, Mr. Craig. I have often debated with Mrs. Murphy—and not always in the best of temper—her use of my razors.

"Take a razor. If you use the same razor all the time, it grows fatigued and will not hold an edge. Lay it aside and let it rest, and it will pick up again. Or again, you have watched a man breaking a rock with a sledge; he hits it a dozen times without effect, and then the next blow breaks it apart."

"How interesting! You'll pardon me, Mr. Bligh, but I've always been tremendously interested in science."

"Fatigue of materials, Mr. Murphy," said I, "is a subject as to which scientists are still somewhat in the dark. They know it's a fact. And we may take it as a fact that if there was no margin of safety in the Americus Tower, if the steel was loaded to the limit of its strength, it would hold for a certain time and then get tired and let go."

"What you say about the water main having burst, Mr. Craig," said Mr. Murphy intently, "bears out my own contention at the time. Following the disaster, the city presented me with a perfectly preposterous bill for water, and I had to make an affidavit that I had not been in residence at the Americus Tower for a matter of at least six weeks. You can't imagine how insistent and disobliging the chaps were."

Cohen took the contracts that Mr. Bligh was thrusting at him, glanced at them and laid them down. "Skyscrapers, Mr. Craig!"

"Positively," said I. "A necessity of modern business; the big unit."

"What were you telling me, Mr. Bligh, about the Education Law in Canabec?"

"We're up-to-date," said Mr. Bligh contentedly. "Our young people must leave the schools and find gainful employment at the age of eighteen."

"I was twenty-four when I graduated from college," said Mr. Murphy. "Surely, Mr. Bligh, a boy can't complete the study of Latin, Greek ——"

"Nor Sanskrit, either, Mr. Murphy; and every argument for the universal study of Latin and Greek holds for Sanskrit. It's the basic language and has a great literature. And, to most people, astrology is a more colorful and interesting study than the higher mathematics, and just as useful. You people made the mistake of letting professional educators decide what the children should learn; by limiting the school age we persuade our people to take interest in the education of their children and to see that their time isn't wasted. You people let lawyers make your laws, teachers control your education, soldiers plan your military establishment, and the general population plan your cities."

"Say rather the taxpayers," amended Cohen. "It was the majority of taxpayers who took advantage of the fall of the Americus to clap on a height limit. Their interests, certainly, were being injured by the erection of skyscrapers. That the process was inevitable, biological, was no satisfaction to them. We are builders, like ants—your Canabec is still not as tall in proportion as the cities raised by African ants; our cities are part of our life processes, and while we may ameliorate their effects on the individual, we cannot choke down the biological human urge to federate, to coöperate, to build—skyscrapers!"

"Surely you don't compare a human being to an ant, Mr. Cohen," objected Mr. Murphy. "He's ever so much more intelligent, you know."

"Which?"

"Eh? The human being! My goodness."

"Unproved, Mr. Murphy. First comes division of labor, then adaptation to the job, and then division of thinking. The ants have gone the whole route."

Cohen was extravagant, bitter, inclined to gibe; I knew what he was feeling. I, too, was a New Yorker of many generations, and I had come to see my city slipping toward decay. The country dweller finds a dearness in the familiar hill and stream; even the tree—mere springing vegetable—that shades his house is dear to him. Would not his pride be greater, more deeply to be wounded, if his people had builded every

(Continued on Page 48)

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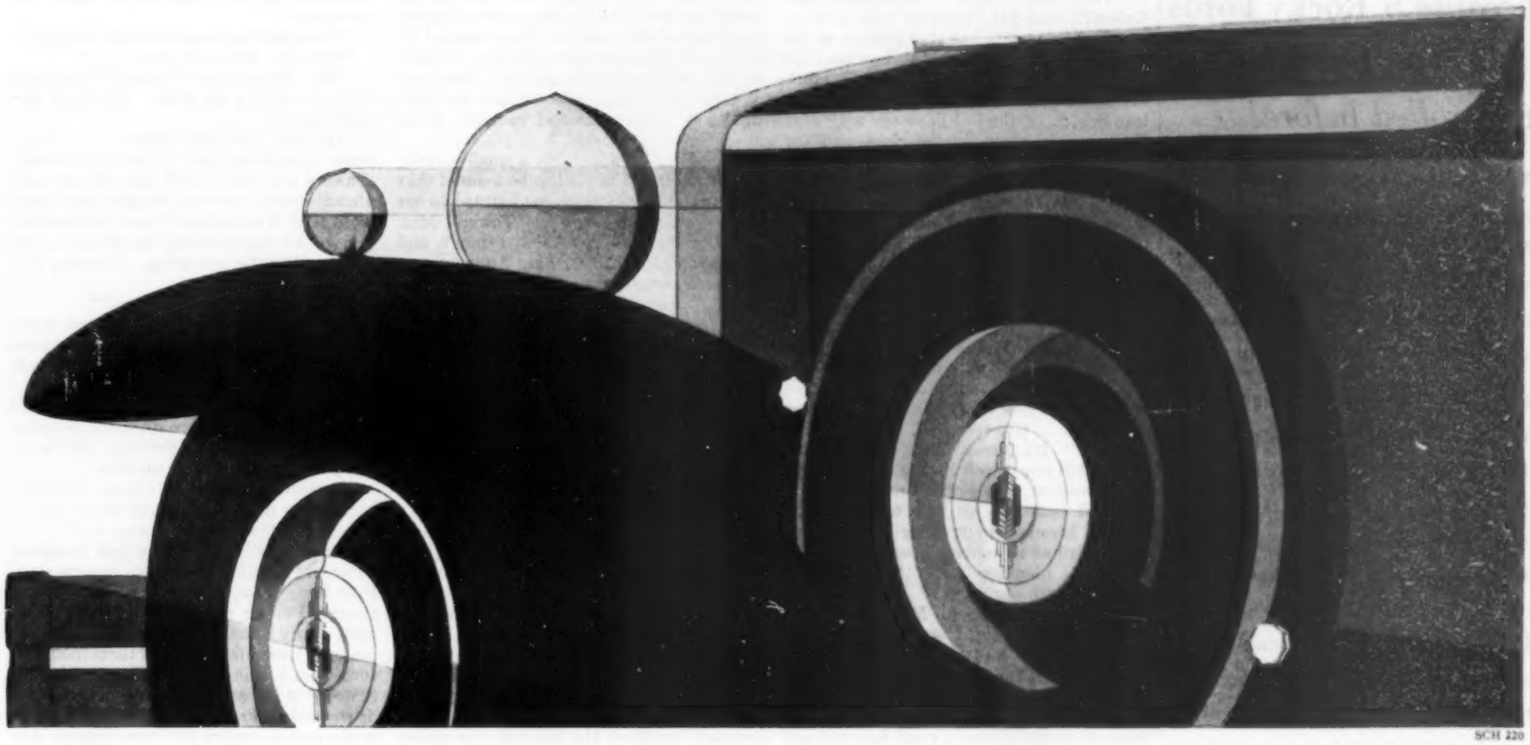

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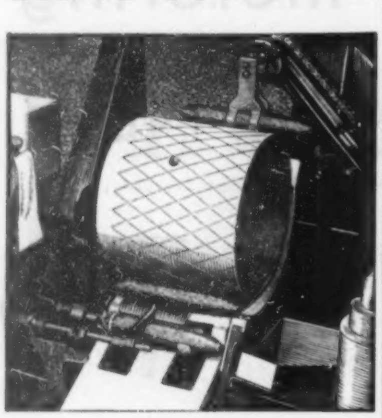

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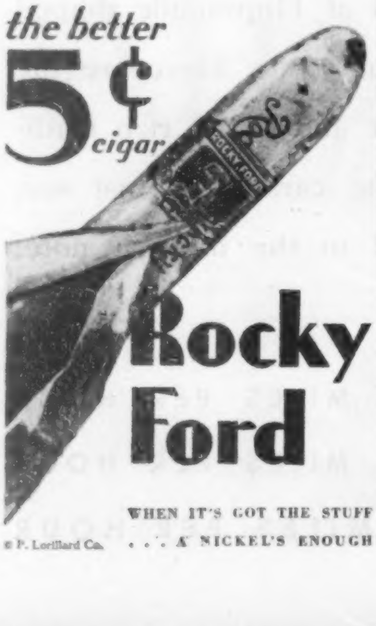

WHEN IT'S GOT THE STUFF . . . A NICKEL'S ENOUGH

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(Continued from Page 46)

foot of that landscape, if that tree were a giant edifice raised by his people? Cohen and I, obeying the will to live which is stronger than love, fiercer than pride, were here to arrange for a vast migration to the city that was supplanting our incomparable New York.

"It is not a matter of sentiment," exclaimed Cohen, as if sensible of my thoughts. "The big building is a necessity and ordained! If we live we must grow; other times, other ways. Not a thing did they allege against the skyscraper that was the skyscraper's fault. Congestion of traffic? But the big building immobilizes traffic, gathers a multitude of people in one place. They say it turns the street into a canyon; but doesn't it turn the house into a hill? It's all morbid opposition to change; people want things to be as they are, as they were. Look at our antique collectors—my wife paid six thousand dollars yesterday for a brass bed, *circa* 1910; and she puts in our living room, where I have the best electric heating, an antique oil stove that smells to high heaven. Gordon-gin bottles with those quaint bootleg labels, phonograph records, cuspitoons and door keys. She calls me a barbarian. I have no love for the beautiful and artistic."

"Your wife collects G. G. bottles, Mr. Cohen?" said Mr. Murphy with new respect. "I'd love to have her opinion on the few that I've got hold of; I believe they are authentic bootleg, but there is so much faking done nowadays. Has she any American Scotch bottles? I have one with Just Off the Ship blown in the glass, and the dealer gave me his word ——"

"Now, gentlemen, please," breathed Mr. Bligh. "Do remember that I'm a thousand miles from home and haven't had my lunch yet. Well, I shall have to call up." He took out his pocketell. "Are you there? Billy calling. . . . Hello, Molly! I just called you to say that I can't possibly get home —— What's that, sweetheart? . . . Oh, no, no. . . . But I say that I am not! I am in New York at a conference. . . . Yes, business. . . . Why don't I —— Now, Molly, how can you ask me to be so rude? . . . Oh, very well, my dear; in a moment." He turned to us, coloring, and said, "Will you permit?" We were married men ourselves; we smiled and got to our feet and bowed to his lady when she appeared; her eyes swept us vigilantly. "I'm sorry this had to happen, gentlemen," said Mr. Bligh, blanking her. "May we proceed now with our affair?"

"I know how you feel, Mr. Bligh," said Mr. Murphy, "and I speak as a fellow sufferer and not a physician. Last week I went down to the Chesapeake for a day's sport—clam digging. Nothing of any size in these waters but jellyfish, and I can't see them as game. I had a good day and got my full bag and was showing the shelly beauties to Mrs. Murphy when I chanced to lay down my pocketell and forgot it there. I tell you I caught it proper when I arrived home for being out of sight so long; besides losing a first-chop pocketell. It isn't as though I were often forgetful. A great game country, that. Robins, moles, even woodchuck. And frogs? In plenty. It's the sort of country our ancestors ——

"But that reminds me, Mr. Craig, of something that's been bothering me off and on for the last twenty years, ever since I got that ridiculous bill from the city for a hundred thousand cubic feet of water. It's not of the least importance, I'm sure, but if the money was due and owing, I'd pay it even yet. You are quite sure the main was broken?"

"Certainly. . . . Mr. Cohen, we might as well get to it. If we sign up at once, I'll take the St. Lawrence express with Mr. Bligh, together with my superintendent, and I'll put an air blast into the lot tomorrow morning. You'll have to decide at once whether you'll use brick or glass; on that point, the mason machinists are talking strike against the new machines that lay a thousand bricks a minute. Glass will cost you a little more, but you don't need windows, and you have in every way a more modern building."

"I like brick walls for the homes," said Cohen. "Brick seems more homelike somehow. Lay up thirty-five floors in glass, and the upper sixty-five in brick. What about the lighting?"

"The good old lumen bulb is still my first choice. If I were you, I'd leave the Radiolight alone for the present; the service is very unsatisfactory more than three hours after sunset. For heating we'll use Silver Bar, the same as you have in your own home; the first cost is high, but then it becomes cheap and foolproof."

"We shall use gaslight and steam," said Mr. Murphy with innocent vanity. "These modern inventions are all a bit vulgar, don't you think? Give me the soft and mellow flickering of the gas mantle and the cheerful knocking of the steam in the radiators! It may cost quite a little more, but—I don't know; we like antique effects. They give a home such atmosphere. And we have authentic Hoover Period radiator inclosures for all the rooms."

He smiled cozily. "It's a small matter, Mr. Craig, but I'm glad to be assured that I turned off the water in that bathtub in our residence in the Americus Tower. Mrs. Murphy always insisted that I didn't, and I always insisted that I did. And while we were still debating, the building fell down, so that it seemed that the issue would never be decided between us."

Cohen poised the pen; the responsibility of the moment pressed on him. It was fifteen years since New York had ceased to grow; twelve since it had registered its first loss in population. The movement away, to cities that had not adopted the arbitrary height limit, had slowly gathered volume, but ours would be the first large-scale desertion. It would be imitated.

"Our fault," he said, striving for definition, "was rating administration too highly; our chosen leader was the able executive. Executive ability didn't make America the first power on earth, and didn't save the other nations. It was imagination! It was private enterprise. Imagination is the gift of the few, and private enterprise welcomes it. Government—administration—does not welcome imagination, is hostile to it. Government expresses the mind of the unimaginative majority, and its first article of faith is that it is perfect. Private enterprise built New York, made it the world city; and then, because of a small catastrophe, it was shouldered aside, and the unimaginative majority, with its faces to the past, took charge. No more integration; no more striving upward; no more skyscrapers."

"But, Mr. Cohen," said Mr. Murphy with irritating patience, "there were great cities before there were skyscrapers. Look at London; look at Paris, Rome."

"They have their skyscrapers now," said Mr. Bligh. "And they always did build as high as they could. The modern building was impossible before the invention of the lift, the elevator. Even so, Rome had its ten and twelve story buildings—they must have had noble legs in those days. Well, Mr. Cohen?"

Cohen dipped pen in ink. "Look at the blood and tears that went into the building of the pyramids. And for what? One of the earliest stories of our race is of the men who tried to build a tower to reach the sky. I dare say they were stopped by the local taxpayers whose caves wouldn't rent any more."

I had been doing some figuring. "This may be of only historical value," I said, looking at the result, "but we're making history here. Mr. Murphy, you say that the city sent you a bill for a hundred thousand cubic feet of water? That water couldn't have come from the broken main or it wouldn't have registered on your meter."

"The city conceded that the meter had been put out of order by the crash, Mr. Craig, when I pointed out to them that my residence had been shut up for more than six weeks."

"You shut it up good and tight, did you?"

"Oh, yes. Mrs. Murphy ——"

"Mrs. Murphy, of Chicago," murmured Cohen, catching my point. His black eyes were intent.

"Of New York, Mr. Cohen. . . . Yes, I made everything fast. I was in my room, drawing my bath—we'd sent the servants ahead—when my man Rogers sent down word that Washington Travel had notified him of an approaching disturbance, and that we'd better get going. Dressing rapidly ——"

"Where was your bathroom?"

"On the mezzanine." He turned to his blue prints again. "We had five bathrooms in all. But I think, for our new residence at Canabec ——"

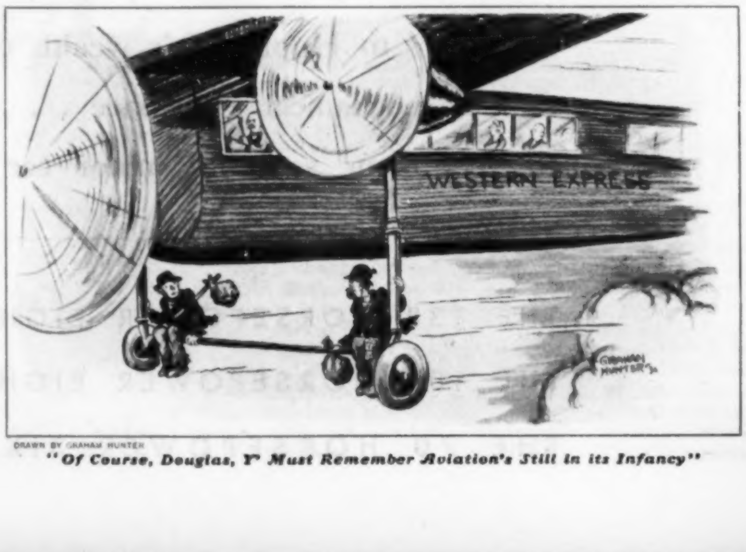
"If you were drawing your bath," I said sternly, "you must have stopped the waste. And you think that, perhaps, you went away and left the water running."

"A mere surmise, Mr. Craig. But why are you so pressing? If you think that I should pay this bill even now ——"

I drew a breath. "A hundred thousand cubic feet of water, gentlemen, weighs more than three thousand tons. In my opinion, though I'm no engineer, the steel frame designed by Hendricks would not have stood under a superimposed load of three thousand tons—not without buckling somewhere. If it would stand any such overloading, Hendricks didn't know his business. It's late in the day to reopen the investigation into the fall of the Americus Tower."

"Probably too late," said Cohen briskly, snatching the televistor, "but we can get an expert opinion in twenty minutes as to the engineering problem. . . . Hello, let me have the Building Department, and then the City Commissioner! . . . . Remain here, please, Mr. Murphy. It seems that you kicked over the lamp, but perhaps the city is not yet destroyed. If there's a chance of scrapping the New York height limit within a reasonable time, and letting us build here as we should and must, my industry isn't moving to Canabec."

"Gentlemen, gentlemen!" exclaimed Mr. Bligh, of Canabec, vexedly.



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FERIA

(Continued from Page 7)

the evening's harmony, as when in the opera Carmen one hears for the first time the danger motif. When startled, Jimmy usually became pugnacious.

"I don't know what you're talking about," he said flatly, not troubling to translate into Spanish. "But it's none of your business, anyhow!"

The other seemed to understand, and smiled. He was a very handsome man in what Jimmy called "the foreign fashion"—lithe and dark, his face distinguished rather than marred by a scar across one cheek, his hair streaked with that becoming iron gray which young women find so romantic—decidedly a romantic figure altogether, conceded Jimmy, despite his advanced years—which numbered perhaps some forty-odd.

"The señor is indeed a man of honor," the Spaniard repeated; this time in English. "Nevertheless, it happens to be very much my business. Therefore —— But what a beautiful specimen of camellia you have there, sir! Flowers are a passion with me, but a passion, I assure you! If you could spare me that charming blossom, you would add still further to my debt of gratitude."

It occurred to Jimmy that this was probably the man with whom Doña Ysobet had spent her forbidden afternoon, enjoying the pleasures of the *alameda*, whatever they might be. The thought did not please him. He deliberately fastened the camellia, which he had quite forgotten, into his buttonhole.

"Sorry, but I'm rather fond of posies myself," he said defiantly.

The other's eyes gave a sudden gleam, whether baleful or amused, Jimmy was not quite sure—these older men had sometimes rather a nasty way of grinning at a fellow. But he said with an access of courtesy: "My mistake! The request was indelicate. Permit me to withdraw it. And if I can be of any service during your visit to our country, señor, I hope that you will give me the privilege of so repaying an obligation."

He presented, rather significantly, a card engraved simply: "Paz y Días," with a tiny device above the name, not unlike a Masonic emblem. Jimmy, who did not happen to belong to any of the benevolent orders, decided that he was probably some sort of Spanish Elk.

In return, he presented his own card. "Sorry I haven't anything but business stuff on me," he apologized, secretly vainglorious, however, of the magic formula of his firm's name, newly printed in one corner. But the other seemed unimpressed; these foreign fellows, Jim reflected, knew very little about big business. Nevertheless, this one's credit rating, judging by appearances, was probably rather high. To Jimmy's professional eye he had an expensive look.

They exchanged bows with their cards, quite deep ones—in Virginia manners are still employed by young men toward their elders—and the Spaniard's voice followed him into the hotel: "At your service, *caballero!*" with what seemed to Jimmy rather an ironic tone. But then these dark-skinned, aquiline people with pointed upturned mustaches, like Mephistopheles, so often gave an ironical impression, he reflected, without perhaps intending to.

Somewhat disappointed by the lack of outcome to this promising adventure, Jimmy continued his sight-seeing industriously; not that he felt any more urge toward this duty than do most others of his generation, but having several days yet to kill before he was to report for his new duties in Barcelona, he intended to kill them thoroughly, such being his nature. Plateresque façades, the rose and gray of Murillo canvases, the maps in Seville's archives which led to the happy discovery of his own continent; even the majestic remains of Columbus, returned at length from their many wanderings and borne aloft upon the formerly somewhat indifferent shoulders of Leon, Castile, Aragon and Navarre—these things left him quite unmoved; dust they seemed to him, and smelling of it, in a world burgeoning, stirring with spring.

All went down, however, in the daily letter he sent home, by weekly installments, to his mother, since Jimmy was very conscientiously seeing the world for two; Mary Boothby, ambitious woman though she was, never having quite compassed personal experience of that wonder region she called Abroad. She had early transferred such ambitions to her children, and drilled them carefully, knowing full well that opportunity is most apt to come to those best prepared to receive it. Especially in languages had she done her earnest school-teacher's best for them; so that while her son's Spanish, like his French and German, had a certain home-cured Virginia flavor which made it difficult to distinguish one from another, he lacked neither grammar nor vocabulary, nor a certain innocent fluency in the use of both. It was this surprising fluency of languages, indeed, which had obtained for him as by a miracle the position he now so proudly occupied; thus justifying Mary Boothby's firm conviction that people get from life merely what they expect to get, neither more nor less.

Therefore, when James flippantly described to her Seville's far-famed emblem of Faith—La Fe—surmounting the ancient Giralda tower of the Moors, as a "sort of lady monkey climbing up a stick"; and when he spoke of the world-renowned *flamenca* dancers of Spain as "a lot of fat mammas old enough to know better, doing a species of hip-rolling contest with themselves," Mary Boothby was not dismayed.

"Never mind," she promised herself, "he'll find it yet!"—having trained her son, among other things, to expect and to deserve romance.

Indeed, Jimmy was seeing the world for three; since the girl next door made a habit of dropping by on Sundays to hear his letter. Jimmy knew this; he also suspected why. It was his mother who had tactfully prevented him from putting this interesting suspicion to the test on his last visit home; they were both so young, she explained, and the world was so full of a number of things. A wise woman, Mary Boothby.

Perhaps it was because of the girl next door that he touched very lightly in his diary upon the pink-camellia episode; nice women—nice Virginia women at any rate—being so easily shocked. And the episode appeared to be a closed one; he could not even find, in his casual prowlings through the narrow, twisting streets of the Vera Cruz quarter, the particular turquoise-colored door through which his houri of the night had vanished. There were, to be sure, several blue doors; in passing one of which he thought he glimpsed eyes peeping through the window grille above, on an occasion. He turned, carelessly whistling, and retraced his steps. From within he thought he heard a soft mocking echo of his whistle, breaking off on a breath of laughter. On his third passage, the door opened, giving a glimpse of sunny palm-filled patio beyond; and a figure stepped demurely out toward him.

But he was disappointed; the lady shrouded by the approaching mantilla would have made three of his incognita, her lip was adorned with a slight but promising mustache, and across her bosom was prominently displayed, in letters of flowing gold, the device "Dolores"—presumably the lady's name. She carried in her hand a plump black reticule.

Something in the discreet yet receptive inclination of her head in passing emboldened Jimmy to raise his hat and to ask whether the señora would be kind enough to tell him whose house it was she had just quitted. She hesitated a moment, puzzled perhaps by the quality of his Spanish; then she answered that it was the city house of the family Duarte Sanchez, where she had the honor to act as *peinadora* to the entire household; and if *el señor ingles* was himself at any moment in need of reparations to the scalp, the finger nails, the physiognomy, the pediments, or indeed to any extremity whatsoever, she and her husband were the proprietors of a discreet little establishment on the Sierpes, patronized by *toda Sevilla*, in which they would have the inexpressible felicity to attend his uttermost desires. She reached into her reticule and pressed upon him a card emblazoned, like her brooch, with the device "Dolores"; urging him, with what seemed afterward undue emphasis, not to fail to burden his memory with the trifle of the address. Then, having tenderly committed him to the care of God, she gave him a sidelong smile that was at the same time roguish, encouraging and deferential, and passed gracefully if substantially upon her way. In Seville, Jimmy had to admit, even the fat mammas who are so prevalent appear to possess a certain something; he called it, in his favorite language, which was French, a "genessay-quaw."

Nevertheless, he resisted the temptation of having his extremities thus repaired; to have got himself professionally manicured, in or out of a beauty parlor, would have seemed to Jim Boothby not only effeminate but slightly decadent.

It was not until Good Friday that he saw again his elusive incognita. All that week there had been an uncanny hush over the city; no wheeled traffic anywhere, no more clip-clatter-clop of brisk little hoofs on the cobblestones, even the endless Spanish chatter subdued to a sort of staccato monotone. The women went about dressed apparently in mourning; everybody, even the quite young men, slipping constantly in and out of church, telling beads, kissing the thumb at holy images. "Not much like us fellows there at Ware," he wrote to his mother, rather shamefacedly, "who used to hang around the churchyard of a Sunday morning playing mumble-the-peg on the gravestones while you-all did our religion for us inside."

On Good Friday things worked themselves up to a fine climax; he sat in the window of his hotel as in a theater box, watching the religious procession go by. All the while muffled drums were sounding a rhythmic sort of death march, with now and then a single vocalist, man or woman, shouting out suddenly at the top of the lungs, like negroes "coming through" at camp meeting.

Despite all the panoplies of woe, Seville was undoubtedly enjoying itself, after the manner of neighbors at a country funeral. There was a dramatic, almost an operatic, quality in the air, and the black lace veils and dresses of the ladies were undoubtedly becoming. Those who had assembled on a dais near the cathedral in order to observe proceedings fluttered their fans like so many sable butterflies; for while no men were seated among them, the passageways above and below and between the boxes were filled with ogling gallants who had paid their *duro* for the privilege of sighing and leaning and whispering, candidly making the most of opportunities only too rare.

Standing near one of the boxes, as if on guard, Jimmy caught sight of the singularly handsome gentleman with the scar, Mr. Paz y Días; and intuition told him who was in the box. But he saw only a drooping mantilla, which concealed a profile he might have recognized. He turned his back and concentrated upon the approaching procession. He stood in front of the dais, before which each of the platforms paused a moment in passing, craning his tall head to see the better, when from among the silent, shrouded figures a voice spoke to him, very low: "*El señor americano,*" it said, "will do wisely to leave Sevilla as soon as possible."

Jimmy stared. The silent figures moved on again, not a head turned his way. Some moments later he felt a touch on his elbow. The gentleman named Paz y Días was beside him, smiling with his lips rather than with his eyes.

"One regrets that it is not possible to offer the señor Boot-a-by a seat," he said, "since, as you will observe, the loges are occupied exclusively by our ladies. But you will see better, perhaps, from the dais."

"Thanks, I didn't know I was allowed up there," said Jimmy; and followed, wondering whether the girl in the drooping mantilla might be responsible for this hospitable suggestion. He glanced her way, but only the profile greeted him. There was, however, a dimple in it.

He took up his stand beside the box where she sat, aware of certain flutterings about him not unpleasing to the most modest of manly natures. Faint whispers reached his ear—not too faint:

"But, what a charming *extranjero!* A Frenchman, no?"

"Surely an English; see how tall!"

"On the contrary, stupid ones, cannot you see it is an *americano del Norte?*"

This was too much for Jimmy. No citizen of the Tidewater country, however far removed from it, suffers gladly the indignity of being mistaken for a Northerner. "Beg pardon," he said in his best Spanish, with a shy, disarming bow in their general direction. "I'm not a Yankee! I'm from the South."

More flutterings of the dovecot; gratified flutterings. This was even better; one of their own, then; something recognizable out of the Argentine or Venezuela; fabulously rich, no doubt; in fact the perfect *novio!* True, the twist of his tongue was strange, but not unmusical—no speech learned at the lips of Mary Boothby could be unmusical. A battery of demure eyelashes lifted, dropped, engaged again, those famous Spanish "mimosa glances" which in Andalusia reach their full perfection. But none came from the drooping mantilla.

"My name," he added manfully, since no one appeared inclined to present him properly to these ladies, "is Boothby—James Monroe Boothby, of Gloucester County, Virginia."

A pause ensued. Then a massive matron, sitting on the far side of the still-averted mantilla, bent forward in stiff and formidable courtesy: "With God, señor Boot-a-by de Vir-gi-nia!" she said sonorously. "It is a fortunate hour indeed that affords Sevilla the pleasure of your presence!" And he realized, despite the graciousness of the greeting, that he was being unmistakably dismissed.

Somewhat chagrined, he moved hastily to another part of the dais, followed by the gentleman named Paz y Días, who seemed amused. He undertook very kindly, however, to play cicerone to the stranger. The parading clans, he explained, were merely religious brotherhoods—*cofradías*—composed of laymen from different parishes; the one just gone by was the Gran Poder, an order of noblemen, who wore of course the simplest costumes—coarse black serge, with rope belts and bare feet. The one now passing, more elegant in cream-colored silk and violet, was the Macarena organization, composed of bullfighters and other professional artists.

"What? Those—those bull torturers have the nerve to belong to a *religious* brotherhood?" inquired Jimmy, who retained as yet a certain unimpaired Anglo-Saxon sentiment for animals.

But certainly; all valid men of Spain, even the King himself, belonged to one

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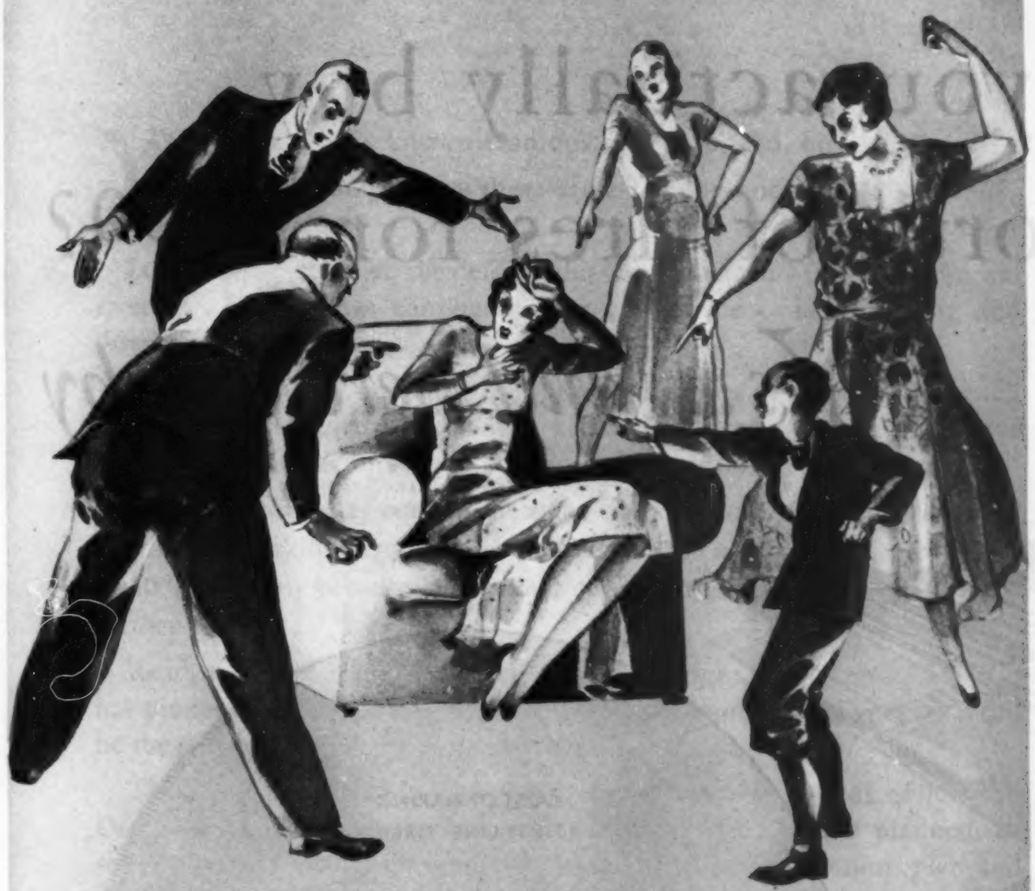

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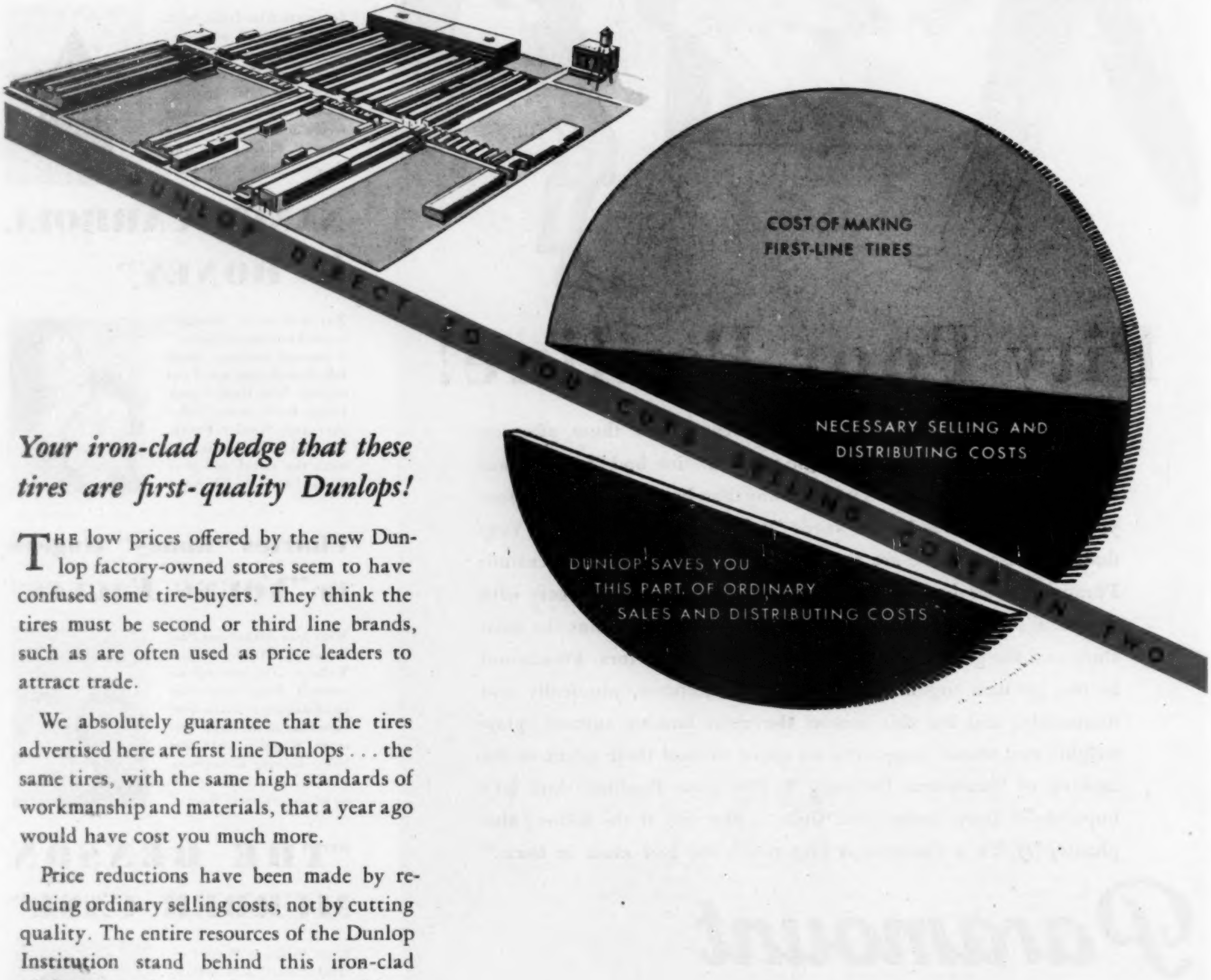
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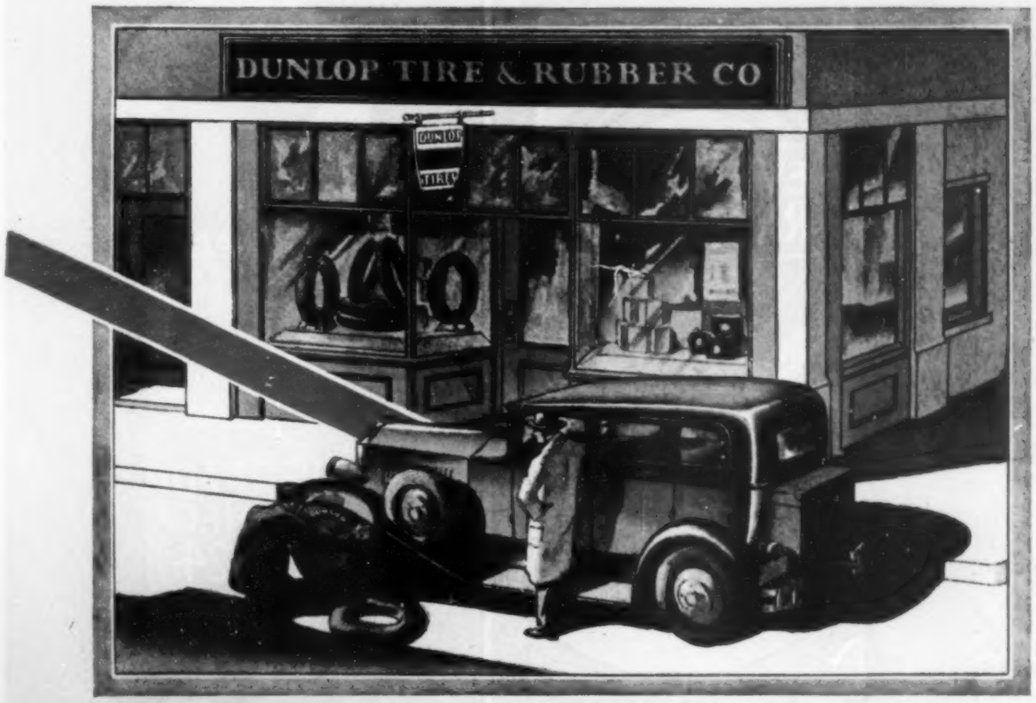

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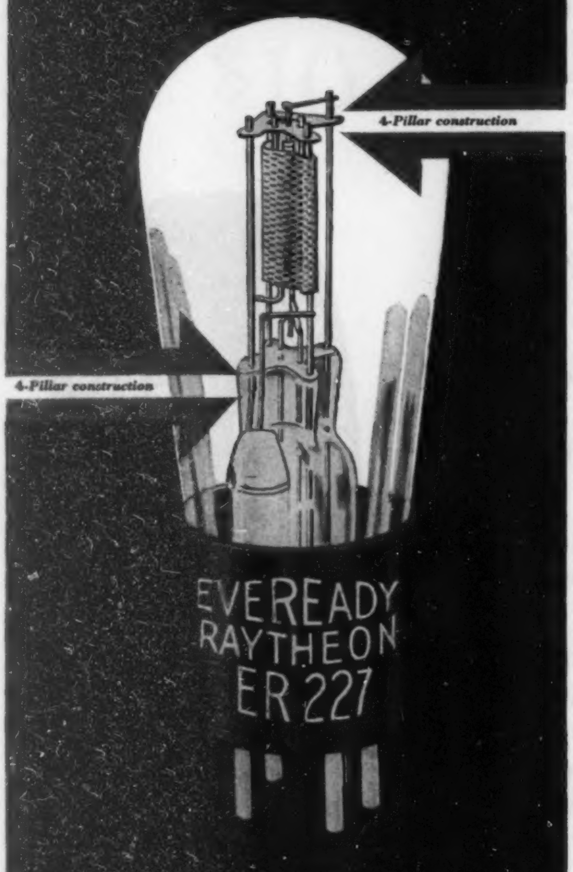
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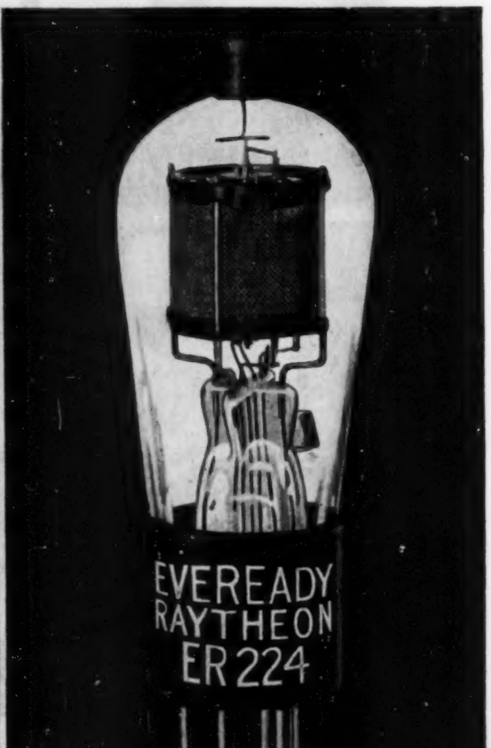
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cofradía or another, explained his companion. "I myself do not march today with the *penitentes* only because I must return by the afternoon express to Madrid. You do not, then," he added quietly, "approve our bullfighting, señor?"

"It's hardly my business to approve or disapprove," replied the boy from Virginia. "But you see we used to raise some pretty good cattle down our way, and a fellow gets right fond of 'em—especially the bull calves. They're so darn nervy!"

The other's manner changed appreciably. "Ah, *sí!* Is it not so?" he said with warmth. "You have then in America a *ganadería;* you are yourself a breeder, sir? *Claro*, a fine young bull is indeed something a man may permit himself to love!"

He spoke in such evident sincerity that Jimmy looked at him with curiosity. "You're fond of them yourself, and yet you raise them simply for the purpose of being destroyed?"

The other lifted his eyebrows. "For what other purpose, then, are cattle raised in your country? Surely not as household pets for the ladies! And the arena—what a glorious finale for man or beast! That you love your sons, would it keep you from desiring for them a death of glory upon the battlefield?"

"I expect it would," said Jimmy soberly. "Not that I've got any sons, yet. But you see my brother died that kind of death. At St.-Mihiel. On the barb wire."

The effect of this quiet statement was unexpected. The Spanish gentleman leaned forward and kissed him gravely upon either cheek. "Brother of a hero!" he exclaimed. "Spain salutes you! To your parents, my personal felicitations. I, who also have as yet no sons"—he sighed deeply—"feel for them from the heart a sorrowful deep envy!"

It being Jimmy's first experience of such salutation from his fellow man, he escaped hastily into the crowd, murmuring embarrassed excuses. Who could tell when it might occur again?

That night he found in his letter box an invitation to be present at a place called Antequera for the running and boxing of the Easter-week bulls; the great sporting event of the year, his friend the *concierge* declared, since it was at the Antequera pens that all the bullfighters, as well as the young bloods of the town, assembled to observe in advance the season's offerings, selecting which animals they wished to fight or to bet upon during the week following.

"*Mira*, there is even a permit for the inclosure," the *concierge* noted with new respect, "which allows the señor to mingle freely among the bulls in person, and to view the running and boxing from the platform reserved in the center of the corrals for distinguished members of the *afición*. One had not realized the *señor americano* to be thus *aficionado!*"

Jimmy felt that he could do very well indeed without the privilege of mingling in person with a lot of fighting bulls, but had not the courage to risk the *concierge's* new esteem.

Midnight, therefore, found him fortifying himself with *aguardiente*, at a curious sort of place, half club, half wine shop, composed of numerous pagoda-like pavilions overlooking some strongly fenced corrals, where already a number of beasts were grazing quietly in a darkness very dimly illuminated by lanterns. The nerves of fighting cattle, it appeared, were acutely sensitive to disturbance. He sat alone at his table, listening to low-toned talk all about, trying to accustom his ear to a Spanish strangely other than mother used to make.

A familiar name caught his attention: "Paz y Díaz brings in his lot tonight, no?" said someone; and another answered:

"In person, I think not, since he has been called already back to La Corte. Doubtless the new manager at the Ronda ranges will fetch them the rest of the way. True bulls, those! Little man-eating tigers, eh?"

"But what a bore! The game is not what it was," said the other voice discontentedly. "Imagine allowing mere affairs of Court to interfere! In my day, an owner invariably brought in his bulls in person for the Easter *corrida;* it was a point of honor. I have seen O'Mally, and old Canellos down from Toledo—yes, and older than he!—pounding in with the two-year-olds, not a horse's tail ahead of the *garrochistos*, galloping, the lot of them, like thunderclouds on a west wind!"

"And you remember how they would run them in all the way to the arena itself, the full length of Las Delicias—with chairs, and goods boxes, and fence rails even, selling like opera stalls? If now and then some fresh young *toro* created a little disturbance, getting loose among the people, was it anything to raise such a *hule* about? All in the interests of sport! Eh, no, times are not what they were, whether with bulls or men, *amigo;* soon the *corrida* will be a thing of commerce only, an affair for tourists, eh?"

Jim grinned a little; he had heard talk like this before, among the gentlemen who congregated on the porch of his father's little law office, down Ware way. The old times, here as elsewhere, were always the "good old times."

Presently, seeing others go out to a low, railed platform in the corrals, set just above horn reach of the grazing beasts, he showed his card and followed after. They were not all men on the platform; a number, to his surprise, were women, in full evening undress, but darkly cloaked; all discussing in whispers the points of the quiet beasts below. Now and then, at a low-called request, one of the *mayorales* in the corral would suddenly prod some bull with his *garrocha* to show its mettle, jumping back hurriedly into one of the cagelike little shelters of upright poles provided along the corral fences. The disturbed animal would charge once or twice, with momentary ferocity, before returning to its drowsy grazing.

Midnight struck; half after. Everything was still and dark, and oddly boding. Suddenly an electric shock ran through the group. "They come!" was the whisper. The *mayorales* ran to open the gates of the corral runway. A dull thudding sound could be heard, growing nearer, the jangle of many throat bells; then, at a distance, became visible under the starlight a rapidly approaching mass of tossing horns and heaving bodies, led by one lone slender horseman with two others close behind; all coming hell-for-leather along a narrowly fenced road.

A sharp thrill tingled along Jim's spine; those horses were not merely galloping, they were running, racing for their lives, with the pounding of the fierce bulls at their very heels! If one of them should make a misstep ——

The riders wheeled at full speed in through the open gates, swerved, and stood at attention on either side, the horses back on their haunches, while the clumsier bulls thundered on past into the corral prepared for them. By the light of the flares the leading horseman looked singularly slim and young, a mere boy, while the beast beneath him heaved and shivered, wet with terror of what he had just escaped.

Suddenly a low cry of delighted surprise went up from the platform. The Ronda bulls had been brought in, not by a man but by a woman.

"*Ole! Anda! La duquesita!*" people yelled, forgetting the need of quiet. "It is Doña Ysobet herself! *Tan bonita!*"

The girl sat her quivering horse imperturbably, dressed in the odd riding costume he had noted among Sevillan men—a stiff-brimmed, high-crowned sombrero strapped under the chin, a short gray Eton jacket with odd black patches at the corners and the elbows, a broad sash, and over each trousered knee a sort of leather apron, thick with spattered mud. In the lapel of her coat she wore a spattered pink camellia. Jimmy, staring, knew her at once; and in the single searching smile she flashed upward to her enthusiastic public, he saw that she knew him.

But before he could bow acknowledgment something distracted her. The main detachment of bulls were already safe in their receiving pen, but a few stragglers were now coming in, led by their tame, belled bullocks, or *padres*, and herded by other horsemen. A great blond mastiff, which stood panting beside the girl, ran forth to superintend matters, but attracted somehow the enmity of one of the stragglers, who lunged at him.

The girl whistled, calling out sharply and anxiously: "*Ven acá*, Paladin! To me! To me!"

The mastiff turned obediently, but the bull turned with him, both heading toward the girl, who spurred her horse forward, apparently not realizing her own danger, intent only upon protecting the dog.

"Jump! Jump!" Boothby heard his own voice yelling, among other sudden cries of warning.

But the girl did not jump. Instead she wheeled her horse broadside, seized the sharp-pointed *garrocha* which lay across her saddlebow, and thrust it sturdily with all her might at the charging brute. Her strength was insufficient, however, to halt such an impetus. One glancing horn, missing the dog, took the horse beneath her full in the groin; there was a shriek—whether from girl or horse Jimmy did not wait to know, for already with one bound he had vaulted the railing.

It was pure instinct, the reflex action of generations of men whose chief duty has been to protect their women; and he had not the slightest idea what to do next. It might have gone badly with both, down in that maelstrom of excited, trampling beasts, had not the dog managed to save the day. Gallantly he recaptured the bull's attention, nipping at his heels, springing at his throat, finally fastening his jaws into the flank of the bewildered animal with a pertinacity which it took the united efforts of *mayorales* and herdsmen to loosen. Meanwhile Jimmy had lifted the girl up into eager hands stretched over the railing to receive her, and had pulled himself nimbly and gratefully after, amid wild plaudits of congratulation.

"*Viva el extranjero!*" they were shouting all over the place. "*Olé America del Norte!*" and not infrequently: "*Viva el toro bravo!*"—since the bull himself was thought to have taken a not uninteresting part in the proceedings.

Doña Ysobet, only slightly out of breath, gave thanks very prettily to her deliverer. "Did I not say," she murmured low, "that I should have need of my *caballero americano?*"

And the eyes she made at him, reported many of those present, were nothing less than shameless, considering how she was dressed—in trousers. One outraged friend draped her own embroidered shawl hastily over the offending garments.

But what Jimmy remembered best of this rather stirring episode, once he had escaped in the darkness to his waiting taxi, was that the girl had not so much as glanced toward her mangled horse, quivering in its death throes till someone came with a merciful pistol. There were, after all, certain differences between himself and these other Southerners; in Tidewater, men prefer their women womanly.

Thereafter Jimmy no longer felt quite a stranger in Seville, however. If he walked in the Sierpes, that little twisting thoroughfare for pedestrians only, where all day long men gather at their clubs and cafés for the sole purpose of passing judgment, apparently, on promenading ladies, he was aware not only that many dark eyes lifted to his with something very like a smile but that gentlemen at the tables frequently rose to bow formally in his direction. Calling cards were left in his letter box; also invitations to attend various "*círculos*"—the Labradores, the Ateneo, the Sevillano, the Centro Mercantil.

"My señor," remarked his friend the *concierge* complacently, "will make his Feria as guest of all Seville!"—since it appeared that the invitations were to various *casetas*—open-air booths where, during the period of the great horse fair following Easter, all the private clubs and leading families of Seville entertain their friends with wine and song and dance.

On the opening day of this festival, Jimmy, having deliberately missed the bullfight—he had seen enough of bulls for quite a while—was moved to hire at a prohibitive price one of the red-wheeled *coches* in order to make the *paseo;* which meant driving at a snail's pace round and round a certain radius, in company with every other cab and wagon and private conveyance in the city, most of them filled to overflowing with Andalusian families, the ladies in full evening dress and mantillas, even the little girls wearing tall combs and embroidered shawls; among whom rode, also at a snail's pace, innumerable gallants dressed in the Sevillan fashion, with grooms at their heels attired in exactly the same costume. There was a curious, naïve democracy about it all. The carriages, even those most elegant of appearance, stopped constantly in order that the ladies within might purchase little paper pokes of odd edibles—anchovies curled on toothpicks, flakes of salt codfish, tiny *chufa* nuts—upon which they nibbled constantly as they drove. Among the promenading beauties he noted the ample hairdresser, Mrs. Dolores, graciously filling a *coche* together with a dapper little gentleman who was presumably Mr. Dolores; both of whom bowed to him with an air of surreptitious confidential intimacy unwarranted by facts.

Behind this couple jangled, somewhat impatiently, a very sporting turnout drawn, to Jimmy's surprise, by mules—three in front and two at the wheel—stout gray fellows with elaborately chiseled manes and resplendent trappings, reminiscent of the fat gray mice that conveyed the magic coach of Cinderella to the ball. The carriage they drew was the light *manola*, peculiar to Andalusia; a sort of canopied buckboard of highly polished brown wood whose broad seats face each other. A pleased cheer followed this turnout the length of the *paseo;* and Jimmy suddenly recognized, among the white mantillas of the laughing, bowing young girls who filled it, one black mantilla, caught effectively to the comb with pink camellias. But as his cabby, in the press of traffic, was never able to maneuver him into closer proximity to this dashing equipage, he returned to his hotel somewhat disconsolate.

There he found the *concierge* even more disconsolate. Only a little moment after the señor had left, the thing occurred! he sighed. A horse had arrived for the señor Boot-a-by on which to make the *paseo*. "And what a horse! A stallion fit for the saddle of Allah, with fires of Araby in its nostril; from the stables, *verdad*, of no less a person than young *el teniente* Sancho de Sanchez himself!" And he, the *concierge*, had cried aloud upon señor Boot-a-by to return, all the hotel force had cried aloud, all the persons in the plaza had cried aloud; and still the señor heard not, went forth unknowing upon his first *paseo* in just such a common *coche* as any tourist might have hired. What a catastrophe!

Jimmy secretly regarded this catastrophe as somewhat in the light of a blessing, stallions with fires of Araby in their nostrils not hitherto having fallen to his modest horsemanship. But the *concierge* consoled himself with the thought that the *teniente's* offering would doubtless repeat itself tomorrow.

It did so, catching Jimmy unawares; accompanied this time not only by a groom but by young Lieutenant Sanchez himself, on a steed equally fiery; a modest, rather shy young officer who introduced himself discreetly as "the cousin of the señor may know whom," and took occasion to thank the American, in the name of that lady's family, for his very timely action during the recent running of the bulls. Evidently no names were to be mentioned in the presence of the interested hotel force; not one of whom, however, was ignorant of the

(Continued on Page 59)

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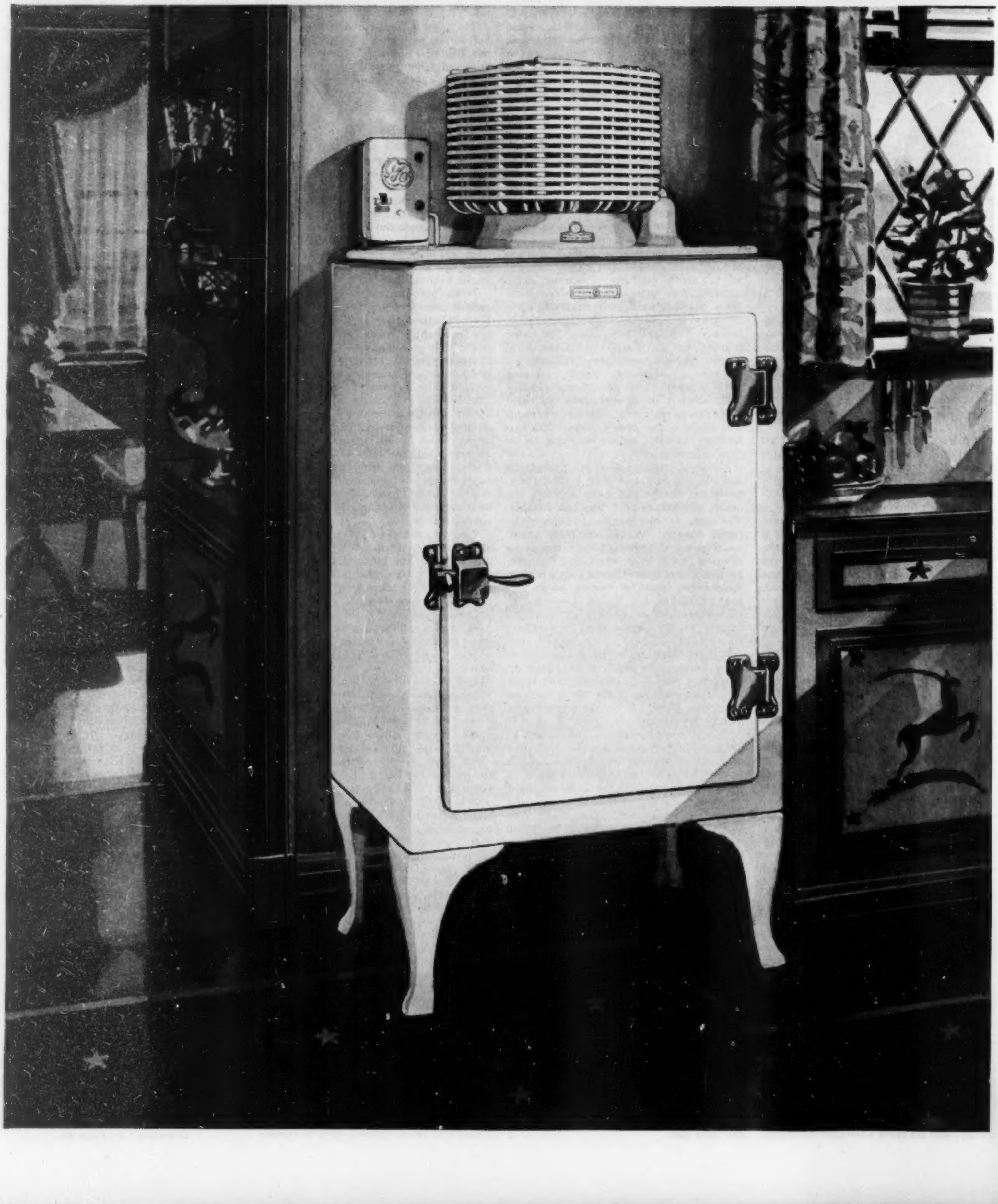

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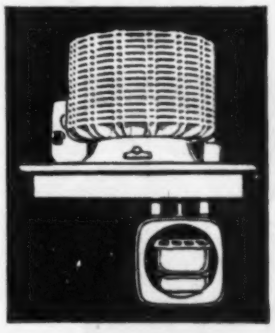
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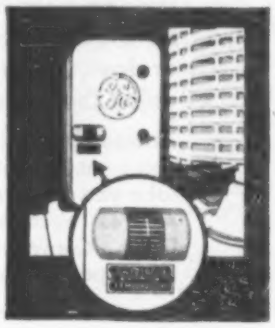
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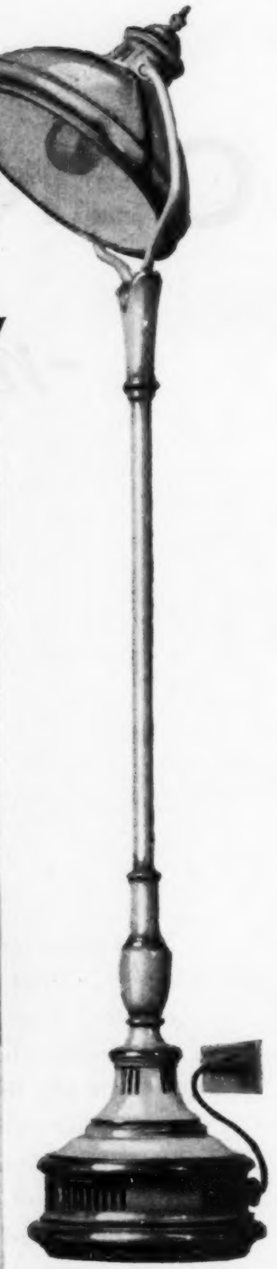

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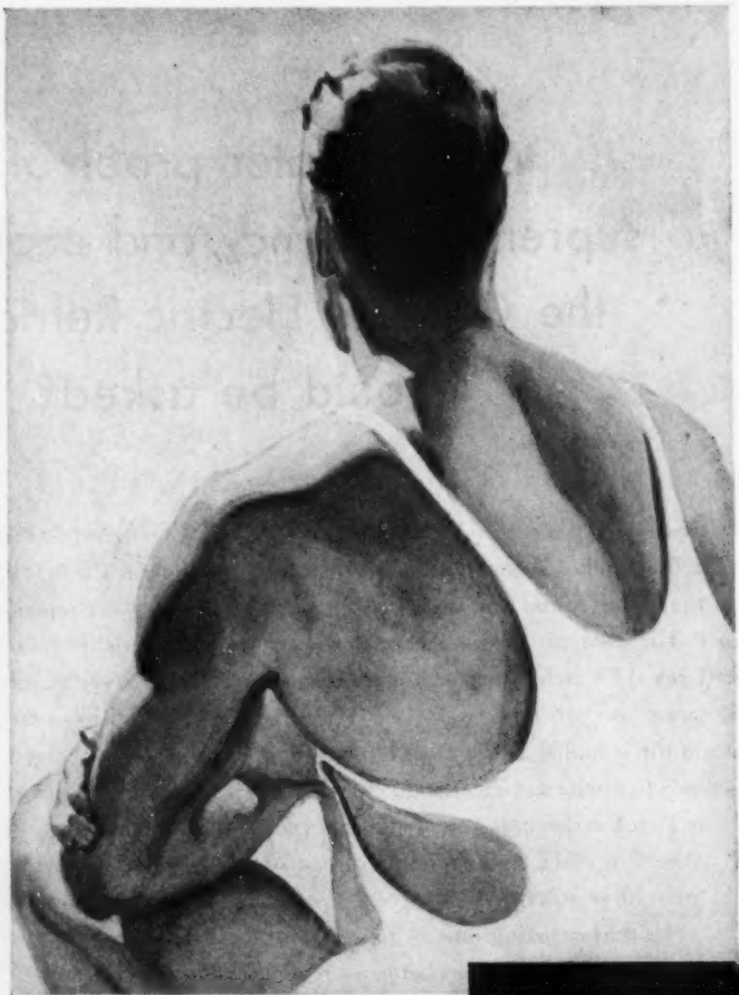

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

SUNLAMP

(Continued from Page 55)

smallest detail of the American's late feat of prowess, in all its romantic possibilities.

Jimmy mounted his gift horse resignedly, but with less difficulty than might have been expected, having first looked it somewhat expertly in the mouth; also in the girths and stirrups—after all, he was born a country boy.

Jamming the hat well down on his sandy head, he joined, in an effective series of leaps and bounds, the gallant riders of the *paseo;* among whom he became a not inconspicuous figure, with his easy planter's seat, his freckled grin, and the shapely thews and sinews of his young athlete's body molding the cheap blue serge of a ready-made business suit into better lines than its tailor knew.

"My cousin," murmured the youth beside him presently, "hopes herself to join us, señor, if she can elude the eye of her duenna. She is supposed, you understand, to be engaged at the moment with her hairdresser."

"Fine!" said Jimmy, highly gratified. "But why elude? Aren't girls here allowed to go out riding?"

"With men? Never, señor! Only with cousins or brothers. And only then in Feria time. But Ysobet is like that! You may have noticed?"

"Yes," said Jimmy, grinning, "I have, now that you speak of it."

"*Si,*" nodded the other gravely. "It is very reckless, her conduct; it gives great scandal. That is why I broke silence while in procession, to warn you to go away. But Ysobet—is Ysobet! Who can deny her? Is she not"—her cousin sketched a kiss into the air—"the toast of *toda Sevilla?*"

"Everybody crazy about her, eh?" Jimmy was accustomed to the belle tradition. "I don't much blame them! And you with the rest, I suppose?" His smile usually invited confidence.

"Me, I have adored her, without hope," said the young officer soberly, "since boyhood!" He was then perhaps twenty-one years old.

"I know! I used," said Jimmy sympathetically, "to have a hopeless pash myself for the belle of our county—kept it up till the very day she married an uncle of mine. But this fellow Paz y Días"—he had ever been more noted among his friends for directness than for tact—"is he in the running too?"

The other gave him a puzzled look. "You would ask, does Don Luys love my cousin? But alas, señor, only too madly! All know that. It is insane, his passion for her; and with a jealousy to correspond. *Hombre de Dios,* how that man suffers!"

"She's been playing with him a little, then?"

"Playing?" The other's brows met in a frown. "Ah, surely not! Playing with others, yes, naturally; but with Don Luys, never! One does not play," he said significantly, "with Paz y Días!"

"Then why"—Jimmy had an innocent but persistent fashion of going after what he wanted which made him singularly useful to his employers—"should the man be so all-fired jealous? Has she given him any right to be?" It occurred to him suddenly that the pair might very possibly be engaged; he had noted a handsome emerald on one of Doña Ysobet's fingers.

"Right?" repeated young Sanchez, still looking puzzled. Perhaps his command of English was less thorough than appeared. "Ah, you mean does Ysobet give him cause? You will understand, señor"—he drew himself up with sudden hauteur—"that my cousin is incapable of any conduct unbecoming the purest of her sex! But she is high-spirited, señor. Control she cannot brook. She had the incomparable misfortune to lose at birth her mother, and the father was too indulgent, too fond, too *modernisto.* Hers was the freedom almost of a boy; he kept her constantly with him, with his friends; he even promised, if you can believe me, señor, that she need not marry at all unless she found a husband entirely to her liking. She holds to that folly still. Also, she still continues to regard all men simply as her friends. You and I, señor, know that men are never friends to beautiful women—it is impossible! But Ysobet ——"

"Impossible? I don't quite get you," said the American. It was his turn to look puzzled.

"We know," went on the Spaniard, "that men desire of such a woman one thing, and one thing only. But Ysobet ——"

"Look here!" said the other, flushing suddenly. "What the hell are you talking about, anyhow?"

"About my cousin Ysobet," said the other patiently. "It is that she has for all—how shall I say?—a little something. She loves as she might love her dogs, her bulls—one for this trait, one for another; myself because I have hair that curls like a *niño*"—he flushed deprecatingly—"my brother, who would have married her but for the too-near kinship, because—because he dances well. This one for his courage, that one—truly, I think, for his lack of courage! It is a loving nature, too tender for a truly discreet woman, señor. Paz y Días also had at one time his chance with her; she found him distinguished, interesting; but now, I think, no longer so. *Qué lástima!* One pities him."

"I see," said Jimmy thoughtfully. "You mean the girl's fickle?"

"*Verdad,*" laughed the other, "what woman is not fickle, if you give her opportunity? 'More unstable than air is woman, more unstable than woman is nothing.' And my cousin has had only too much opportunity. But it is of Paz y Días I would warn you," he added, under his breath. "If he returns to Sevilla to find you so conspicuously in Ysobet's favor as now, he will ——" The youth made a thrusting gesture that was both significant and sinister.

"You don't mean," said Jimmy incredulously, this being the year 1929, "that he would try to kill me?"

"He would not only try," was the sober answer; "he would, being a man of quite impetuous temper, most probably succeed!"

Jimmy's hackles rose; he was slow to anger, himself, but not impossible. "Yeah?" he said, with a marked accession of his pleasant drawl. "And while your impetuous friend was busy killing me off, what would I be doing? Huh?"

Unconsciously he had flexed the biceps visible under his thin coat sleeve; which the lieutenant noted with a sudden respect.

"Ah, the señor is an amateur of the gloves?" he inquired eagerly; American pugilism being very popular at the moment, thanks to the recent Spanish visit of Gene Tunney.

Jim nodded modestly; he had happened to be boxing champion of his four years at the University.

"In that case, the señor will know how to protect himself!" commented young Sanchez with relief.

"And your cousin, too, I hope," replied the other simply; it having occurred to him that such a girl, being an orphan, might well need his protection.

Then he saw Ysobet ahead of him, riding slowly along with the great blond mastiff beside her.

She was smiling right and left to her usual applauding audience, and now and then lifted a hand high to open and close its fingers gayly at some distant acquaintance; the Sevillan equivalent of a hand wave.

"Look, without even a groom!" exclaimed her cousin, obviously scandalized. "And at any moment my father, who is her guardian, may appear to make the *paseo!*"

Jimmy could not but wonder, if the elder Sanchez were likely to be shocked by this innocuous performance, what he would have thought of the plucking of a perfectly strange young man out of a hotel window at ten o'clock at night. Undoubtedly the girl was what people at home would call "a little wild," if not fast; none the less, his heart jumped unmistakably at sight of her. Some quality of galliard adventure, bold yet curiously virginal, appealed to an answering quality in himself; so also did her obvious pleasure in the sight of James Monroe Boothby.

"My *caballero* at last!" she cried, quite tenderly. "And why then do you no longer go a-hunting blue doors in the Vera Cruz neighborhood? For two days my *chica* has been watching for you at our *reja,* and you do not come! I have gone to that old Dolores for the scalp, the manicure, until my head and my ten fingers are worn almost to the bone; yet you do not come, although she gave you the address with care!"

"Why, I never thought of that!" said Jimmy, somewhat taken aback.

"No? And yet," she murmured, scrutinizing him thoughtfully, "you are, I think, not stupid! Is it that you have not wished to be with me, as I with you?"

"Of course I have!" he protested.

"*Dios mio,* then why waste time? Does the Feria last forever? One little, little week—and then, plomp! back goes poor Cinderella into her chimney corner for another year! Perhaps in America," she asked, with her odd touch of wistfulness, "you do not seek ladies of your admiration at the window, or meet them by stealth in other places—no?"

"Of course not. Why should we?" he said, with the sweet and sober smile that so often denatured his brusqueness.

"But how, then, do you see them?" she persisted.

"We ask if we may call. Then we take them out somewhere. . . . Miss Ysobet, may I call on you?"

She flung up both hands in gay dismay. "Call—at my uncle's house? You hear, little cousin, the *caballero* asks if he may visit me in your papa's house? Just like that! What Uncle Duarte would do to such an ardent lover! No, no, let us not be shocking, Boot-a-by, my dear. We must arrange a less reckless way than that to be together. We shall consult Dolores; there are still five days of Feria. Ah, the blessed time!"

She took, thought the boy uncomfortably, rather a good deal for granted; for one thing, he had not intended to stay five days longer in Seville. Why should he? And he was by no means her "ardent lover"; not yet, at any rate. But there was something provocative, something oddly appealing about her that made him hesitate. He thought of Paz y Días too. Would young Sanchez imagine the fellow had scared him off? After all, he was not due to report for duty in Barcelona before another week; the rest of Spain could wait a while to be sight-seen.

"Come," she said over her shoulder; "now we shall ride! I bore myself of this stupid carrousel." And indeed it was rather like a merry-go-round geared to low speed, this solemn circling about and about a restricted area, bowing, smiling, exchanging compliments, seeing and being seen. She set the pace and they started off toward the open country, past the meadows along the Guadalquivir, where mules and horses and cattle were herded for the great fair; past Antequera, where the receiving pens were being daily denuded of their contents; till they came to the *vega* beyond, a vast, roadless waste sparsely covered by growths of giant cactus, treeless except for the writhen olives which marched across it on many roots like mammoth centipedes, and for plantations of young cork trees whose boles shone blood-red where they had been lately stripped of bark. Straight across this land their horses began to gallop at a smooth but ever-increasing pace, until they were literally running, mane and tail free to the wind, the great dog bounding joyously along beside them. Jim's Arab barb proved as docile as it was fleet, and he found it good to be in a saddle again; almost as good as if this vivid, exotic desert country were the green Tidewater lowlands of his childhood, and the strange young woman beside him only the little girl next door, on her Shetland pony, being carefully escorted across the pasture lands to school.

"But, Ysobet! Where do you go?" called an anxious voice from far behind them.

"Who knows? What matter?" she cried, but slowed a little for the cousin to come nearer. "He cannot keep up with us, that cautious one! Besides, he has given you his best horse," she explained, with an affectionate smile over her shoulder.

Her lips, he noted, were exquisitely chiseled, molded as the lips of only European women are by the formation of syllables more subtle than those of English speech. Suddenly she puckered them and began to whistle like a boy, out of sheer happiness; sweetly but oddly, a wild, shrill little air the like of which he had never heard; next, she jerked off her hat—she was dressed as at the running of the bulls, except that the trousers had given place to a brief skirt—and shook her head impatiently, so that a cloud of hair came tumbling about her shoulders and floated back on the wind, adding its fragrance to the perfumes blowing in their faces of an exotic April. Jimmy stared; like all men of very virile type, he was particularly susceptible to that most feminine of allurements, and this was the loveliest hair he had yet seen; dark as night, yet shot through and through, in the sunlight, with vivid auburn.

"Why, you're a red-top, like me!" he exclaimed. "I believe you're part Irish yourself."

"But naturally! Is not the name of us O'Mally?"—only she pronounced it with an odd little extra *y* between the two *l*'s, not unlike Jim's own unconscious Virginia *y* in such words as "cyar" and "gyarden." Her father's grandfather, one señor Miguel O'Mally, she explained, had come from County Clare to the Irish College for priests, at Salamanca, intending to study for religious orders; but having meanwhile seen the grandmother of her father, he had decided not to enter religion, nor indeed to leave Spain ever again, even for County Clare.

"And I don't much blame him, if you take after your grandmother," murmured Jimmy devoutly, quite dazed by the hair. "So that accounts for you! Wild Irish."

"*Si, si,* and wilder Andaluz! Is it not something—'something savage,' as you would say?" she chuckled, delighted with her command of American idiom.

Feeling his eyes upon her—he could not keep them away—she slowed her horse; however, putting it close to his. Knee to knee they rode awhile, in silence; he still staring helplessly, she meeting his gaze with a new seriousness through the enveloping warm shadow of her hair. He did not realize the silence. "But what do you want of me?" he thought he said to her; and that she answered very low: "Come and see, my dear—come and see!" Both had forgotten the youth behind them.

Suddenly the wind took her hat, which broke the spell. Young Sanchez was off his horse to the rescue before Jimmy could dismount. He went close to the girl as he handed it to her, and Jimmy heard him murmur, in a pleading undertone: "Put up your hair, Ysobet; cover it again with your hat! This is not—not safe!"

"Safe?" she repeated.

"Ah, you know very well, Ysobet! No man could resist. It imperils the immortal soul, such hair!"

She greeted the extravagance with a merry laugh; then suddenly wrapped the soft cloud of it about the young man's head, bringing her face close down to his, and kissed him in its shelter, lingeringly, again and again, with a tenderness oddly kind and womanly.

"Is he not sweet, the *niño?* See how he adores his savage cousin!" she said to Jimmy, smiling; but her eyes said to him, without smiling: "Do you not envy him his cousinly privileges?"

Jimmy frowned a little, because he did.

Twilight had fallen, and the Feria shone like a reflected firmament of colored stars when they returned to the streets, parting in the Avenida de Las Delicias.

"Tomorrow, at the same hour—no?" said Ysobet simply; and Jimmy answered with regret: "Not till tomorrow?"

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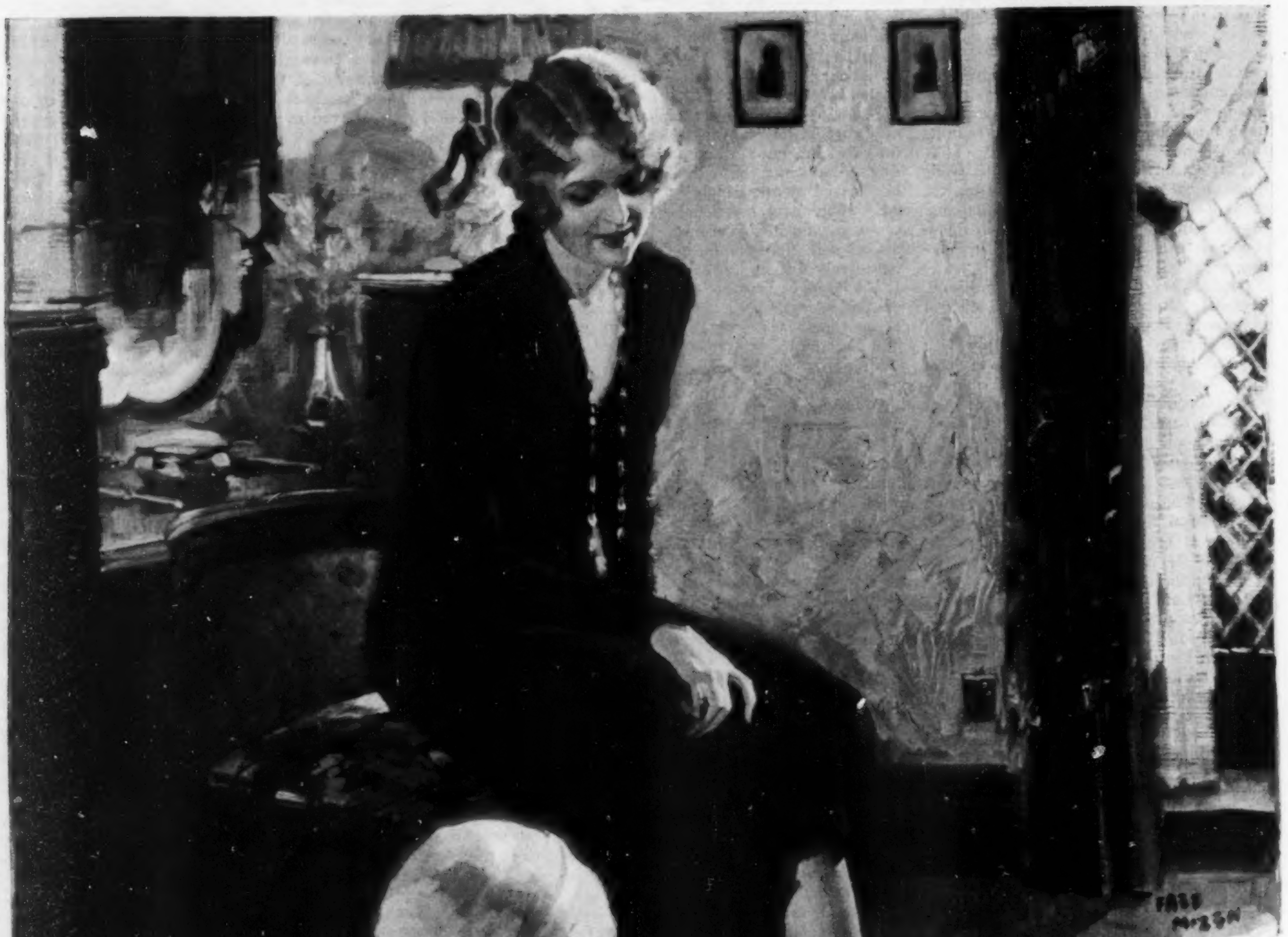
“And now



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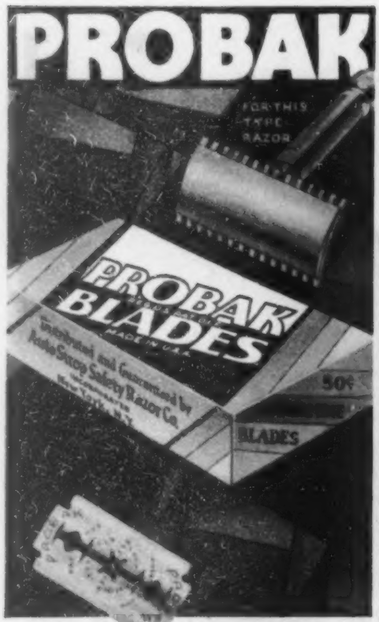

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PROBAK BLADES

(Continued from Page 59)

She doubled and opened the fingers of her lifted hand at him, laughing. "*Adiosito!* Tonight at the Labradores you will find the best amusement," she murmured, and was gone.

He recognized the Labradorés as one of the clubs to whose *casetas* he had been sent a card, and presented himself accordingly. The place was full of girls in conventional evening dress, dancing, or sitting in hopeful rows in front of chaperons, a chaperon to a girl; but neither there nor elsewhere did he see Doña Ysobet. Next day the Andalusian stallion was brought for him again; this time without its owner. The groom handed him, inconspicuously, a little note; it read:

> "That lady of whom the *caballero* knows will not again be able to make the *paseo*, having been seen there by her guardian. I myself have been commanded to absent myself from Sevilla until the Feria shall be over. A thousand apologies and regrets. *A su salud*. S. DE S.

Jimmy's Americanism boiled over. A grown woman, a youth of twenty-odd who was an officer in the army, punished like two children! As if anything could be safer from Madame Grundy's standpoint than a horseback ride, anyway! It was true then, as he had heard, that these Spaniards still kept their women immured as in a harem.

His first impulse was to go to the turquoise-blue door he wotted of, and ring the bell, and ask in good plain English for Miss Ysobet O'Mally. But he was deterred by thought of possible embarrassment to herself. His second impulse was to consult the discreet oracle, Dolores. Such hole-and-corner tactics did not appeal to him, but it suddenly seemed of vast importance that he should see all that hair again.

Dolores, however, proved sympathetic rather than helpful. "These uncles of the old school—what would you? Ogres! Worse even than husbands! As if in a time of Feria a young Andalusian lady should not be permitted a few harmless pleasures! And one so beautiful and triste as the Doña Ysobet. But what can I do, my little gentleman?" Boothby measured some six feet two in his stockings. "She is no longer allowed to come with her maid to our establishment, I am not even permitted to attend her *en casa*—the señor Duarte Sanchez being of a most suspicious temperament, when roused. I can only say to you: Do not despair. It is the season of Feria. Attend nightly the *casetas*, wait, watch and pray. Doña Ysobet may yet find a way to come to you; she has found such ways before!" A statement which Jimmy did not find entirely reassuring to his vanity. However, as he put it to his mother, his Irish was up; no heavy uncle was going to cramp his style like that!

He haunted the *casetas*, therefore, as bid; not only the Labradores and the Sevillano, where his *concierge* assured him were to be found the beauty and fashion of the town, but the Ateneo, which had a slightly more intellectual flavor; and even the sportsmen's *caseta*, dedicated, rather surprisingly, to the dead bullfighter, Joselito; a dedication which appeared to cast no appreciable shadow upon the gayeties enacted therein. At each of these places, strange gentlemen bowed to him respectfully, without, however, introducing him to their ladies; but once at the Sevillano he observed the massive matron who had so courteously dismissed him from her presence during the Good Friday parade. She also recognized him, not without a certain gleam of interest in her eye, he thought; so that he was emboldened to go up politely and invite her to dance with him.

She gazed at him incredulously, astonished; then her face crinkled into vast amusement. "Go away, you naughtee boy!" she chuckled, tapping him with her fan. "An *americano* must have always his little pleasantry, eh? But to invite me, of my figure, to adventure the dance! I who have been for thirty-years a respectable wife and mother!"

"The more of you the better, ma'am," said Jimmy gallantly. "My mother's the best partner I know—gives you something to hold on by."

She offered him instead, with another coy tap of the fan, her nearest daughter; more of a compliment than he guessed, since he was neither *norio* nor brother. The girl began instantly to whisper to him as they fox-trotted off:

"Ysobet's *amigo!* What good fortune! How she will rejoice that I have talked with you, at last! *Si, si,* she is still in disgrace, señor, but will soon coax my papa into better humor. Few gentlemen can resist Ysobet when she wishes to coax. It is only because of Don Luys ——"

Again the Carmen motif! "That Paz y Días?" said Jimmy, frowning.

"But yes, my papa agreed that because of his so great jealousy, Ysobet would not be permitted from the sight of my mother while Don Luys absents himself in Madrid."

The girl, then, was obviously engaged to Paz y Días. "But," he protested, "she is certainly not very much in love with him?"

"Certainly not," agreed the other, sighing. "How should she be? One of such great age! And her papa promised her before he died that she need never, never marry at all unless she wished. That is why she dares so to defy my father; because he insisted where her own papa did not."

Jimmy began to suspect, with some chagrin, that he was only part of a general scheme of defiance. "Tell her I'm for her," he said, however, "and that I'll help in any way I can."

The little cousin thrilled in his arms. "Truly? But how romantic, *qué preciosa!* Like the wicked novels," she whispered, "one was never allowed to read at convent—the paper French ones!"

Jimmy smiled in a superior, big-brother way. Not so French as all that, perhaps, but romantic, yes—he secretly agreed with her. His was a single-track mind, and one which did not concern itself too greatly with consequences.

Not until the final night of festivities, however, did he find Ysobet again. The Feria seemed to have gone hay-wire, as he expressed it to his diary; people pelting one another with confetti and sugar plums, beating one another with bladder balloons, careering up and down the streets ten or twenty strong, arm in arm, singing; and yet, he was surprised to note, not at all drunk. Gypsies had apparently taken over the place, brown-skinned women, unveiled, dressed in violently clashing colors, their combs stuck full of flowers; who thrust tempting, impertinent faces into the faces of passers-by, while skillful hands made free of unconscious pockets. Troops of these went from *caseta* to *caseta*, dancing, drinking *manzanilla* with whoever offered, making bold love and bolder laughter, so that the night began to take on the semblance of an orgy.

Jim stood laughing unconsciously at the antics of a group of these *flamencas* who were enlivening the intellectual atmosphere of the Ateneo, flicking provocative fingers into the faces of the audience as they gyrated about, seizing pleased elderly citizens by the hands to whirl with them, seating themselves audaciously on any startled knee that was convenient. One in particular, a slender nut-brown maid whose gay red flower-filled comb was thrust into her hair sidewise, danced with a peculiar edge to her movements, a verve and grace which marked her out conspicuously as the leader among them. She seemed to be singing as she danced; and once, in passing him, Jimmy realized that she was singing English. He looked around, surprised; there were no English-speaking people thereabouts other than himself. Then her words struck him:

"Let the one who does not know me, look
again! But do not speak.
Let the one who wishes to follow, follow!
But do not speak."

Then he recognized her; the bright hair darkened with oil, the skin powdered brown, the slippered, stockingless feet charming as a child's.

Presently the gypsies, under a shower of cigarettes and coins, went dancing out into the crowd, Jimmy hotfoot after them. A hand caught at his.

"Do not look so startled, Great Eyes!" came a whisper against his ear. "These are not truly gypsies, only girls of Otero's dancing class who play *flamenca* tonight. Not señoritas, no, but most respectable girls of the shops, of the cafés, with their brothers and *novios*—far more respectable than me! It was that clever Dolores who arranged. You are not too shocked? You will come with us?"

"Wherever you go," he said, rather soberly. "Indeed, I think I'd better!" For men in the crowd pressed eagerly against her, murmuring, making gallantries, proffering wine.

"Ah, it is nothing!" she shrugged, laughing. "These will not hurt; they are Andalusians like me, not cold Castilians and Aragonese; it is all a game. They adore me tonight, all these dear folk of home, and I them! But come, we must make a gypsy of you also." She drew him into a secluded place, made him turn his coat inside out, tied her own red scarf about his waist, her orange handkerchief over his sandy head; then she darkened his face with brown powder, hung some large gold hoops from his ears with string and, seizing his hand again, made him run with her to follow the others.

Jimmy had a boy's susceptibility to fancy dress; he entered into the occasion with an abandon that surprised himself. He danced as he saw the other men do, snapping their fingers indifferently as the girls whirled around them, pounding the heels at increasing tempo, seizing his partner violently at the chosen moment, to bear her off. Indeed, he began to develop steps he did not know he had; primitive postures learned from small negro playmates of his childhood. Everywhere their group was received with increasing acclaim, and Jimmy got his full share of cigarettes and coins and glasses of *manzanilla*. They were a merry lot, Otero's dancers, whom the American's odd Spanish and even odder gestures set off into gales of laughter. None of them save Ysobet spoke English, so that the two might almost have been alone together. But there was little time for conversation, and little need of it, as they went hand in hand through the wild gayeties of the night; dancing always together, laughing close into each other's eyes, repeating over and over again the tango which was their particular success.

Jimmy, who came of a dramatic people, did his best to emulate the impassioned ardor of the late lamented Rudolph Valentino, as recorded upon the screen; no difficult matter, considering the skilled responsiveness of his partner.

"Aren't you getting tired?" he asked at last solicitously, seeing the lids grow heavy over her lustrous eyes.

"No, no, no! Only—I wish this night might go on forever!" she said, with a feverish intensity that startled him.

"Why? Does it make you so happy just to dance?"

"Just to dance—perhaps!" She laughed up at him, softly mocking. "Are you not happy, too—just to dance?" At that moment she stiffened in his arms. "Look! But look! Carefully; behind you, there!"

He looked as they turned, and saw over the heads of the crowd the scarred and handsome countenance of Paz y Días.

"He was watching you; he knows you!" she whispered fearfully. "But me he has not yet recognized, I think. Oh, oh, what am I to do?"

"Does it matter so much if he does recognize you?" asked Jimmy reassuringly, seeing that she appeared to be really frightened. "After all, I am here!"

"But exactly, you are here! Us together he must not see—he must not! There will be such a *hule!* Ah, you do not know!" He realized that she was actually trembling.

"Don't worry," he soothed her. "We'll fix that! Here, slip out under this tent

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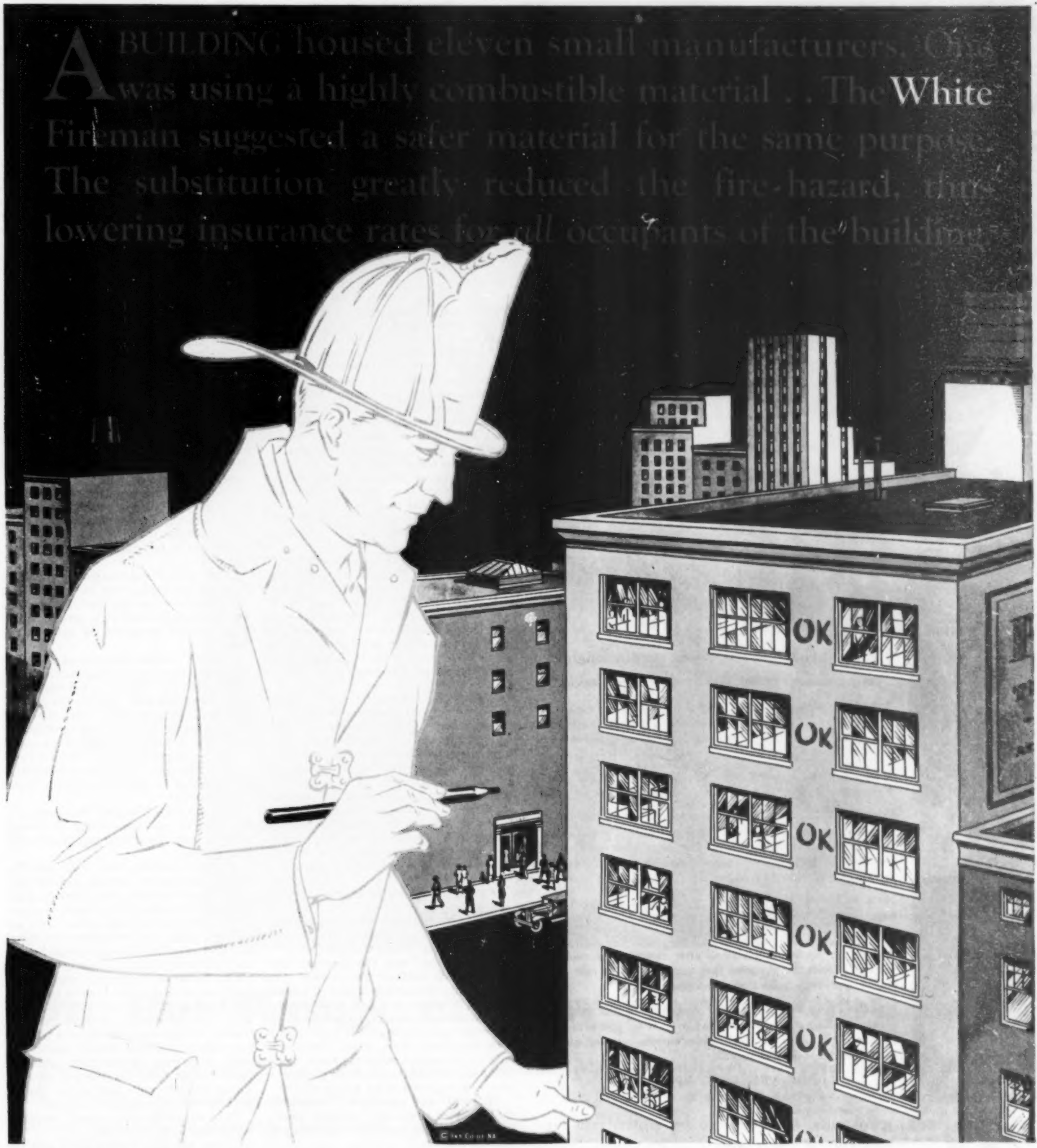

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(Continued from Page 62)

curtain while I go on dancing with the others, and hail the first cab that comes along. The place is full of girls in gypsy costume; nobody will notice. Unless you're afraid to be alone?"

"I am never afraid to be alone." She shivered. "But it is—good-by, then?" Her lips, as she slipped out of his arms, barely grazed his cheek, his mouth.

"You bet it's not!" said Jimmy vehemently, catching her closer. "It's—*hasta la vista*, Ysobet!"

When the music stopped, Paz y Días came toward him through the crowd, with a smile that was quizzical, but quite friendly. "So, my friend, you are what the actors call 'quick study,' no? Already you adapt yourself to the free and artless fashions of our Feria! Pretty *flamencas*, eh? But how I envy you, *amigo*, to dance like that!"

"Oh, I'm not so hot at it," murmured Jimmy, rather abashed by his late prowess. "Just make-believe, you know; entering into the Spirit of the Movement."

"And the movement," sighed the other, "is youth itself! But I hear," he added agreeably enough, "that this is not the only occasion on which you have endeared yourself to the Seville public during your brief visit. Once more one has occasion to thank you, señor. In the matter, you comprehend, of a certain lady; at Antequera."

"Oh, you mean putting Doña Ysobet up out of the way of that enraged beef animal? Nothing more than anyone could have done, sir; no risk at all."

"A risk for which, at least," said the other smoothly, "you have been doubtless well rewarded?"

Boothby flushed and his muscles tensed. Then he recalled young Sanchez' warning; the man was doubtless trying to anger him into a silly quarrel. He said quietly: "I wish you wouldn't talk like that, please; it sounds as if I expected to be rewarded. But as it happens I have been, amply, by the pleasure of Miss Ysobet's acquaintance, sir. Not so much of it, however, as I should like."

"So also have I heard!" said the other in a tone that had grown menacing.

But Jimmy, instead of getting angry, felt suddenly rather sorry for the man. Such a hopeless proposition, trying to bully a woman into caring for you—at his age too! "You hear a lot of things in a place like this, don't you?" he said, with his disarming grin. "Sort of like a summer resort, where the ladies haven't anything much to do but knit. Look here, Mr. Paz y Días, d' you mind if I give you a tip? Getting jealous isn't any way to hold women, sir—no way at all!"

The other's eyebrows went up into his hair.

"No?" he said after an astonished moment. "May I ask what, in your experience, is the way to hold them, señor?"

"Let 'em go," said the American earnestly. "Give 'em their heads a while. I'm no authority, of course, but, after all, women are simply people, and I do know people! Take business prospects, for example: If you're too eager, too anxious to close, they're more than likely to shy away. But if you lay your proposition on the table in an interesting manner and then walk out on them—why, nine times out of ten they'll bite!"

"Indeed? And you think," murmured the Spaniard dryly after another pause, "that women also, under the treatment you suggest, will bite?"

"I know it!" said Jimmy superbly. "Anyway, the idea's worth trying."

"Indubitably!" agreed the other. "But what, my young friend, if your—how do you say?—your business prospect encounters meanwhile a—er—rival proposition? What then?"

"Well, there you've got me, sir!" admitted Jimmy cheerfully. "You're up against it then, of course. Still, you've got to remember that competition is the life of trade. . . . There goes an empty cab," he added, hailing it. "I'm off for bed. . . . Whew, what a night! . . . Hope to see you again, Mr. Paz y Días. So long!"

The Spaniard, hat courteously in hand, stood gazing after him in some bewilderment. So long, he wondered, as what?—removing meanwhile his other hand from the pocket in which he carried a little silver derringer. It seemed anachronistic somehow; hardly part of the Spirit of the Movement.

The next day being Sunday, Jim went to church to gratify his mother; not that it was at all the sort of Sabbath service to which he and she were accustomed, with all the congregation sharing lustily in familiar hymns, and a friendly rector standing at the door to greet the stranger. Still, church was church, and young Boothby had taken rather a fancy for this one; where women brought their babies and their knitting to spend the day with God, as Tidewater ladies spend the day with each other; where beggars congregated sociably on the steps, and dogs came in and out at will, and always there was a sound of distant music, as if the angelic host concealed itself somewhere high in the dimness of an interior whose windows might be jeweled crystal portals opening directly into heaven. It would be mighty easy, he confided to his diary-letter, to get religion in churches like this if one hadn't already got it.

Also, he hoped to encounter there a slender form for which his eye was becoming accustomed to search diligently in any crowd. But he was disappointed. The only familiar figure near him was that of the ubiquitous hairdresser, Dolores, who presently left the pillar by which she knelt to drop gracefully on her knees beside himself. Not until the music of the angelic host soared out in full diapason did she speak, however.

"The señor," she murmured very low, fingering her beads, "will do well to leave Sevilla as soon as possible! I bring this message from *la duquesita* in person, hoping that I should encounter the señor at the mass."

"What?" Jimmy felt annoyed and rather stubborn; people were always advising him to leave Seville. "But I hadn't thought of going away just now; fact is, I'm just beginning to enjoy myself." Then the name she had employed struck him forcibly; he had heard it before, shouted by the crowd at the running of the bulls. "Who did you say—*la duquesita?* Isn't that a diminutive for 'duchess'? Surely you don't mean Doña Ysobet?"

"*Si, si*, hush! Who else? It is because of the return of—you know whom. To remain in Sevilla now is no longer safe at all for the young señor!"

Jimmy, however, was not listening. Ysobet, that merry, reckless, somehow pathetic hoyden of a girl, was a duchess, then! He tried to remain unimpressed, to assure himself that a title more or less could not matter; dukes and marquises and things like that were doubtless as common here as majors and colonels and judges in his native state. To be born a Spanish duchess was surely no more of a feat than to be born a free American citizen; a Tidewater gentleman—in other words, a Boothby! Nevertheless, the fact remained that the title did not quite fit into such modest mental pictures as he had unconsciously begun to paint. What could he, thought the boy with a humility quite new to him, do for anybody who was already a duchess?

"The señor will leave at once?" urged the whispering voice at his side.

"Why, no! No, I think not," said the boy uncertainly. "Not, at any rate, till I have seen Doña Ysobet to say good-by."

"It is unlikely," sighed the other, "that you see her ever again, *caballerito*, she having already left Sevilla."

"Left Seville?" he repeated blankly. "Without saying good-by? Why, she couldn't! We were together most of last night!"

"Ah, truly, one saw you so, together," said the sentimental hairdresser, "and what a charming sight for eyes that forget not their own youth! Yet early in the morning, while still the señor lay, no doubt, with his happy

(Continued on Page 66)

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dreams, she came with her *chica* to leave the message of farewell. Also to leave this"—she detached from her person a somewhat wilted pink camellia and pressed it sadly into Jimmy's hand.

He demanded: "But where did she go?"

"Ah, *qué se yo?* To Madrid, perhaps; the northern coast, San Sebastián—they have, these *titulados*, so many houses."

His countenance fell still further. She was not only a duchess, then, but a rich duchess! . . . Merely a game, as she had warned him; in which he apparently played the part of It. He stuffed the camellia into his pocket. So that was that!

"I'll be going on, then," he said sturdily. "No use hanging around here. The Feria's over."

Ah, truly, Feria was over, agreed the hairdresser; she looked at him again out of the corner of a regretful eye. So young, so tender, so forlorn; the mother's milk barely dried upon his hairless lip! Dolores sighed. "Where," she murmured, "will the *caballerito* go?"

"Oh, anywhere that's handy, to kill a few more days."

She hesitated, then suggested softly: "Why not to Ronda, señor? One has it there *muy histórica, muy interesante*; and the nightingales in the valley, how precious! And the women—the most beautiful, it is said, in all of Andalusia! Myself," added Dolores modestly, "am born of Ronda."

"Fine!" said Jimmy listlessly. "I remember, mother had that name marked out for me on the map. Thanks for the tip. I'm off."

He was glad afterwards that he had come to Ronda. It seemed a good place to be gently sad in, and to reflect on the mutability of life—this strange little sun-bleached Arab town high in the southern sierras, with a silence upon it which might have lingered since the Moors departed, mourning, from this their final European stronghold. As the motor bus which had brought him, rather anachronistically, across the *vega* mounted up and up into the ancient streets, he noted a small foursquare Moorish house looming over the cliff edge, from an upper window of which for a moment a white face gazed down at him. That, he thought, was Spain—a wistful woman-face gazing out between bars at a world with which she has no concern.

But this also was Spain, he added later—this depth of mystery spread below him, where cuckoos called at dusk, and a thousand exquisite fragrances came up to him released by the dew, and a stream of vivid mercury shone between light, eddying mists which might be vapors wreathing above some magic brew of enchantment. His dinner had been brought to him where he sat, spellbound, in such a garden as made him yearn suddenly for his mother—yes, and for the girl next door, who loved gardens too. Strange how sad anything beautiful can make a fellow who has to enjoy it alone!

It was the first time in days he had remembered the girl next door, but the thought of her was oddly comforting; so wholesome and modest and sweet, the kind of girl you could let yourself go foolish over without being afraid. Brainy, too, he thought with pride; she and his mother were probably looking up the place he was in at this very moment, and would be able to tell him all about it when he got back; this green and secret little vale hidden between high barren peaks, which had known, unchanged, the passing of Goth and Visigoth, of Roman legion, of Saracen and crusader; and where now, as always perhaps, a herdboy whistled to his goats in the starry dark.

For quite a while the herdboy had been whistling down there, softly and airily, like some unknown bird. Jimmy thought at first it might be a nightingale, until he heard the nightingale itself, unmistakably—a sound made not of air but of liquid, dropping silver. Besides, the boy seemed to be whistling real tunes; not any Jim knew, but little fluty melodies of five notes, with curious twists and quavers, such as are played in Morocco on Arab *ghaïtas*. Once it was a shrill gypsy-like rhythm that seemed more familiar; and at last, to his surprise, he realized that the unseen whistler below was attempting a queer minor version of Yankee Doodle. It was late; all the lights in the hotel windows had gone out, one by one; he sat alone; and that somebody down there in the Spanish dark should be whistling Yankee Doodle seemed to him nothing less than uncanny.

He leaned over the parapet of the terrace, staring down; the moon, just coming above the edge of a mountain opposite, pierced the drifting vapors with a faint clarity, in which he discerned standing, not a herdboy, but a woman dressed and veiled in silvery white. Beside her stood a large blond mastiff dog.

"My dear, my dear, why have you followed me?" she demanded reproachfully when he got down to her; adding with characteristic logic: "And why have you not come sooner? Did you not recognize my serenade? *Ay de Dios!* Hours have I waited here whistling—hours!—until I thought all the world would be peering between the jalousies to see. Perhaps it does peer!" she cried with her reckless little laugh. "What matter? We have only tonight, my Boot-a-by—but at least tonight!"

"Why only tonight?" he demanded. In the excitement of finding her again, he had forgotten the damaging handicaps of rank and riches.

"Because"—she made a grimace—"he comes tomorrow!"

"Who? Not Paz y Días again?"

"*Si, si*, who else? Always he follows, everywhere! But let us forget him now. When I saw you in the *char-à-bancs*, I knew that matters were taken from my hands, that God must arrange as He thinks best, without my help."

"It was you looking down from the window, then," he asked dreamily, "like the Princess Rapunzel from her enchanted tower?"

"*Si, si!* So you have Rapunzel in your language too?" she exclaimed delightedly. "But nowadays there are ways of breaking such enchantments—no?—and the tower is at least my own, since it came to me in dower right from my mother. Also, you can see how friendly is my dragon! . . . Woof, Paladin! Speak to our friend in English," she commanded, pulling the mastiff's ears; who eyed Jimmy warily and presently emitted a deep approving "Woof!"

"Come, come," she cried, taking his hand. "I cannot receive you tonight in my tower; I have not the courage of that Rapunzel, to let down to you my hair, but I can at least offer you the freedom of our dear valley, the old Moor's 'Meadow of Murmuring Waters.' Welcome, friend of me," she said with a wide gesture, "to the Andaluces where my childhood lives."

"I wish," said Jimmy, striving for a certain effect of virile carelessness, "that you would let down your hair, Rapunzel! Hair's such a rare treat nowadays."

"You like?—— Then I will," she said simply, pulling out combs and pins to release the lovely shower. "Hair tires—like the heart—of being confined, hidden, made to behave properly, with pins! It does not shock Americans, then, to see a woman's hair? It is not dangerous for you, as"—she laughed softly—"as for my little funny cousin, Sancho?"

"Not too dangerous," said Jimmy; adding quietly: "Your cousin isn't a boy, though, and he is in love with you."

She gave him a startled look, almost of fright.

"In love—as a man, you would say? Ah no, no, no, not that! Not Sancho! He is my playmate, the little brother I have not known—but my lover, never! Do not say so! He only practices at love."

For a moment he doubted her sincerity. Was she really unaware of her allure—her reckless, wayward fascination? "You don't like men to be in love with you?" he asked, rather sternly.

(Continued on Page 68)

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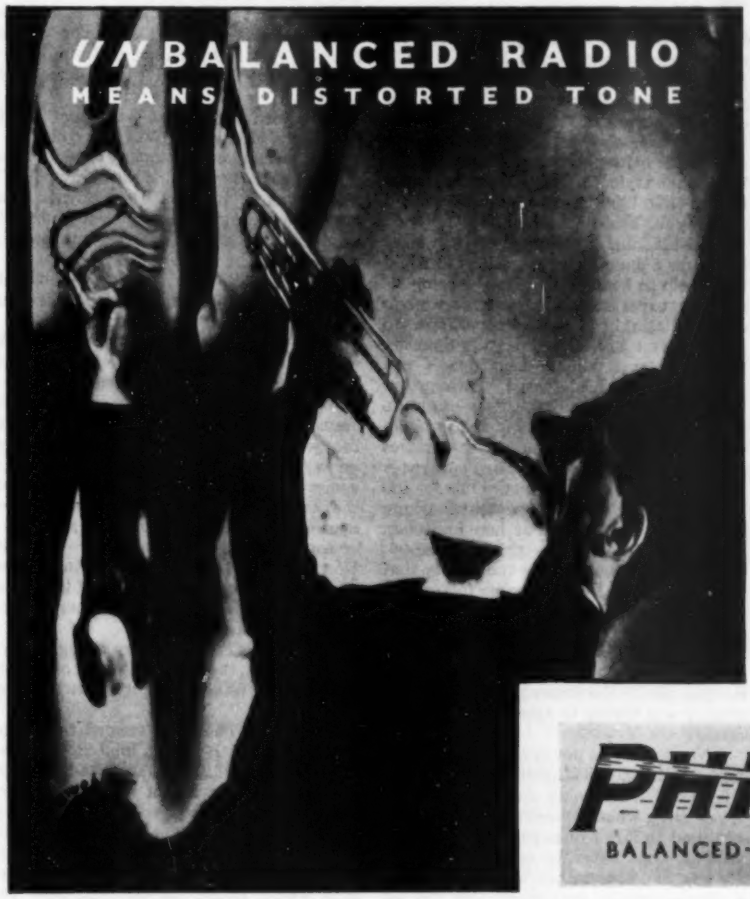

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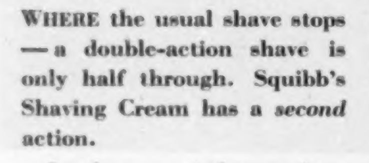

(Continued from Page 66)

He never forgot the piteousness of her reply: "Does the hare like that the hounds shall give it chase?"

It renewed an impression he had received once before—here was undoubtedly a little woman who needed help.

Hand in hand, like a pair of children in a fairy tale, they wandered across a meadow waist-high in moon-mist, brushing their way among pale stalks of asphodel and wild orchid, and aromatic grasses that caught unheeded at her skirts.

"Where are you taking me?" he asked submissively.

"To the Chapel of the Miracles, up yonder," she pointed, "where we may talk together. Do you realize that we two have never talked together? Only ridden, and danced, and laughed. There is much to say! Our Lady of the Miracles shall play tonight duenna for me; though I think with Americans the duenna is not necessary?"

"Of course not," said the boy reassuringly; rather thankful, however, for the timely reminder.

There was something a little heady in this exotic intimacy of the night, this wide silence, this secret solitude in company of a creature who might have been a moon maid, some Moorish keipie of the stream, in her clinging silvery dress shrouded by the shadowy mantilla of hair. His pulses sang in his ears, unwontedly.

She nodded her head in passing toward the far side of the valley, where a mounting pile of masonry and roofs and terraces was palely visible in the moonlight.

"My little house," she remarked; "Rapunzel's tower!" down whose three hundred secret steps she had come to their tryst, she told him, even as in days of invasion Moorish women had come to their hidden stream for water.

He drew a little away from her then, suddenly reminded. Her "little house," seen so in its full extent, might have been one of the storied palaces out of the Arabian Nights.

"Look here," he said abruptly. "I've just discovered who you are, Doña Ysobet!"

"So? You did not know? But anyone in Sevilla could have told you that!"

She shrugged, dismissing the matter as of small importance; and indeed it proved of less importance than he had thought possible, here in this enchanted Meadow of Murmuring Waters, where her childhood lived.

The Chapel of the Miracles was no chapel at all, but only a sort of cave in the hillside, faintly lit with the butterfly lamps, or *mariposas*, left there by grateful worshipers at the foot of a plaster statue resplendent with votive offerings of flowers and finery and gems.

Still hand-fast, they sat at the mouth of the grotto under the ægis of Our Lady of the Miracles, while the night came close and closer about them, and the world grew farther and farther away. Opposite, the lamps of the high little city had long since gone out—why waste oil when the moon is high? Only here and there some single window stared with its watching eye from where there was sickness, perhaps, or death, or other trouble. Once, visible far across the *vega* beyond the gorge, an automobile came hurrying, buzzing like a belated bumblebee up the steep ascent. When the nervous sound of this had ceased, there came no further interruption.

They talked of many things; most of all, since Jimmy was a most human youth, they talked of James Monroe Boothby—his plans, his aspirations, his future; also his past. This, Doña Ysobet came to visualize as in a glass brightly. She saw the modest Tidewater farm, with its shabby pillared mansion, which they had been obliged to sell when Jim's father died, since a Virginia country lawyer can hardly be expected to make much of a fortune off his friends. She saw the near-by village where his mother still taught her school—not that she needed to, of course, now that she had a grown son to look after her, but because life without little children in it was inconceivable to Mary Boothby. She saw the towering ambition which made it necessary for this mother, having given one son to her country, to send the last remaining away from her in search of wider horizons for his conquest; and when Jimmy's eager talk had hushed for a moment into remembering silence, the Spanish girl said, still holding fast to his hand:

"Boy, will you take me with you?"

Some such thought had been growing in his mind, of course, but the question sobered him. He had his practical streak; any son of Mary Boothby's would be sure of that.

"How can I, Ysobet?" he asked anxiously. "I've got a fine opportunity with my company here in Europe, but what could I do with you while I'm making good? And you a duchess and everything." He had no doubt, of course, of "making good," either in Europe or elsewhere, but it might be some time before he was able to support a wife in the style to which she was accustomed. No blinking that! "Where could I take you, Ysobet?"

"To Madame Boot-a-by! Where else? She lacks a daughter, I a mother; I could be of help to her—you will see!—being already an experienced housewife, *la perfecta casada;* also in the school perhaps, to teach those *niños* of America the Spanish, the music—you should hear how I can whistle to my Irish harp! Perhaps we could buy back again the *finca*—how do you say?—the little farm; and grow again these poultries which you say she grieves for, also some small porks; with perhaps—why not?—a few good young bulls for the American *corrida.* There is money in young bulls! It would be even as here in Ronda when my father lived—ah, how happy, with only us two, free as the beasts that roam the ranges, as the simple folk of our town who ply the trades of their forefathers, content with a bit of sausage for the pot, a few extra pesetas for masses, a ticket now and then for the Sunday arena —— What do you say?" she interrupted herself, for Jimmy was trying to speak, and not succeeding.

"No, no, but do not say it!" she forbade him, putting a quick hand over his mouth. "I know! You would speak of poverty. *Ay de Dios*, what is poverty to me? Am I not used to it? My papa was not rich at all; he went never to court, but never! He was, like your father, a *hidalgo pobre*—a simple country gentleman. He did not even own the cattle we raised, being manager for the bull ranges of Don Luys, near here. Also he had ideas for women, even as have Americans; he said that they should be allowed to make their lives, their characters, like men. It gave great scandal, of course, but me he would not send to a convent, teaching me himself, as your mother you, such things as a man may learn: How to enjoy great works of literature, how to ride straight, how to serve God and the *Madona*, how to raise good bulls. That, he said, was education enough for any *hidalgo*, male or female."

"Sounds like a pretty good old sport, your father," said Jimmy warmly.

"*Si, si*," said the girl, her eyes brimming suddenly with tears. "What more could one wish to be than that—*muy esport;* as you say, 'good sporting'? Yet many think that he spoiled me, because he said that no woman should ever be made to take any husband without her will."

"Of course she shouldn't!" agreed Jimmy. "But how did Paz y Días get in his dirty work, then?"

She looked puzzled. "Dirty? There is about Don Luys no something which is dirty! He is, indeed, a very great gentleman, adviser to the King himself; a friend of my father too. He proposed marriage with me when I was but a child. He also had ideas for women, then—that they should be less watched and more trusted. Ah, how I laugh to remember!" she said bitterly. "He and my father told me always tales of women of Spain who were great like men—Saint Theresa, of blessed memory, the most intellectual mystic of her day; an ancestress of my own, one Concepción arenal, who put on clothes of a boy in order that she might study in the university; another lady who left her convent to become a famous bullfighter. I also thought, at one time, to become a lady *matador*, only Don Luys and my papa begged that I should select an ambition less conspicuous. Sometimes my father pointed out to me, without, however, urging, that marriage with such as Don Luys would offer opportunity to become more valuable to my country than a mere sporting lady of Andalusia could hope to be; and indeed I was greatly pleased then with Don Luys, flattered that a gentleman so handsome and distinguished should want such as me for wife. . . . Do you not find him handsome and distinguished?" she demanded naïvely.

Jimmy admitted that he did. "What put you off him, then? Was he too old?"

"Ah, no! I like the company of gentlemen who are old; they remind me of my papa." She sighed. "But not Don Luys! You comprehend, there at Madrid things are not simple and friendly as with us, but formal, cold, indifferent. . . . Brrh!"

"I know; like New York before you get used to it," nodded the boy from his own South.

"And at La Corte there is nothing much with which to *egayer* oneself, except"—she made a droll, apologetic little *moue* at him—"to flirt! Even that is more exciting than amusing, because of Don Luys. If I dance too well with any gentleman—and you know how that I love to tango; if one comes too often to our box at the opera or the bullfight; if another sends me too marked a gift of admiration, such as poetry, or some little jewel, or a guitar—there is Don Luys, to glower at him. And worse than glower—to make remarks of insult, to slap the face, perhaps; there ensues a quarrel! Disgusting, is it not?"

"Some girls," said Jimmy thoughtfully, "are like that, they drive men sort of foolish in the head. At any rate, it shows he loves you."

"Loves?" The word seemed to enrage Doña Ysobet. Her eyes dilated, her nostrils quivered. "But what right has he to love me? That was not at all in the arrangements! When he spoke for me to my father, as a child, what love was there in that? He desired for his great dull houses some companion who is young, vivacious; who would make the establishment for him, receive his friends, perform his duties of society. Very well, for that I was prepared; having done as much already for my papa. In return he promised that he would guard and cherish me even as had my father. But about love—nothing was agreed at all!"

"Still," hazarded Jimmy, grinning a little, "if the poor fellow did happen to fall in love with you later, can you quite blame him?"

"He should in that case have shown the dignity to keep so unbecoming a passion to himself!" she replied haughtily. "Only during the Feria, when my cousins Sanchez open their Sevilla house, and Don Luys cannot so long leave his attendance on the King, is one free to be oneself again, to play and tease and be foolish, as in happier days. Even there, Don Luys came once unexpectedly and found me kissing a little with my favorite cousin, Felipe—the older brother of the *teniente*, you know?—and he flew into such a rage of fury that there was, if you will believe it, an engagement, there in the patio, before my very eyes!—an engagement with the buttons off the foils!"

"You mean a duel?" exclaimed Jimmy incredulously. "You mean to say such things aren't forbidden here by law?"

"Certainly it is forbidden by law," shrugged Doña Ysobet, "but the gentlemen of our family are not lawyers, señor! Only the address of my Aunt Sanchez, who flung her fatness between them instantly, calling aloud upon her name saint, prevented the two from fatally impaling each

(Continued on Page 71)

534

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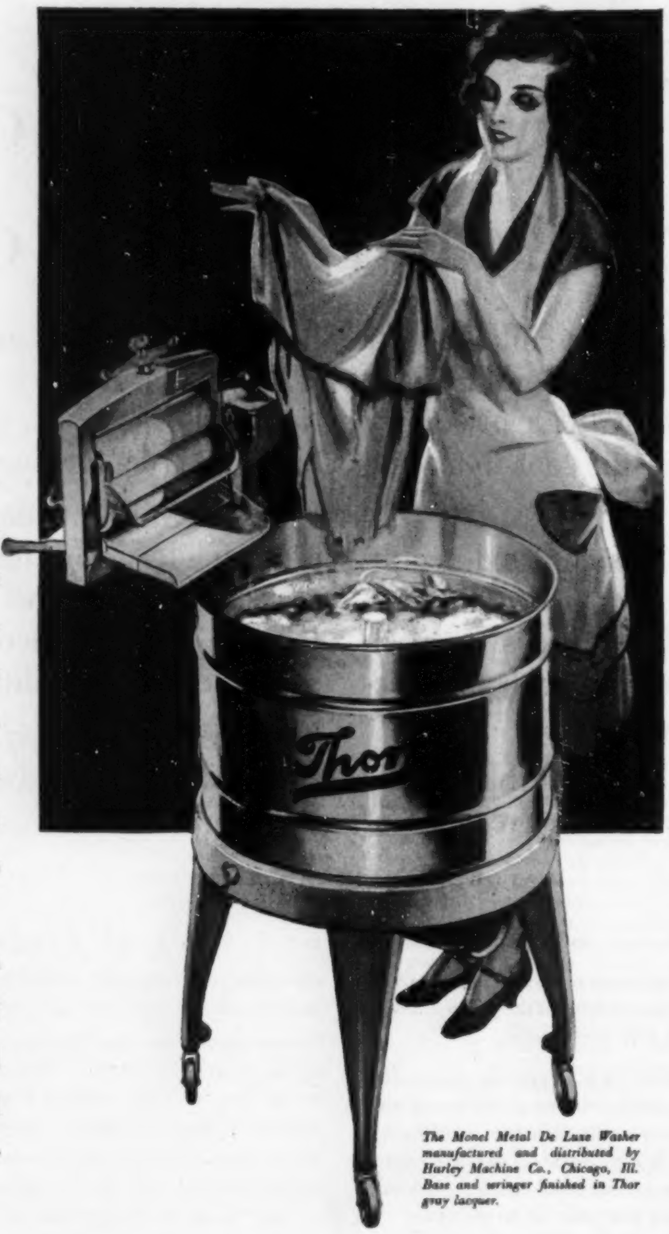

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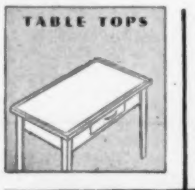

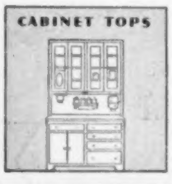

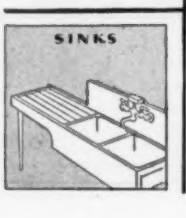

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(Continued from Page 68)

the other. Even so, there remains as souvenir on the face of Don Luys an ugly scar! . . . You do not think it disfigures him too greatly?" she asked, with an odd concern.

Unconsciously Jimmy had loosed her hand, and was eying her uncomfortably. "It seems to me," he remarked, "that Spanish cousins do a lot of kissing!"

"But yes, in our family we are very close; the boys adore me, and they are so sweet to me, the dears! Ah, ah"—she shook a chiding finger at him—"do you become a little jealous, also? There is no need; poor Felipe can no longer remain in his own father's house when I am there, because of the absurd behavior of Don Luys. And that," she went on, sobering, "is not the worst! I had a little dog puppy, such a love, that a gallant of Madrid sent me with a poem attached to its collar—all pink and white and curly—the poodle dog, I mean; and it never left me afterward, day or night; would not let Don Luys approach me, even to kiss the hand! I think perhaps the gentleman who sent it may have trained it so. I think that is why Don Luys strangled it."

"What?" exclaimed Jimmy. "Strangled your puppy?"

"Yes, truly, with his own two hands, which are very strong. You can see how such a man is terrible! It is true that afterwards he was sorry, most sorry; almost he wept. And then he brought, out of contrition, my beautiful great Paladin here, to protect me." She fondled the mastiff's ears. "So now I have taught Paladin also to growl when he approaches, to lie always at my door or the foot of my bed; and I do not think," she added complacently, "that even the strong hands of Don Luys can strangle him!"

Jimmy had drawn a little apart from her, staring. Undoubtedly such an affair as this was wrong, unnatural, it should not be permitted to go on; yet once more he was conscious of a queer sort of manly sympathy for Paz y Días. He remembered suddenly Ysobet's quite stoical indifference to the horse which had been gored under her; perhaps stoic indifference at least to the suffering of others, was a racial characteristic. The girl who had been so close, isolated with him beyond the reach of all reality, seemed at the moment utterly an alien, their points of view as divergent as East from West.

The mastiff bristled, uttering a low note of warning. Near by, some gravel slipped on the path. Ysobet whispered: "*Salva-dios!* Who comes?"

Jimmy sprang erect, acutely conscious all at once of what a Spanish audience would think of this all-night tryst in a hillside cave. But the running figure that approached proved to be only Ysobet's maid, the confidential servant who had opened the door to her on the occasion of their first meeting.

"Señora, thank God I find you at last! But come—come at once!" she panted. "It is the master! He has arrived; he is already *en casa!*"

"Impossible! The train is not due until morning," muttered Ysobet. Then she remembered the belated automobile they had watched coming across the *vega*.

"He has asked for me?" she inquired anxiously.

"*Sí, sí!* I have told him, naturally, that you are asleep in your room. He then asks, where is the dog that lies always at your door? I answer, how shall I know? He is perhaps away coursing hares in the moonlight."

"Come, we'd better go back at once," interrupted Jimmy, "and let me explain to your uncle all about it!" But Ysobet made a vague impatient gesture, as if brushing him aside.

"And then ——" she demanded of the servant, tensely.

"Then," the other began to whimper, "he smiled at me—not angrily, as usual, but ah, so sadly!—and said a most strange thing. 'Do not fear, woman,' he said to me. 'I ask no further questions. We must remember that competition is the life of trade.' Just so he said it! 'Competition ——'"

"What could he mean?" whispered Ysobet, bewildered.

Jimmy was staring at her, aghast. "Ysobet! Who is this man that has come?"

"But Don Luys, my husband, of course!" she murmured absently; "*el duque de Paz y Días*. Just heaven, you have not understood?" she exclaimed, catching sight of his face. "*Qué lástima!* You did not know—you did not realize I was married? But, as I told you, they made me marry him soon after my father's death—he and my uncle—because I could not live here alone. Why—why did you not know? Surely you cannot think an unmarried woman, a girl of great Spanish family, could dare so freely to conduct herself, even during Feria! Did you not notice the little signs of marriage—that my mantilla of ceremony was black, where a girl's is white, that I wore the *flamenca* comb thrust in sidewise instead of straight? Even the folding of the shawl! And my wedding ring, surely you will have noticed that!" She glanced distressfully at her hand, and saw that the flat gold band was hardly visible under the large emerald she wore on the same finger. "*María Purísima!* But I have been wife to Don Luys for two years!"

"And yet," said the boy stonily, "you wanted me to take you away."

"*Sí, sí.* Because I have fear of my husband, Boot-a-by!" she whispered.

He relented somewhat at that: "Why? Has the man been cruel to you?"

"Cruel? Ah, no! It were better indeed had he been cruel! Listen, do you not think as you are thinking—do not!" She caught his hand to her breast and held it there, so that he could feel the fluttering of her heart. "My husband is the one creature in this world of which I have fear, Boot-a-by! I am his wife, yes, but not—not as a man means wife. For when I saw on the first day that Don Luys had no intent to be to me the indulgent, protecting substitute for my father he had promised—then suddenly it came to me that he was perhaps a little mad! At such an age —— Many Manchegans are a little mad, like Don Quixote himself. After that, I thought only to have him put me away, as men of important family may put away a wife who bears them no sons. But he would not! Then, I thought if he became sufficiently vexed, if I flirted and danced and made of him a fool, so—that he would let me go. But he would not! When I saw you, it came to me that an American could save me, since in your country the married may divorce if too unhappy, may even take one another's wives and husbands, without too great disgrace or harm—no? Later, however, I came to have fear for you, *amigo*, remembering that my husband had promised to kill the next gallant who aspired to become my lover. So I ran away; but when you came following after, I thought—I remembered that the grandmother of my own mother had made a marriage out of love herself, with a foreign gentleman; and I thought that if I went away openly with you, my husband would have shame to want me back again; and could then have his marriage annulled; so that presently we two, there in far-away America —— Do you see?" she pleaded, her lips trembling.

But Jim's were very stiff. "I begin to see," he muttered. "You thought you'd use me for a cat's-paw to pull your chestnuts out of the fire."

"Oh, cannot you understand?" she moaned. "I thought it was I, myself, wife of Don Luys, that you wanted; I, *la duquesa de Paz y Días*, not little lost Ysobet O'Mally. But I would not hurt you, you are so young." She was perhaps a year his junior. "Oh, not for anything in life would I hurt you! Have I then hurt you, boy?" Her eyes peered piteously for his.

But he did not look at her. "N-no," he replied uncertainly, mentally feeling himself all over to determine the extent of his injury. "Not very much—not at all, in fact! Only disappointed me a little. Fortunately, I found out in plenty of time."

She repeated faintly, wincing: "In plenty of time ——"

"You see, if you hadn't been a married woman I would have fallen for you pretty hard, I reckon," explained Jimmy. "But things being as they are—well, that's that!"

After a moment, she summoned the ghost of a smile. "So? In your Virginia, then, gentlemen do not fall in love with married ladies? What complaisant affections!"

He eyed her sharply to see if she could be laughing at him; but there was no laugh left in Ysobet. "Not if they can help themselves, they don't," he replied sturdily. "Not in my family, anyway! Mother wouldn't stand for it. Why, I suppose there are fewer divorces in Virginia than in any state in the Union! We're pretty old-fashioned folk, down there in Tidewater. And look here," went on the boy determinedly, mustering his forces; "I don't think you're giving Paz y Días quite a square deal, anyhow! All this running away from him, keeping a dog around to protect you from your own husband—it doesn't sound to me what your father would call '*muy esport*,' Ysobet!" She winced again. "I'm talking to you like the friend I think you need," he added, more gently.

She nodded. "And what," she asked in a low voice, "would such a friend as I need advise me, then, to do?"

"Stand up to your job!" he urged in earnest brotherly fashion, much as he would have spoken to the girl next door. "The man's chief fault that I can see is that he is overfond of you. And if you ask me, you like him better than you think, yourself," he added shrewdly. "You're proud enough of his looks, anyway."

"It is true," she admitted in a toneless voice, "that I have never seen a more distinguished man. Perhaps, if he had but waited —— Continue, Boot-a-by!"

"He fell in love with you, that's all! Just couldn't help himself. What could be more natural? You are," said the boy quite simply, "the most fascinating woman in the world, I reckon. And it's natural enough, too, that a man should want—well ——" He began to flounder.

"Yes?" she breathed.

"Should want children," he finished bluntly. "I do myself!" It was not his habit to talk thus candidly with the opposite sex, of course, but after all, this was a married woman, of the present decade. "Why, the chief thing I'd marry for would be to have a lot of kids!"

There was a long pause. Then: "I hope, my dear," said the duchess of Paz y Días, gently, "that you may have—quite a lot of them."

The moon was gone by now, replaced so gradually by the pale glimmering of dawn that neither had noticed. The servant plucked anxiously at her mistress' skirts. "Yes, yes, we must go before we are seen," said Doña Ysobet, motioning the woman to lead the way. "You will come with me a little farther, my friend?" she said to Jimmy.

"All the way, if you'll let me," he urged. "I'd like to explain to Mr. —I mean to the duke--myself." But she shook her head.

Seen so, in the lifting light of the *madrugada*, that most rare hour of a Spanish day, the girl had a quality he had not noted in her before—a young, grave stateliness of bearing which set her utterly apart from the madcap hoyden of his earlier encounters, or from the glamorous moon maid with whom he had lately wandered hand in hand through meads of asphodel. With unbound hair shrouding the lissom figure in its straight long dress, she made him think of a picture he had seen once, somewhere; one of those classic subjects—a tall pale girl standing with uplifted gaze, her hand on some sort of altar, while a handsome young man whispered at her side, unheeded; probably courting her, thought Jimmy, with a pang of sympathy. He would not have dared himself, now, to walk hand in hand with this lady whom people called "the little duchess," although he continued to elbow her solicitously across rough places, after the gallant fashion of his kind.

At the foot of the three hundred hidden steps down which beleaguered Moors had come to their secret place for water, she paused and faced him.

"So, we part," she said. "I wonder what you will say of me to that far-off little mother who is always with you?"

"Nothing at all, if you don't wish me to."

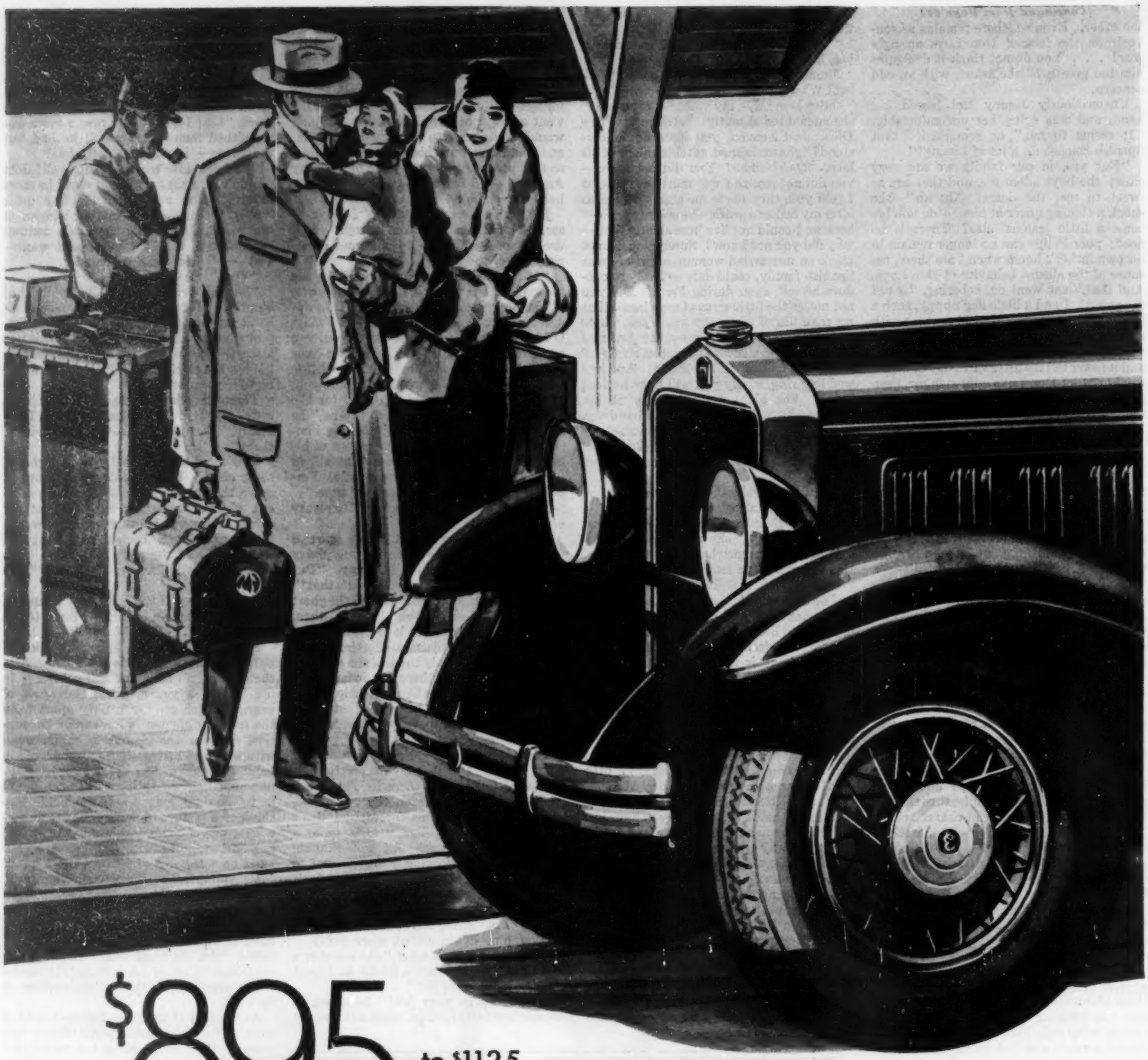
She mounted several of the steps before she turned. "Ah, but I do wish! You will tell her of me, please, that I return to—how do you say?—my job . . . in hope that I may have one day, perhaps, such a son as hers."

She leaned and kissed him lightly, once on either eyelid; and Jimmy was chagrined to realize that each of the eyelids smarted afterward with something suspiciously like tears.

His gaze followed the slender climbing form a little way, then lifted inadvertently to a balustrade above; where a man stood still as a statue, gazing down. In the half light Jimmy failed to notice that the man held something in his hand which had been directed hesitantly first toward himself, then toward Doña Ysobet, then, more surely, toward the man's own breast. Recognizing him, the boy took off his hat to bow respectfully, as young men still bow to their elders in Virginia; and the man on the terrace laid down the thing that was in his hand in order to gesture courteous response.

PHOTO. BY H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

Along the Delaware Canal, Near New Hope, Pennsylvania



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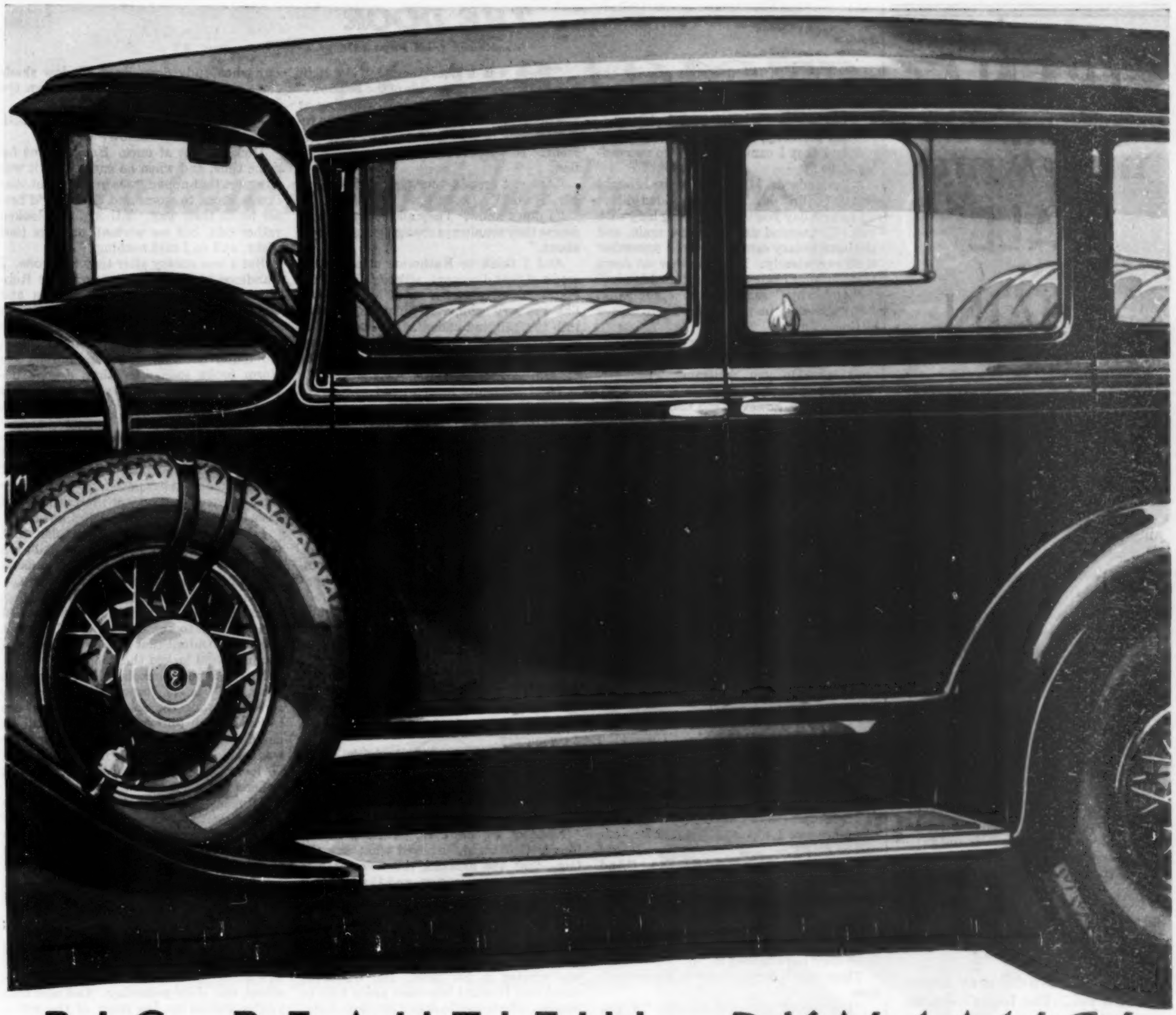

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For some time past I've hoped to try Ipana. When next you pass the drug store, will you please buy, on behalf of your lord and master, one tube of

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

Signed——————

THE DOOR

(Continued from Page 36)

greeted us with the decorous gravity the occasion seemed to demand, and bowed to Mr. Waite.

"You remember me?" he asked her.

"Oh, perfectly, Mr. Waite."

"And that I came here on two succeeding days?"

"Yes, indeed. Mr. Hendrickson brought you up the first day." And she added glibly: "The first day you had the young lady with you. The second day she came again, and the hotel notary came up later. I remember it all very clearly. Miss Gunther sat down there on that chair until you called her in."

"And why," said Katherine suddenly, "did she wait in the hall? There was a sitting room."

Miss Todd looked slightly surprised.

"That's so," she said. "That is queer, isn't it? Do you remember why, Mr. Waite?"

Mr. Waite, however, did not remember. He had seen no sitting room. He had been ushered directly from the hall into the bedroom.

"I suppose the nurse was in there," he said impatiently. "If you will open the rooms, Miss Todd ——"

Miss Todd was very curious and, I think, rather thrilled. She led the way briskly to the sitting room of the suite, unlocked the door and threw open a window or two; but if she had hoped to be asked to remain she was disappointed.

"In which room was Mr. Somers?"

"In there. I'll light the lights."

"Thanks. If you'll close the door as you go out ——" Some of Mr. Waite's irritation had returned. He limped into the bedroom Miss Todd had indicated and stood surveying it.

"I imagine your questions are answered, Mrs. Somers," he said crisply. "Here is the room. You have learned that I came here as I said. If you believe that I came for any other purpose than to draw up a will, I will remind you that I had not spoken ten words to Mr. Somers in my life until that day. I came because I was sent for, and for that reason only."

Katherine moistened her dry lips. "And my husband was in bed?"

"In his bed. I sat down beside him, and I saw that he looked very ill. It was a dark day, but the lamp was on. I sat down here, as the lamp was on this side of the bed then. I see they have moved it."

There was a curious look in Katherine's face.

"I wonder," she said tensely, "if you mind doing again just what you did then. Can you remember? Try to remember, Mr. Waite! Everything. Every little thing."

I could see that her suppressed excitement had its effect on him.

He glanced at her, and his voice was not so cold. He walked to the hall door and opened it.

"Let me see," he said. "Yes. Walter Somers was outside the door, in the hall. He opened the door and said: 'Father, Mr. Waite is here.' Then he stepped back and I came in alone. I think he closed the door behind me. . . . Yes, he had closed the door.

"I said: 'Well, Mr. Somers, I'm sorry to see you laid up.' He said something about his condition—that he was better, or getting better—and I put down my hat and gloves and got out some paper and my fountain pen. After that it was strictly business. He had the will pretty well thought out, and I suppose I was there only a half hour."

"And that is all?"

"All I can recall. He seemed perfectly normal. But he was nervous. I had propped my stick against the table, and once it slipped and fell. I remember that he jumped as though I had hit him. I picked it up and hung it on the door knob, and —— That's funny! That's damned queer."

He was staring at the wall beside the bed.

"They've taken away the door," he said.

"What door?"

"There was a door there by my right hand. It's on the other side of the bed now."

We all stood there, stupidly staring at the door. None of us, I fancy, had the remotest idea of its significance at that moment. It was Katherine who realized it first.

"Are you certain you were in this room, Mr. Waite?"

"I don't know. They all look alike. Of course they are always changing these places about."

And I think to Katherine must go the credit of that discovery, although Inspector Harrison had known it for at least a week. She was very calm, very quiet, as she went into the hall and called Miss Todd again.

"You are certain that this was my husband's bedroom?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, Mrs. Somers."

"And it has not been altered since? No changes have been made?"

"Only the new curtains at the windows."

"Thank you."

Miss Todd retired, her sharp eyes giving us a final survey as she closed the door. Not until she was gone did Katherine move, and then it was to cross the sitting room and glance into the bedroom there. Then she called to us, quietly enough.

"I think this is where you came, Mr. Waite," she said. "To Walter's bedroom, where an accomplice of Walter's impersonated his father and drew that will."

And only then was there a ring of triumph in her tired voice. "I knew it," she said. "I knew it. My poor Howard!"

XXXII

OF THE plot which lay behind that discovery we had no knowledge. It was enough at the moment that there had been a conspiracy.

But later on in the day, the initial shock over, our ideas began to crystallize. Who had been the man in the bed? What relation did he bear to the murders? Was he himself the murderer?

None of us, however, gathered in my library that night, believed what was the fact—that the amazing dénouement was even then in preparation, and that it was a matter of only a few hours until all our questions were to be answered.

We were silent but more cheerful than we had been for days on end. There was hope now for Jim, and Katherine's relief was written in her face. Jim would be saved and Howard was once again hers to mourn. The frozen look had left her. Judy, too, looked better than she had looked for weeks. She had come in with her eyes bright and her color high, to show me a very nice but extremely small diamond on her engagement finger.

"Isn't it beautiful?" she said.

"It is indeed beautiful," I told her gravely. For it seemed so to me—that symbol of Dick's pride and his essential honesty. And I was proud of Judy that she wore that bit of stone as a queen might wear a crown.

But talking got us nowhere that night. Again and again we went back to the scene in that hotel bedroom, with no result. It was Judy, with Dick's arm around her, and Katherine accepting that as she had accepted the ring, who put forth the theory that the fifty-thousand-dollar clause which had been put in the will was to be the payment to this unknown for his services.

And it was Dick who followed that scene to its logical conclusion, and who said that a man who could put on a wig and look enough like Howard to deceive Mr. Waite under those circumstances, could easily have fooled Jim at night on the hillside. Nevertheless, we were as far from the identity of this man as ever.

It was a broiling July night. At ten o'clock Joseph, in his traveling clothes, brought in some lemonade—he was leaving at eleven that night for a short holiday—and I remember that he had hardly gone out when Judy drew up a window shade for air and suddenly drew back from the window.

"There's a man out there!" she said. "Just outside the window!"

Dick ran out at once. He was gone for some time, and when he came back it was to report that nobody was in sight, but that it was about to storm and that they'd better be on their way. I thought he looked rather odd, but we were all on edge that night, and so I said nothing.

But I was uneasy after they had gone. I wandered back to the pantry, where Robert was talking with the policeman and waiting for Joseph to come down, and while Robert stayed in the pantry, the officer made a round of the house, inside and out. He found nothing, however, and as the storm broke soon after that, Joseph departed to the car by way of the kitchen porch in such a downpour as I have seldom seen.

I did not go up to bed, although it was eleven o'clock. I had a strange feeling of uneasiness, as though something was about to happen or had happened. And at a little after eleven Jock sat up in the hall and gave tongue to a really dreadful howl.

I do not even now pretend to explain that wail, or that when I went into the hall both dogs were standing with their neck ruffs on end, staring into the dark drawing-room.

I had a picture of that—of the incredulous terror in their attitudes. Then they turned and bolted into the library, and I am not ashamed to admit that I followed them and slammed and locked the door.

No, I have no explanation. When, a short time later, Inspector Harrison arrived and rang the doorbell he found me locked in the library; and it was all he could do to make me open the door. He was soaking wet, and he looked very weary. He looked dejected, too, although I did not understand that until later on.

"I'm late," he said, "but we've had to cut open a safe-deposit box in a bank, and it took some time and some red tape. Then I had another little job. I'm not proud of that. I'm coming to it pretty soon, but I'm not proud of it. Still, maybe it's all for the best. It will save Walter Somers a lot of trouble."

"Walter? He is alive?"

"He is. I've been doing a little nursing now and then, in odd moments! But he's alive. He's going to live. He's conscious, too, since yesterday. And now that you've turned up the story of the will—Waite told me—I hope the family won't prosecute. He tried to do the right thing, and it nearly cost him his life."

He sat back and bit savagely on the end of a rather soggy toothpick.

"Yes," he said, "I've bungled this thing. When I did get on the right track, it was pretty late. It was the shooting of Joseph Holmes that started me straight, by the way. But I lost a lot of time, one way and another, and—well, I'll say this, our killer will never kill again."

"You've got him? The murderer?"

"Yes," he said. "Yes, and no."

I sat bolt upright in my excitement.

"Who was it, inspector? Surely I have a right to know."

"I'm coming to that." He looked at me and smiled quizzically. "But not right off. We'll lead up to it, and then there'll be no shock."

"Shock! Then I know him?"

"You do indeed," he said gravely. "That's why I want to tell you the story first, so you'll understand. We'll call it a sort of psychological preparation. And I'm going to tell the story without telling you his name. We'll call him James C. Norton, because that's the name he used when he rented the safe-deposit box—Norton. And up to a quarter to three o'clock today we hadn't a hope of landing him. We knew he was guilty—guilty as hell. We've watched

(Continued on Page 78)

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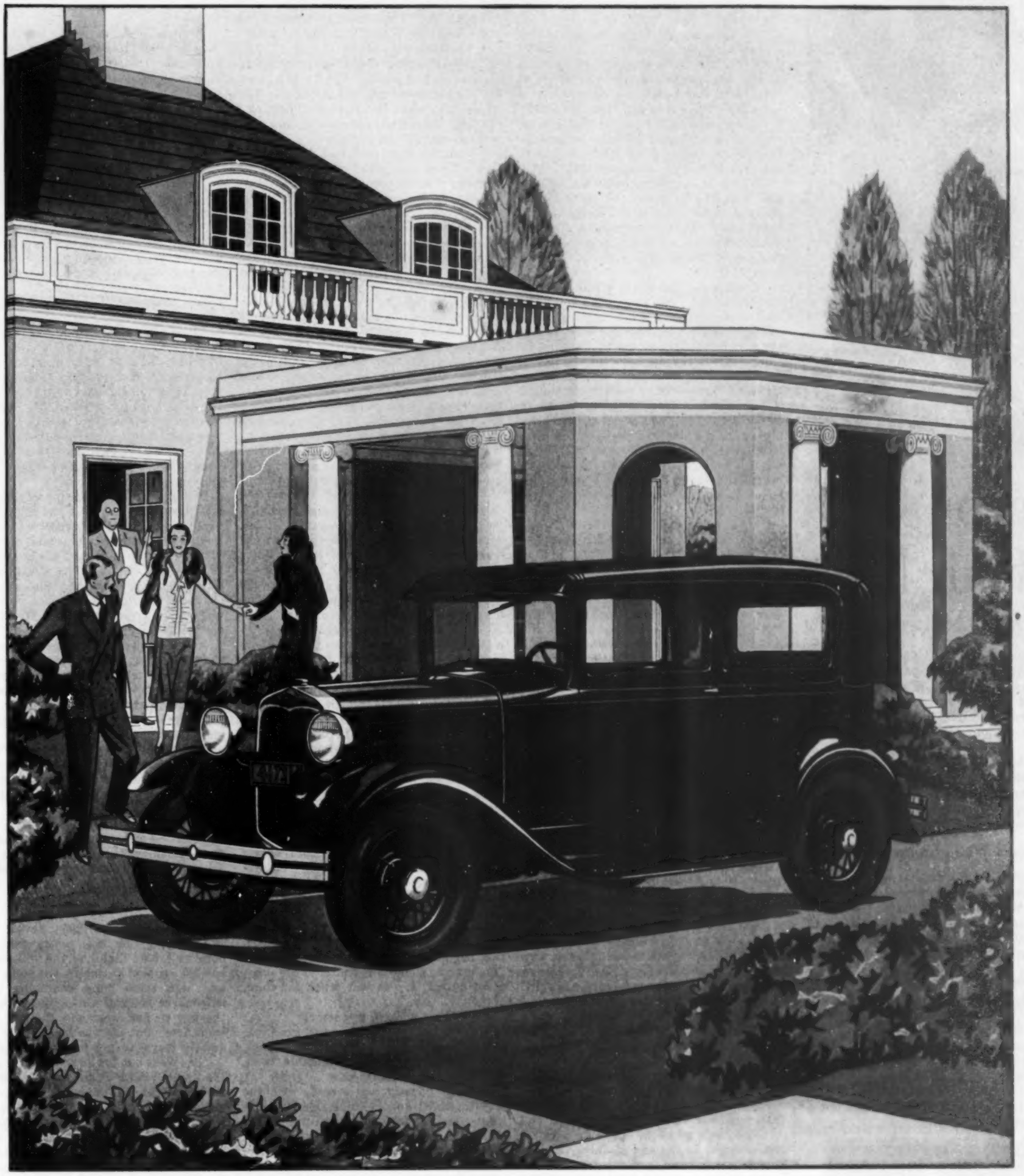

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Glostora
Glostora

(Continued from Page 74)

him and followed him, but we hadn't a thing. Then, today he went to the Commercial Bank—he had to—and he gave the show away.

"Mind you, he knew he was being watched, or he suspected it. He didn't know I'd found Walter, however. He had half killed Walter and tied him up in an abandoned farmhouse, and for a while he went back there now and then. It wasn't to his interest that Walter die. But later on it *was* to his interest that Walter Somers die. He left him where I found him—left him to die. I want you to remember that.

"Things were getting pretty hot for him, and with Walter dead, the story wasn't likely to come out. And I'll say for him that he held on to the last minute. He knew we had nothing on him. As a matter of fact, we didn't until about seven o'clock tonight.

"I want to give you a picture of this man, Miss Bell. We knew that he was at least moderately tall, and stronger than the average. After I learned the story of that little comedy at the Imperial, we knew he could act, and that he was a bit of a forger. Also we knew he was quick and catlike on his feet. But we knew some other things. This man had no heart, had no bowels of compassion. He had instead a lust for money and an infinite capacity for wickedness. Also, he had cunning—a cunning so devilish that he had not only covered up his tracks; he had deliberately thrown suspicion on another man by the manufacture of false evidence.

"Such, for instance, was the oil in Jim Blake's car; the use of Jim Blake's name on that deadly visit to New York, and the clothing, expressly arranged to give the impression to the man Parrott that it was Blake; and there was the telephone message using Blake's name. And I say, here and now, that this man would have let Jim Blake go to the chair with less scruple than I break this toothpick. That's the picture of this assassin. I want you to remember it.

"Now I'm going to somebody else. I don't need to give you a picture of her. But she seemed to be in this thing up to the neck. She was, and my hat's off to her. Her name is Mary Martin."

"Mary! What has she done but damage?"

He smiled again.

"She did her bit when the truth began to drift in on her. She tried to save Howard Somers, but this—this Norton was too smart for her. She helped to find Walter. And on the night she was seen here in the drive, she was running because she knew something. She knew there was going to be another murder or an attempt at it."

"She knew Joseph was to be killed!"

"She was afraid it would be tried. We're coming to that. But she was in a bad way herself; she suspected what had happened to Walter. She was almost crazy, that girl. So she relaxed her vigilance and you find Joseph shot."

"What possible interest had Mary Martin in Walter Somers, inspector?" I asked, bewildered.

"She had a very real interest. She had married him last fall."

He gave me a moment to comprehend that, and then went on more briskly:

"Now, let's go back. Let's go back to last summer, to the end of July. Walter Somers was in town, and one day he got a note to go to a house on Halkett Street. He went, and he met there this man I'm calling Norton, and a woman named Bassett. The Bassett woman claimed to have been a maid in Margaret Somers' employ in Biarritz, and that Margaret Somers had there given birth to a child."

"Howard Somers' child?" I asked sharply.

"No. I believe that was the plot at first—it was all a plot, anyhow. There was no such child. This girl they were passing off was the Bassett woman's own daughter by an earlier marriage. The Bassett woman had remarried. The girl's name was Mary Martin."

"Mary! And she believed it?"

"I think she did believe it for a time. She wanted to believe it. That's natural. But when the plot failed, Mrs. Bassett told her the truth. The immediate result, however, was that Walter sent for his father, and his father came here.

"Howard Somers denied the story *in toto*. He had had no second child by Margaret, and she had borne no child in Europe. The whole story was a lie. But he worked himself into a heart attack over it, and that was the start of the trouble.

"Norton's little plan had failed. But this sickness gave him a new idea. Queer how one criminal thought leads to another. He went to Walter with the scheme about the will, and Walter almost kicked him out. But Walter was in debt, and there was the idea. It got to 'eating him,' as he put it. Then, too, he was already interested in the girl. The girl was straight. She'd believed that story. As a matter of fact, when her mother told her the truth, she tried to see Howard Somers at the Imperial, but they would not let her in.

"And there's this to say in Walter's defense; he felt that he had been badly treated, that a half of the estate should have been his. Later on, when his father was dead, he went on to New York to tell the whole story. But they alienated him there, and we have to remember that he wasn't sure his father had been murdered. Mary Martin suspected it, and told him so over the long-distance telephone.

"And I'll say this for him: He went to this Norton, and Norton denied it. But he laid Norton out cold on general principles, and Norton hated him from that moment. That's what I mean when I say Walter Somers has paid his price. His wife was desperately in love with him, but she loathed the whole imposture. She threatened again and again to uncover it.

"Now, about this conspiracy to draw up a fake will. It wasn't Walter Somers' idea, although he helped to put it through, and the cleverness with which that will was put among his father's papers was not his idea either. It was simple enough, at that. Mr. Somers did not alter his mind or his will during that illness, but he did pay some notes of Walter's. In some ways he was a hard man, and he made Walter bring him the canceled notes. He meant to keep them. But Walter was afraid Mrs. Somers would find them in case his father died, so he had him indorse the envelope to be returned to him—to Walter—in that case.

"He told all this to Norton, and that was the start of the whole business. Norton suggested that a spurious will could be placed in that envelope and substituted for the notes, and that's what happened. Howard Somers himself carried back to New York and placed among his private papers that bogus will, indorsed in his own hand: 'To be given to my son Walter in the event of my death.' It was neat, when you think of it."

"Neat, but wicked, inspector!"

"Wrong, yes. Still, you must remember that no murder was contemplated. Fraud, yes; although Walter felt justifiable fraud, in a way. But murder, never.

"So the comedy was staged, with the fifty thousand dollars to be this Norton's share—his pay for that imposture, for the study he had made of Howard Somers' signature, and for that bit of comedy where he lay in a bed in a low light, on a day selected because it was dark and gray, and feebly signed that spurious document.

"I haven't been able to learn everything from Walter yet, but in that bit of comedy—and God knows, it's the only comedy there is—the Bassett woman in a nurse's uniform played Sarah Gittings. Walter had prepared for that by having her give massage treatments to his father. And Norton was Mr. Somers.

"I imagine that Norton was the man with the box of flowers the floor clerk remembered. He had long gray hair, she said, and so Norton probably wore into the hotel that day the wig made to resemble Howard Somers' hair. That flower box had flowers in it. But it had some other things, make-up and silk pajamas, a dressing gown, a few bottles and toilet articles to dress the room. That's a guess, but it's pretty accurate.

"It was Walter's room, anyhow. But they locked off the door to the sitting room, and Walter told Sarah Gittings he was having some friends there for cocktails, and to stay out.

"Yes, it looked like a waterproof scheme. The hotel manager himself brings Waite up, and Walter meets him in the hall. Nobody thinks about that door.

"Florence Gunther is brought in from the hall. When it is over, the players go away, one at a time, by the service staircase.

"Only one thing slipped. It was Sarah Gittings' custom to go out for a breath of air, and Walter took her place. But the two gray days with rain that were the best for their purpose—the twelfth and thirteenth of August—were bad days for her. She did not go out. She read a novel aloud to Mr. Somers instead, and put that on her record.

"Now, let's go on to this last spring, when Sarah met Florence Gunther. She may have remembered seeing her at the Imperial, sitting in the hall, or it may have been pure accident. It's enough for us that they met, that Sarah told her she was with you; and as your connection with the Somers family is well known, that Florence finally mentioned the will.

"Sarah Gittings was incredulous, and after learning the date of the will she went home and examined her records. She saw, then, that no such will could have been drawn on those days, and she began to try to reach Mr. Blake. She also finally induced Florence to abstract that copy from the safe, and on Monday the eighteenth of April she arranged to meet Mr. Blake at the Halkett Street house.

"She had already secreted the records in the wood cellar, but that evening she moved them to the cabinet. She had learned the terms of the will that day, and she knew well enough that there had been fraud. Also, she knew about that secret compartment in the cabinet.

"When she took the will from Florence that afternoon, she gave her the clock-dial directions. But she felt safe enough. She had no thought of danger that night, when she left this house.

"Now, I'm going to reconstruct that night of the eighteenth of April. And you must remember that Walter Somers is still very weak, and that he himself can only guess at a part of it."

XXXIII

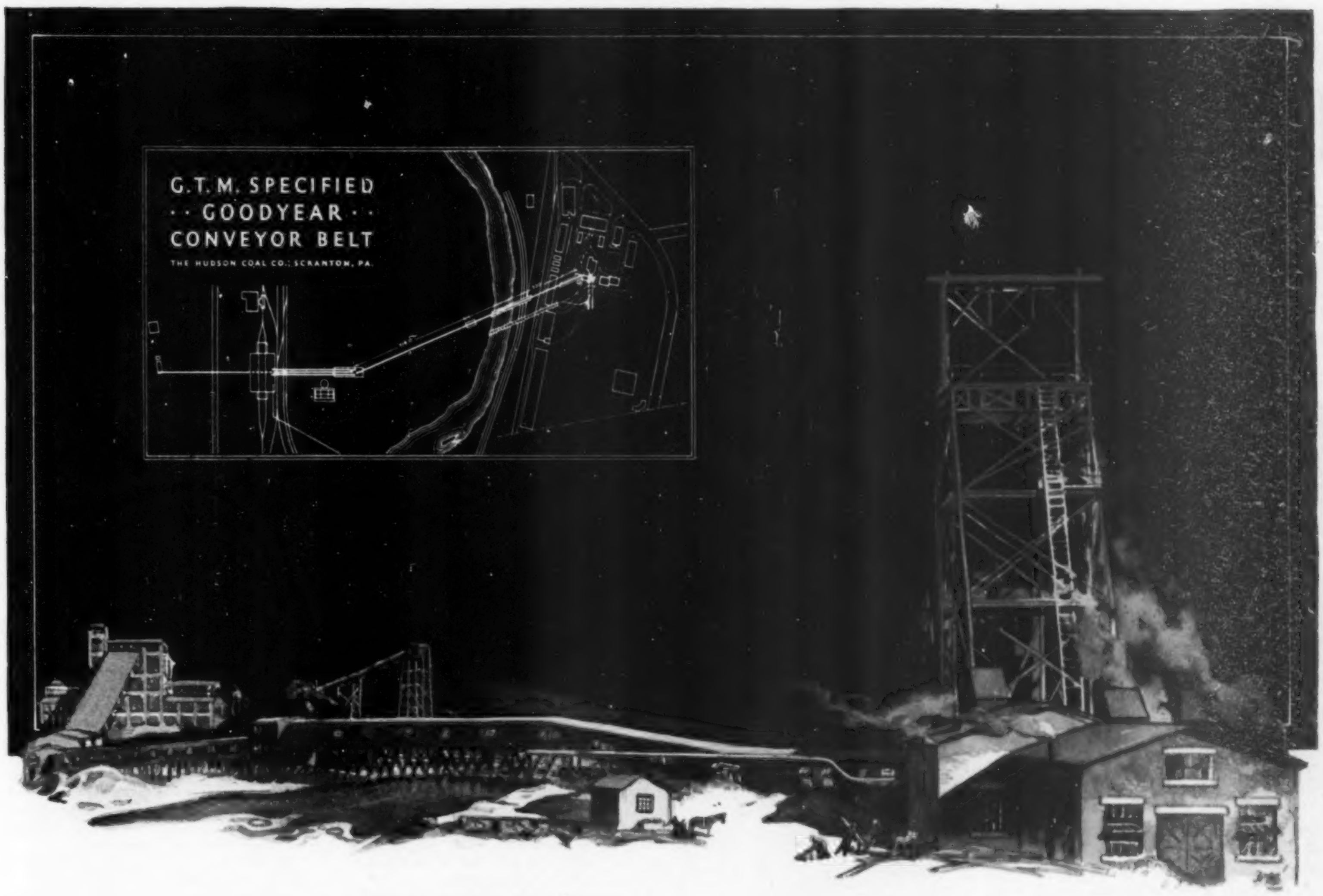
"AT FIVE minutes past seven, Sarah Gittings left this house, taking the dogs with her. She had the will for safekeeping, probably, inside her shoe—there had been some purse snatching in this neighborhood—and she carried in her bag the key to her room and the key to the front door, but she was excited that night, and she forgot to lock her bedroom door.

"She went out the door, and in the drive she found Walter Somers waiting for her. He knew that she frequently took the dogs out at that hour, and this night he knew something else. He knew through Norton, who had his own way of learning things, that she had met Florence that afternoon and received a longish legal envelope from her. It looked as though the fat was in the fire.

"After he had talked to her, Walter saw that the game was all up. He threw up his hands and told her he'd go to his father the next day and tell him the whole story. But he begged her not to tell Jim Blake. If his stepmother ever heard this story he was through. She agreed to this.

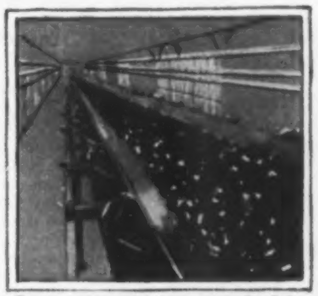
"But she would not give him the copy of the will. Said she'd left it in the house. And he didn't trust her. She had never liked him. He didn't even believe her. But she showed him her hand bag, and the will was not in it.

(Continued on Page 80)



The BELT

that moved a mountain across a river



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At the Marvine Colliery of The Hudson Coal Company, Scranton, Pa., in 1921 were two isolated mine shafts, one on either side of the Lackawanna River. For efficiency in grading and shipping operations, obviously coal from one shaft had to cross the river—an extraordinary mechanical feat.

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To help man increase his face value, a special line of men's toilet needs has been created. Here it is:

BRISK, the Florian Mint Julep Shave. **ZEST**, the Florian bracing after-shaving lotion. **SMOOTH**, the Florian powder that kills shine without showing powder. **TRIM**, the Florian hair dressing…in cleanly stick form. **STIP**, the Florian modern stoptic that closes cuts and stops bleeding instantly.

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TRIM is an improved hair dressing in modern stick form. Just go lightly over your hair with the stick of TRIM, as if you were using a brush or comb—then brush your hair and it is brushed to stay! TRIM keeps your hair neat without giving you that "hair oil" look. No greasy fingers or tell-tale marks on your hat band or on your pillow. A long-lasting stick of TRIM in a neat container for 50 cents.

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Once you open the BRISK box and treat your face to a mint julep shave you will never again bother with tube, stick or powder.

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You've heard how good a mint julep goes on a hot afternoon. Well, that's how a BRISK shave goes on your face. And there's a good reason why.

BRISK lathers freely in hot or cold water and plenty of lather is the first requirement of a good shave. BRISK forms two to three times the amount of lather, because it absorbs two or three times the amount of water. That means not only a profuse lather but one that stays moist on your face until you finish your shave!

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Brisk
"THE MINT JULEP SHAVE"
and his 4 brothers
ZesT ~ Smooth ~ Trim ~ Stip

(Continued from Page 78)

"'I'll give it back to you after you've seen your father,' she told him, and she left him standing there in the drive.

"He says—and I believe him—that he never saw her alive again. I'm not defending Walter for trying to get into the house and to get the will. He did get in, although he broke the point of his knife in doing so. While he was working at the putty of the door back there, he says he heard her whistling and calling for Jock, who appeared to have wandered off. She was, he thought, in or near the Larimer lot, and later on, when his errand had been fruitless and Joseph had helped him to escape from the house, he thinks he still heard her.

"I imagine he is right about that. The dog had run off and she hunted him. Then, instead of going on to the house on Halkett Street, she may have been coming back here to telephone and call off that meeting. In any event—perhaps because she was tired with the climbing she had done—on the way back she seems to have sat down on that log to rest.

"And that was where Norton found her, at or about the very time the officer had arrived and the house was being searched. He probably heard the dogs, and so located her. He struck her down from behind, so that she never saw him, and he thought she was dead. Later on, at ten o'clock, he went back to look, and she was still living, although unconscious. Then he finished the job. With a knife this time; a knife with a blade approximately four and a half inches long.

"Something scared him about that time, and he ran. He didn't see Blake on the hill, coming back after waiting at the Halkett Street house for her until twenty minutes to ten. He didn't see Blake, but Blake saw him. And now remember this: He—Norton—still had that wig like Howard Somers' own hair, and he was going back to see if that job needed finishing. Also very likely he hadn't got the will that first time. I believe he put that wig on his head before he went back to the lot.

"He didn't know what had happened in the interval. She might have been found, there might be a policeman there. So he put on that disguise of his and he fooled Jim Blake; evening clothes, longish white hair, and so on. It isn't hard, when the story began to come out, to see who Jim Blake thought he saw that night. It put him to bed, and it very nearly sent him to the chair."

"Then this Norton, or whoever he is, killed her for the will?"

"Partly. Partly, too, because, although Walter Somers was sick of the whole thing, Norton was determined that it go on. It was that determination that the will stand that was behind all the other murders. If Florence had kept quiet, she might have lived. He may have thought she would. She'd taken that will from the safe, and she might keep quiet about it. But she tried to see you, and that was fatal. Also, there was something else which marked her for death.

"Sarah had told Walter about her records for those two days, and when repeated searchings of this house didn't turn them up, this Norton concluded that Florence had them. Under the pretext of bringing her here to you, he lured her into a car. He killed her and searched her, and then he went to the Halkett Street house that night and examined her room. He made the Bassett woman help him. It was Mrs. Bassett the Sanderson woman heard crying.

"But I want to go back to Walter. Joseph helped him out of the house that night, and he got away down the hill behind the garage, dressed and came back here. You were expecting him, but he had to come back anyhow. He had dropped his fountain pen into the air shaft, and it bore his initials.

"He got it, as we know. He was uneasy when Sarah didn't come back, but that's all. He was afraid she'd left the dogs somewhere and gone on to New York. That scared him; he wanted to do his own confessing, and when he went out and heard the dogs in the lot next door, he thought she had tied them there. He was pretty well upset, but he went back to the club and played bridge. That is Walter's story, and I know that it is true in all the salient points. When Sarah was still missing the next day, he was worried, especially when you found she was not in New York. But he still didn't believe she was dead, and he never thought of Norton.

"When her body was found, however, he went almost crazy. He went to Norton, and Norton was shocked and grieved. Walter just didn't understand it, that's all. And when the sword stick disappeared, he began to suspect Jim Blake.

"Only, why would Blake kill her? Had she shown him that will and let him believe it was genuine? And had Blake done it in a passion of anger or to secure the will? It was the only answer he had, and we have to admit that a good many people thought the same way. The only person who didn't was Mary Martin, and she suspected Norton from the start. She'd loathed the scheme from the moment she learned about it—the will and all of it.

"But Florence Gunther's death showed Walter where he stood. I'm not defending him for keeping silent, but it's easy to see how he argued. He could not bring the two women back, and how could he prove that Norton had killed them? Norton was still protesting his innocence, calling on high heaven to show that his hands were clean.

"Then you burned the carpet from the car, and Walter was all at sea. He didn't know where he was. But Mary knew, and Norton knew she knew or suspected. She wasn't safe after that; so we have her taking Joseph's revolver and keeping it by her, and later on we have her going to New York to the Somers apartment. She went out on the Brooklyn Bridge that night and threw the gun into the river. She felt safe after some pretty awful weeks."

"But why go to the Somers apartment?" I asked, bewildered.

"Because she saw this. She is quicker than Walter, and she believed what he still didn't want to accept—that Norton was the killer. She saw Norton still holding on, searching Florence's room after her death for the records, searching this house over and over. And by the way, there's your ghost! It may be helpful with your servants!

"She saw, too, that Mr. Somers would have to go next, before the story of that bogus will was uncovered, and that with Mr. Somers dead, Jim Blake would go to the chair. Either that or Wallie would have to tell his story, and even then that mightn't save Blake. Blake mightn't have known that the will was not genuine."

"Inspector," I said gravely, "I want to know who Norton is. I must know. This is—well, it's cruel."

"I think it's kindness," he said. "I want you to realize this man first as he is. The craft of him, using Jim Blake's name to get to Howard Somers, and even dressing like him; telling Mr. Somers the proofs of Jim's guilt, and promising for a thousand dollars to keep certain things to himself; getting Mr. Somers into his study to write that check, and putting poison into the highball while he is in that study."

"And that is what he did?"

"That is what he did. And I don't mind saying that it was that check we found in his box which completed the case against him. He couldn't bring himself to destroy that check."

He looked at his watch.

"Now—I'll hurry over this—I'm going to Walter Somers again. His father's death drove him frantic. Again he had no proof, but Mary Martin was certain. She had broken the glass and raised the windows—there's an odor to cyanide—and she felt pretty sure it was murder. And if murder came out, the whole story came out. You can see why she tried to prevent that. She called Walter on the long-distance

(Continued on Page 83)

Car makers have measured YOUR BATTERY'S JOB *and picked the battery that fits it*

Left: Night-time testing, a familiar scene on car builders' testing grounds. Right: Batteries get special attention when lighting equipment is studied.

WATCH the ammeter on your car while you are on the road. Changes of speed, your lights, your stop signal and other electrical accessories all register their effects, indicate a change of the conditions under which your battery must operate.

Even the average of these conditions is not the same from one day to the next, or from one month to the next. Your battery must be large enough, therefore, and flexible enough, to compensate for wide variations.

Car manufacturers spend much time and effort in determining the electrical size as well as in selecting the make of battery that will give most satisfactory performance in the cars they build. They put cars on the road, in the hands of typical drivers. They work at night as well as in the daytime on their testing grounds. They set up extreme conditions in their laboratories, and measure each battery's ability to meet them.

Their tests are thorough, their verdicts impartial. That is why we say — you cannot make a better selection when replacing the battery in your car than car manufacturers make. The Willard Battery stands today the choice of 76 makers of cars, trucks and busses.

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The Willard wood-insulated battery is a sound value for the average driver.

If your season's mileage runs into five figures, you will find the extra battery durability you need in a Willard Thread-Rubber Battery.

Whatever type you decide to use, see a reliable battery dealer before you turn in your old battery, and let him tell you whether it is actually worn out or merely run down.

Above: Testing the generator that charges the battery in your car, and balancing its electrical output to the needs of the battery.

Left: Electric horns are tested in a sound-tight room. Car builders must know how much battery energy they consume.

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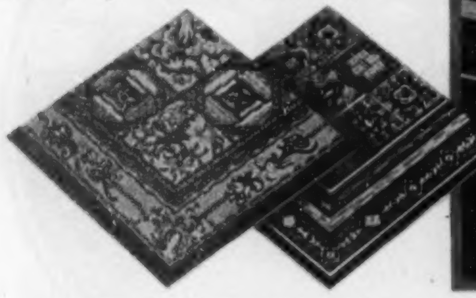
But you must remember to ask for *Armstrong's* Quaker Rugs — not only for the sake of new patterns, but because it is Armstrong's Quaker Rugs that are surface-sealed by the special Accolac Process. So they are soil-proof, stain-proof, water-proof. Dirt wipes right off! And for long wear, the sturdy felt base on which these rugs are made is water-proofed too. So you may mop them as often as you like.

In the stores, you'll know the genuine Armstrong's Quaker Rugs by the Quaker Girl certificate pasted right on the face of each. This certificate is a written promise of full value and service for the few dollars you invest.



Armstrong's Quaker Rug, Sterling Series, No. 4670.

Armstrong's Quaker Rug, Sterling Series, No. 4690.

New! Armstrong's Quaker Rug, Decoresq Series, No. 20032. Sizes up to 9 feet x 15 feet.

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FREE! ... *For the children*

New jig-saw puzzle assembled and packed in its own pretty box, all ready to give your child hours of amusement. Included also is the new free folder showing all the Armstrong's Quaker Rugs in actual colors. Write now, because the supply of jig-saw puzzles is limited. Address the Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 3003 Liberty Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and enclose four cents in stamps to cover cost of mailing.

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MADE BY THE MAKERS OF ARMSTRONG'S LINOLEUM

Hear the Armstrong Quakers on the air every Friday night, 10 o'clock, Eastern Time. WJZ coast-to-coast network.

(Continued from Page 80)

phone and told him, and he about went crazy. But a confession then was a very grave matter; here were three deaths as a result of that conspiracy, and one of them his own father. He compromised with himself. He would see that Jim Blake got off, but if he was acquitted he would let things ride.

"But the verdict was a foregone conclusion. He had to come clean to save Jim, and Norton had to confess. For he knew now that Norton had got the records. He had been over this house and he knew the cabinet. When the clock-dial cipher was read in court, all Norton had to do was to come here and get them.

"When Walter left the club, that night before the day when he was to go on the stand, he had in his pocket a full confession of the murders. He had taken it with him to force the murderer to sign it. He had determined to get that signature; at the point of a gun if necessary. But he hoped to get it by letting Norton have a chance to escape. It looked reasonable to him; if Walter went on the stand the next day, it was all over anyhow—as to the will, I mean.

"But I ought to say this: He and Norton were definitely out. There had been furious trouble between them, and of course there was the time when Walter had knocked Norton cold. Walter hated the very sight of the other man, and he knew it.

"Walter picked him up in his car, and they drove out of town, Walter talking, the other man listening. Walter was going on the stand the next day to tell all he knew. He was wary enough; he had his revolver. But Norton, too, was prepared for trouble that night. He was too quick for Walter. He knocked him out and nearly killed him, and then he took him to an abandoned farmhouse out on the Warrenville Road and left him there, tied. But it wasn't to his advantage that Walter die. He drove the car over the hill, where we found it, and he carried off Walter's revolver and locked him up. But he went back now and then, although Walter was in pretty poor shape when I found him.

"With Walter dead, Mary would tell the story, and he was through. He went back now and then, looked after him a bit. Not much. Just enough to keep him alive. But he had not been there for three days when we found him, and he was mighty close to death.

"Of course it's easy to say this now, but the case against Blake never had satisfied me. You know that. I gave you my reasons before. All along there have been some things that didn't quite fit. Why would Jim Blake invent a man in evening dress?

"Well, the answer to that is easy. He was not inventing it. He saw a man in evening dress. But he said this man's face was turned down the hill. Now, that's not possible. A man doesn't run rapidly along a bushy hillside in the dark without looking where he is going.

"So I decided that this man, conceding that Mr. Blake saw a man, was someone he knew and wouldn't mention. And after Howard Somers' death, I began to wonder if it wasn't Somers.

"But that didn't get me very far, and, to add to the confusion, Joseph is shot. Jim Blake is in jail, Mr. Somers is dead and Walter's missing. And still Joseph gets shot! I'll admit that I thought it possible at the time that Walter had done it. There was some underneath story, and Joseph either suspected or knew something. It was pretty clear to me that Joseph had had to help Walter out of the house the night he broke in. And I had had a theory that Walter knew a good bit about that attack on him at the top of the back stairs.

"Then there were some queer things about the shooting. Joseph was sitting in the pantry with the shades drawn, 'because it was safer,' but he tells some cock-and-bull story about dropping off to sleep, and that with the kitchen door standing wide open! It looked fishy to me, and, as I say, I thought of Walter Somers. He had had a revolver when he left, and of course at that time I didn't know the rest of the story. So it was for Walter's footprints that I looked the next morning, around the grounds and down the hill. But I didn't find them. I found something that I couldn't make out.

"It looked to me as though a woman had climbed that hill the night before, and gone back the same way. You'll remember that it had been raining and the ground was soft. Certainly a woman had come up that hillside, walked past the garage and through the shrubbery toward the kitchen door. And she had gone back the same way, except that she went out the front door and around back along the opposite side of the house from where the three of you were.

"But here was the queer thing. It was a heavyish woman, moving slowly, and she walked on the outsides of her feet. I'd seen prints like that before. Well, I had two choices, and I took the wrong one.

"Young Carter had been in the house at the time the shot was fired, or close to it; he had a revolver in his car, and he had a knife with the point gone, and that broken blade fitted the bit I'd picked up on the steps back there. And there were other things. He had an interest in that will and he was young and strong. I don't mind saying that I gave him considerable thought.

"It was you yourself who put me on the right track. If it hadn't been for that message of yours about the Bassett woman, I believe this murderer, this cold and crafty assassin, would be free tonight, and not where he is.

"But we had to move slowly. We had no proof; we had the story and the motive, but what else? Not a fingerprint, or a track, or a weapon! Nothing to hang the case on, and he knew it. We went through his belongings with a fine-tooth comb, and found nothing. We could jail him for forging that will, but we wanted him for four murders!"

"Four?"

"Amos was murdered," he said. "He was shoved into the river and he couldn't swim—because he couldn't swim," he amended that. "Four murders and three murderous assaults, and we had nothing. Nothing that we could lay our hands on, anyhow. But it came to me one day, sitting by Walter's bed, that if this man would do all he had done for fifty thousand dollars, he'd be likely to have kept that check for a thousand; that if he had, we had him.

"We watched him after that, day and night. And at last he slipped up. He slipped up today. He went today to the Commercial Bank to draw some money. He had an account there in the name of Norton. And he had a box there too. We had the bank open that box tonight, and we found that check there—the check and the duplicate copy of the will Sarah Gittings carried hidden the night she was killed.

"So we got him. We'd had his house surrounded, and he hadn't a chance. He walked out of that house tonight in a driving storm, and got into a car—the same car he had been using all along—the car he used to visit Howard Somers and the car in which he had carried Florence Gunther to her death, under pretext of bringing her here to you.

"But he was too quick for us, Miss Bell. That's why I say I bungled the job. He had some cyanide ready. He looked at the car, saw the men in and around it, said, 'Well, gentlemen, I see I am not to have my holiday ——'"

"Holiday! You're not telling me ——"

"Quietly, Miss Bell! Why should you be grieved or shocked? What pity have you for this monster, whose very wife crawled out of her deathbed to end his wickedness?"

"He is dead?"

"Yes," he said, "Joseph Holmes is dead."

And with that I believe that I fainted.

(THE END)

THE SACRED TRUTH

(Continued from Page 21)

you and he just said he was a-going to shoot you with buckshot. He can't deny it."

"Pshaw, Miss Esmeralda, I wouldn't mind a little thing like that," says Dan, and then Ellen laughed right out, and Esmeralda looked around and see we was all a-struggling to keep our faces straight, and her eyes flashed and she stomped her foot.

"I won't stay and listen to such—such ——" She didn't finish, but marched out of the room with her chin in the air, and we heard her go upstairs and shut a door. We could hear the door shut remarkable distinct.

"You've just got to stop plaguing that girl, Jim," says Mis' Ritchie. "It's a shame, and I'm not a-going to have it. . . . Let me take your hat, Dan. I'll go up in a little while and get her to come back. But you men have got to behave yourselves."

"I'll see that they do," says Dan. "There's no reason I know of why they can't act like gentlemen. Anyway, they'd better whilst I'm around. . . . Thank you, ma'am; I've done et. I might join you in a piece of that there pie, but I couldn't go no farther. Ain't Miss Esmeralda et her pie? Well, then, I'll wait and eat with her. You put a small piece aside for me, if you'll be so kind and obliging. How long do you think it'll be before you go upstairs, Mis' Ritchie, please, ma'am?"

She laughed, and told him that if we went out on the porch as soon as we'd finished eating, she'd go up and see what she could do. Then she went on to explain to me how p'ticular Esmeralda was. Seemed that when Esmeralda first come out to the Hills, Mrs. Joe Carson, who used to live back in the same town in Iowa when she was a girl, come out to the ranch and begun to gush and ast her how her dear, sweet ma was. Esmeralda looked at her kind of sober and allowed that her ma was well, but complaining a heap, as usual.

"She's such a sufferer, poor thing!" says Mis' Carson. "I declare my heart uster bleed for her. And now losing you! My!"

Esmeralda raises her eyebrows. "Ma'll be s'prised when I write and tell her that," she says. "From the way she always talks about you I'd have sposed that you and her didn't like each other none too well."

"Now ain't that fine!" Dan says, real enthusiastic. "Ain't that square and noble! Where will you find one young lady in a thousand that'll come out straightforward and honest like that? I cert'nly do admire a person who'll tell the truth, let the chips fall where they may. You always know where to find a girl like that, and if you don't know where she stands, all you've got to do is ask her and you can bet your sweet life you'll know then. You won't have to guess."

"You just wait!" says Jim.

"I'm dead willing to," Dan told him. "At the same time," he says, "if you and Sam are through, why not go out on the porch?"

So we went out and Dan perduced some elegant gold-banded cigars, which I thought looked mighty s'picious. Speaking generally, a boy ain't packing both vest pockets full of good cigars onless he'd got some object in it. He ain't that thoughtful of the welfare and enjoyment of others, and I notice that such, outside of politics, is usually follered by candy, and candy leads to toilet sets in plush cases, and the next thing you know he's got a ring tucked away somewheres on his person in case of emergencies after he gets his nerve up.

Hows'ever, we lit up, and we was a-starting on the second round when Mis' Ritchie come out with Esmeralda, and almost as soon as they got seated trouble broke out again. Dan had give Esmeralda his chair and had sat on the porch steps at her feet, as it were.

"You don't mind my cigar smoke, do you, Miss Esmeralda?" he asks her like a gentleman.

"I do, quite a good deal," she replies. "It's very disagreeable to me, but I don't think I shall notice it if you sit at the other end of the step."

Dan throwed away his cigar. "I wouldn't move an inch farther away from you than I had to, if I never smoked again," he says, but I seen he was some s'prised and his grin was sort of sheepish.

"Esmeralda thinks that smoking is a filthy, ontidy disgustful habit," says Jim. "Ain't that right, Esmeralda?"

"Since you ask me, that's what I think about it, Cousin James," says she. "But I don't think it was very kind of you to ask me when you already knew. It looks 's if you wanted to make me out snippy and fussy. Everybody's got a right to an opinion."

Dan took the rest of his cigars from his vest pockets and slung them as far as he could send them.

"I think you're dead right, Miss Esmeralda," he says, firm and decided. "It's all of that and more, and right here and now I quit."

"My gosh, man!" says Jim. "You oughtn't to clutter up the yard thataway. Now I've got to go and pick 'em all up after you. I call that thoughtless, and if you wasn't my guest I'd make you pick 'em up yourself. No, don't move; I'll 'tend to it."

He done so, blowing the dust off'n each cigar before he put it in his pocket. Esmeralda and Dan was a-looking at each other, her sober and him a-grinning.

"If you think so, why haven't you quit before?" she asks him.

"I'll tell you the honest truth, because it's the only thing I can tell you," he answers. "I've been smoking the most of my life because I enjoy smoking, and nobody was ever kind enough and lovely enough to point out the evil of it to me—leastways, nobody that I gave a cent what their opinion was."

"I don't see why you should value mine," she says in a low voice.

"Of course you don't," says he. "You're too modest and don't reelize. If I wasn't too bashful I could give you plenty of reasons why."

"I don't like to hear you say that," says she, shaking her head, but smiling a little.

"Say what?" he asks her.

"That you're bashful. Because it ain't true. Whatever you are, Mr. Bixby, you ain't bashful. I've seen bashful men, and you don't act anything like they did."

"That's because I struggle hard against it," Dan explains. "You mightn't think it, but deep down inside of me I'm just one blush and stammer. But if I once find out I've got a fault, the first thing I do is struggle to overcome it."

"Butter wouldn't melt in his mouth, Esmeralda," says Mis' Ritchie.

"Speaking of mouths, Mis' Ritchie, did you put that pie away for me?" Dan asks her.

"Oh, dear!" she says. "Yes, I put it away. . . . Esmeralda, won't you be a darling and show him where the pie is? I'd go myself if I wasn't so tired. Give him all he'll eat."

Esmeralda got up, cheerful and willing, and Dan followed her into the house. Mis' Ritchie giggled. "Them two would certainly make a great couple," she said. "The funny thing is I think she likes him."

(Continued on Page 86)

Buick builds *extra thousands* of miles into every Buick...

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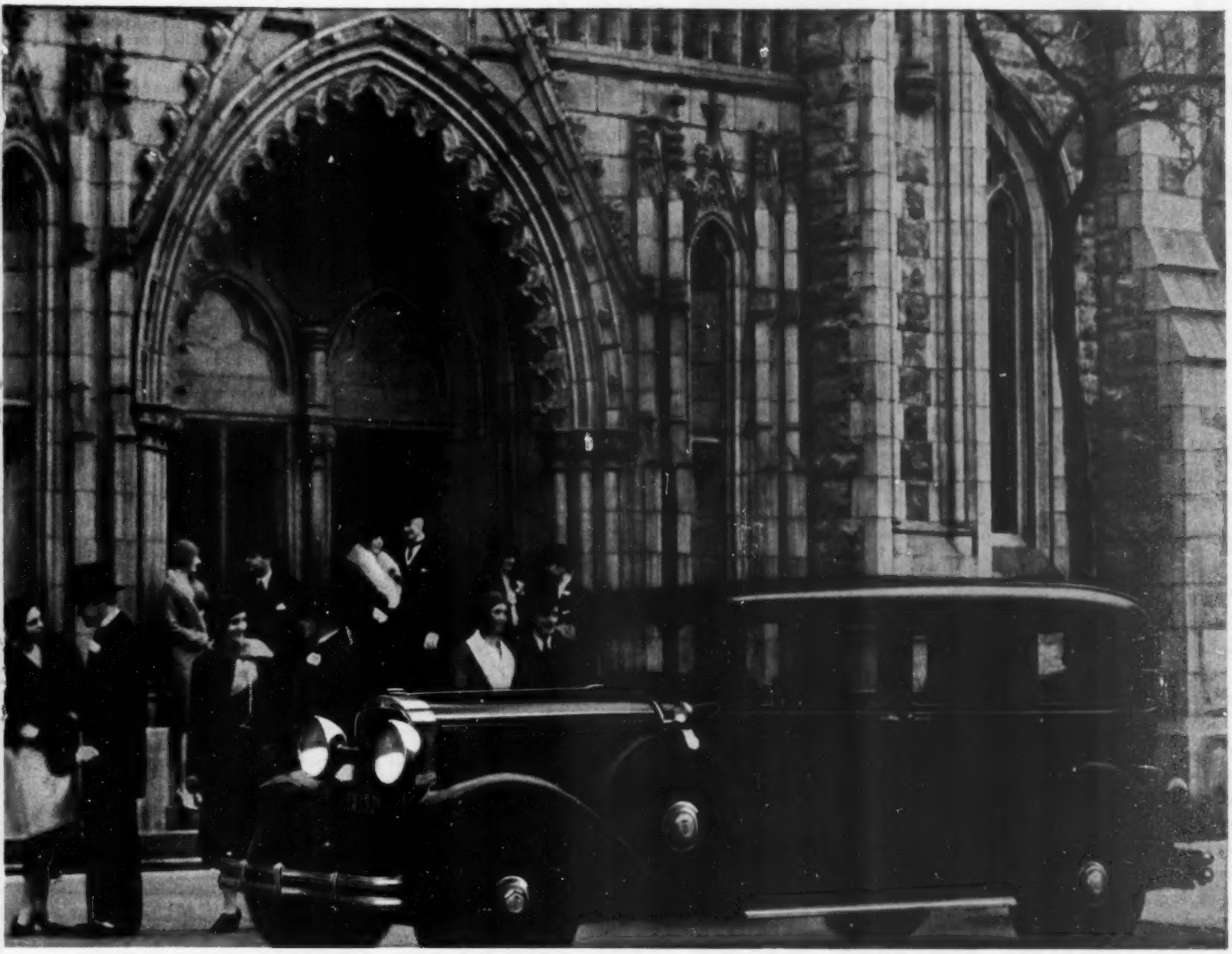

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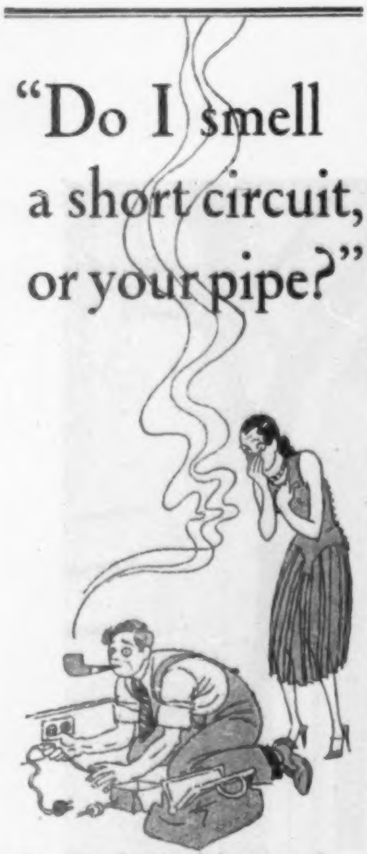
"Do I smell a short circuit, or your pipe?"



BUT why smoke a pipe that smells like burning insulation? . . . The poor chap probably never heard of Sir Walter Raleigh's favorite smoking mixture. He doesn't know there's a tobacco so mild and fragrant it gets the O. K. of even the fussiest pipe-sniffer. He doesn't know that true mildness needn't sacrifice body, flavor and "kick." He doesn't know he can smoke a pipe all day long without getting himself or anybody else all hot and bothered. In other words, he hasn't met Sir Walter Raleigh. Some day he will. Let's hope it's soon.

How to Take Care of Your Pipe

(Hint No. 4) Don't use a sharp knife to clean out the carbon. You may cut through the cake and chip the wood. A lot of little "wood spots" take away from the sweetness of a pipe. Use a dull knife or reamer. Send for our free booklet, "How to Take Care of Your Pipe." Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. 4.

B W

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Smoking Tobacco

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

It's milder

(Continued from Page 83)

"Here's another coming," says Jim. "I can see where this here ranch is a-going to be a crowded center of population before long. I'll have to put up notices. Bert Landers, ain't it?"

It was Bert Landers, one of the Lazy S boys. Considerable of a dude, Bert was—a slim, dark-complected young rooster with a little mustache that he'd raised a pet and which he considered was much admired amongst the ladies. Mabbe it was. Anyway, here he come all dressed up, and tied his horse to the bars and meanders up to the porch and s'lutes the comp'ny. First off he asks if Jim has seen anything of a bay horse with a blaze face and white stocking on the off foreleg, and branded Diamond H on the left shoulder and Half Circle 6 on the hip.

"I ain't seen no sech animile around here," says Jim, "but that don't need to prevent you from setting down and resting for a spell."

"I'll go you one if I lose," says Bert. "Have a cigar, Mr. Ritchie. Take two or three of them."

"If you'll g'ar'ntee that they won't be fatal I'll smoke them after a while," says Jim, putting three of 'em in with what he'd picked up of Dan's. "Sure I ain't robbing you?"

"You certainly ain't. I got a-plenty more," says Bert, offering me a couple to choose from, which I took and handed him a match in exchange. He lit up and began to talk about the white-stocking bay he was looking for, but after a while he says, "I hear reports and rumors that you've got a young lady schoolma'am a-staying with you. Is that so?"

Mis' Ritchie told him that there was a good deal of truth in what he had heard, and it wasn't unlikely that he'd see the young lady before he left if he wasn't in too great a rush to find the horse. He said no, the horse was in right good condition and would prob'ly keep without spoiling for a week or two yet. As it happened, he didn't have to wait a week, but it must have been a half an hour or more before Esmeralda came out, followed, slow and reluctant, by Dan Bixby. She looked real pretty too. Quite a consid'able color in her cheeks, and she give Bert a lovely smile when Mis' Ritchie introduced him.

"Well, it took you a long while to eat that pie," says Mis' Ritchie. "You sure didn't take no resk of it disagreeing with you by bolting it down."

"He didn't eat hardly any," says Esmeralda. "He was a-talking nonsense nearly all the time."

"You don't want to believe all he tells you," says Bert.

"Don't you think so?" she asks him.

"Not more'n about one per cent of it, anyway," says Bert. "Like as if he said today was a fine day or that he'd sooner talk to you than eat pie. Even so, I'd play safe and go outside and look at the sky to make sure it hadn't clouded up. I guess you could take his word for the other."

"You ain't a-playing safe when you make cracks like that about me," said Dan. "I ain't in the habit of lying, hombre, and when you make intimations to the contrary you'd be a better life-and-accident-insurance risk if you tickled a mule's hind foot with a toothpick."

"That's a pretty good one itself," says Bert, laughing. "Almost as good as the one you told about them burros down in Texas."

"What was that?" Jim inquires. "I never heard that. Tell it, Bert, unless it's something that can't be told when ladies is present."

"I notice he's a-blowing a lot of filthy, disgusting cigar smoke right in ladies' faces," says Dan.

"They like the smell of a good cigar," says Bert. "I've often heard 'em say so. Here," he says, fishing in his pocket, "have one on me."

"I thank you kindly, but I don't smoke. It's a dirty, unwholesome, foolish habit," says Dan, "and I've got my opinion of them that's slaves to it."

"What did I tell you?" says Bert, laughing louder yet. "And he always gets them off without cracking a smile," he says to us. "Look at his face now!"

"Yours won't be much to look at mighty soon if you keep on thataway," says Dan, and anybody could see that he was losing a whole lot of his good humor. Jim didn't care, though. That old devil was always tickled to death when he could stir up something. He kept on at Bert to tell about them burros.

"It was really Bobby Nivens told it on him," says Bert. "Seems like him and Dan was working together on some ranch down in Texas. I disremember the name of the outfit, but Bobby can tell you. Anyway, they sent Dan to town with a team of big American horses to get a load of something or another. Well, he got a load all right. It was a considerable of a jag, the way Bobby told it, s' much so that he got the idee that them horses was his and sold 'em to a stranger a-traveling north, investing the purchase price in a poker game. When he woke up the next morning he went through his pockets and found eight dollars and some chicken feed left. That made him right remorseful, because Dan's as honest as the day when sober. Another thing, that truck he'd been sent to get was needed at the ranch right bad. Well, what he done, he gave a greaser five dollars out of the eight for a pair of burros and harnessed 'em up to the wagon and drove back. Natcherally, when the foreman of the outfit come to where he was unloading, he wanted to know where that team was.

"'Why, there they are,' says Dan, looking a heap s'prised and innocent, 'right in front of the wagon.'

"'I'm talking about them horses I sent you with,' said the foreman.

"'Them's them,' says Dan. 'Course they ain't looking so well as when they left, and I own up it's my fault, but the fact is I let them horses drink at them alum springs on the way down, not thinking. They was right dry and drunk a consid'able, and they been a-shrinking all the way in. I was hoping you wouldn't notice it.'"

Jim slapped his leg and haw-hawed with Bert, and Mis' Jim giggled, but Esmeralda looked at Dan mighty ser'ous. "Is—that—true?" she asks him.

"Of course it ain't," he says, and he said it kind of short. I chipped in and tried to back him up, but Esmeralda wanted to know how and why and which, and Bert started to explain how alum shrunk up your skin, and Jim had to joke her, so you could see she was all tangled up. Finally Dan spoke up and asked Bert if he hadn't said something about hunting a bay horse. Bert said yes, he had, and went on and told him the marks and brands.

"Then you come with me," says Dan; and when Bert said there wasn't no rush, Dan took him by the arm and, asking us to excuse them, led him over to the bars where their horses was tied. They stood there a minute or two and seemed to be arguing about something, and fin'ly they both mounted and rode off together at a lope.

"Well, if that don't beat time!" says Mis' Ritchie. "And Dan didn't even get his hat!"

"Where have they gone to?" Esmeralda asks, wondering.

"I reckon Dan knows where that horse is and they've gone to round him up," Jim answers her.

"But what is there so secret about it?" she wants to know. "Why didn't they say something?"

"The less said, the soonest mended," says Jim. "Horses is ticklish things to talk about." And that's all she could get out of him.

Dan wasn't acting any too happy the next time I seen him, which was about ten days later, in the county treasurer's office, where he'd been paying a robber tax on a overestimated bunch of cows that he'd accumulated at odd times and places. But then a man never looks real joyful when he's a-paying taxes.

"But we've got to do it," Dan says. "If there wasn't no taxes there wouldn't be no school fund, and if there wasn't no school fund there wouldn't be no schoolma'ams, so I reckon it's all for the best."

I ast him had he been seeing any of them instructors of the young lately, and he said not to do any p'tic'lar good, he hadn't. "To tell you the honest truth, Sam, she ain't treating me none too good," he says. "Come and set down with me on the steps outside and I'll tell you about it, and ast your advice about something."

He took me by the arm like he'd took Bert, and that put it in my head to mention Bert.

"Bert put up a tol'able good scrap," says he. "He apologized for the break he had made, and we parted good friends, with the understanding that he was to keep away from Ritchie's as much as possible in future, specially on Sunday afternoons. That's between you and me. Bert's all right when you get him to look at things the right way, but he ain't got no tact like he should have, and he done me a lot of damage with that fool story. You see, Miss Esmeralda don't savvy—and there ain't no reason why she should, sweet innocent young lady like she is. And the devil of it is that I can't seem to explain to her. I was over there a Sunday again, and she put a lot of questions to me that I couldn't answer without lying, and she got me all mixed up, and then said she didn't want to hear no more—and she wouldn't. I went to the schoolhouse the next day a little afore noon. I couldn't lay-way her, 'cause Jim always drives her there and back. I told her that I'd like to address the scholars on George Washington or something, but she wouldn't let me; and come recess, she told me I'd have to go, please, and not come back again, account it wouldn't look well, and I spose she thought it would make talk."

"It would," I says. "If you was a married man and had kids there it might be different, but even so, if you didn't take your wife along, remarks would be made."

"How am I a-going to get to be a married man if she won't listen to me?" he wants to know. "And on top of that," says he, "I rolled me a cigarette and lit it without thinking."

"I noticed you was still smoking," says I.

"Why, that's so," he says, slamming his cigarette down and grinding it under his heel. "I'm always forgetting! . . . Sam," he says, "it's tough. I wouldn't have her no different from what she is, but her being what she is makes it hard on me, being what I am, to get her to understand that I ain't her. Now, see here; if you tell a girl that her eyes are bright as diamonds, and her complexion is peaches and cream, and her lips resembles coral or cherries or something, that's all right, ain't it? They're good old standbys, ain't they? And nobody ever took exception to 'em that ever I knew, until I sprung them on her, sincere and heartfelt, but she calls me down and says they ain't nothing of the kind, and I must think she's a fool if I expect her to believe it. She says she owns a mirror, and her ears ain't no more like shells than they are like pork sausage, and if her complexion was like peaches and cream she'd go to a doctor right away, and so on, and so forth, and if I wasn't a-going to eat that pie we might just as well go back on the porch, because she hated to listen to lies. She even denied up and down that she was an angel."

"She's right about that," I says.

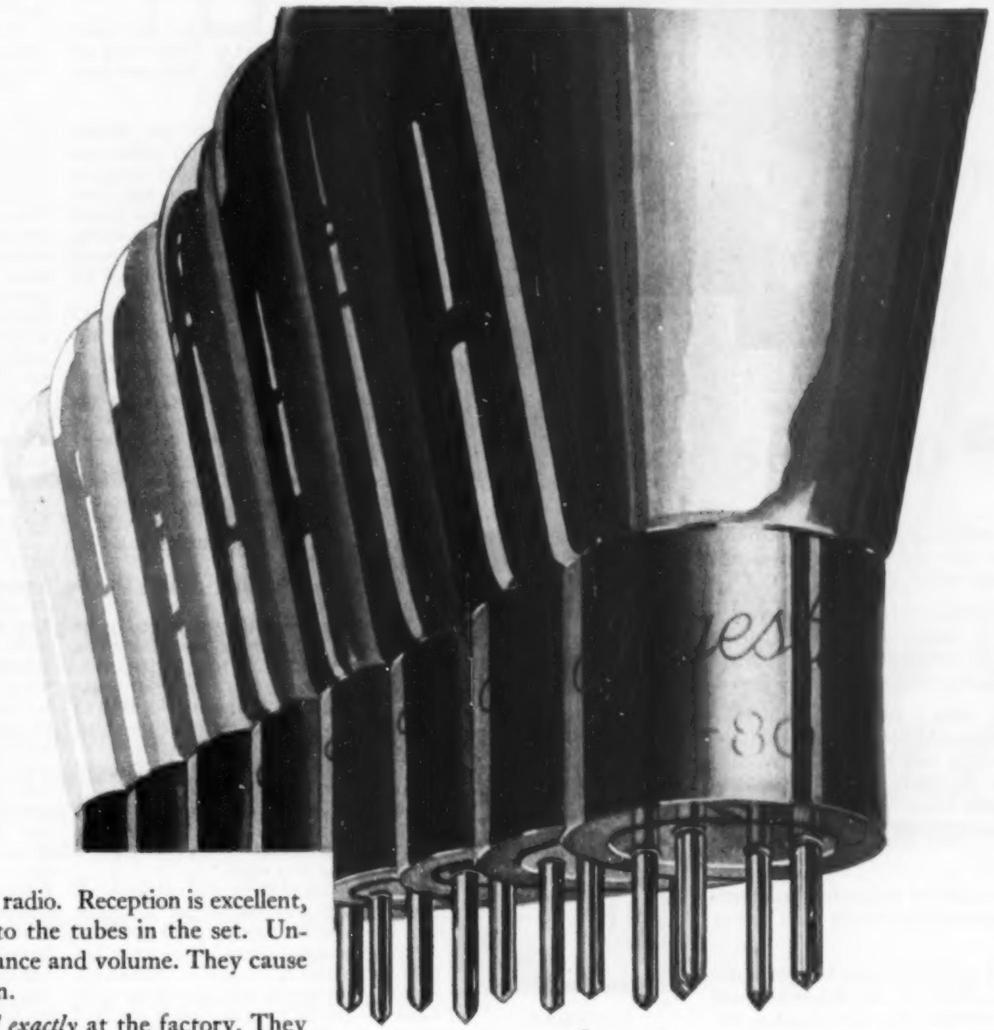
"You're a liar," says Dan. "That's just exactly what she is, and I can whip any ginger-whiskered son of a gun that says contrary."

"Being as it was her statement, I supposed that it was the truth," I says, "but if you think she was falsifying and feel like hopping my frame and toying with my whiskers, you can make the attempt and welcome. You can't die but oncet," I says, "and I'll make it as painless as I can."

"There you go—flying right off the handle," he says. "I come to you pleading for

(Continued on Page 88)

For sparkling, vivid COLORFUL tone *insist on* MAJESTIC *matched* RADIO TUBES



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For all foot troubles there is a specific Dr. Scholl Appliance or Remedy—10 in all—each one guaranteed to relieve and permanently correct the ailment for which it is designed. All are made under Medical and Orthopedic supervision. Sold at all Shoe, Drug and Department stores.

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(Continued from Page 86)

help, and you try to pick a fuss with me. Now, look here, Sam; she thinks a heap of you. I ain't lying, Sammy; it's so. I mean she respects and admires you, because she says you're truthful and can see two sides of a question. She thinks you're intelligent, too, and resembling of a fine old uncle she used to have, and you must have been awful handsome when you was young. Now you could help me out if you went over there and had a talk with her and showed her—well, you know; sort of explain. She wouldn't think you was stringing her like she would if it was Jim Ritchie. If you could only make her understand, that's all I'd ask. I'll get Jim off somewheres so's he won't horn in and spill the beans, and you tell her—well, put me right with her. You do that and I'll give you my right arm or either one of my legs any time you need 'em."

"Well, I'll think it over and see what I can do," I promised him. "But what she needs," I says to myself, "is a right good spanking."

Well, I turned the trick. Jim Ritchie played right into my hand by asking me, right afore Esmeralda, what had brung me over, and I told him the truth was I was mighty nigh out of grub and I was plumb tired of my own cooking. I said that mabbe I ought to have given him a song and dance about hankering for the pleasure of his company, but such was not the case.

"How about the pleasure of our s'ciety?" Esmeralda asks, and I told her that I certainly had looked forward to seeing her and Mis' Ritchie, but it hadn't been that alone that started me. I might have got along with beans and what I could scrape out of the bottom of a flour barrel, but, furthermore, I'd run out of smoking tobacco, and that was a hardship that I couldn't stand.

I give Mis' Ritchie a wink and she ketched on and lit into me. "Well, it's the truth," I says. "I wouldn't have told you if Jim hadn't asked me."

"It ain't a nice thing to say, all the same," she says.

"I don't agree with you, Ellen," says Esmeralda. "I honor Mr. Stegg for telling the truth."

"Well, of course, that's his great weakness," says Jim. "I spose we'll have to overlook it. And being out of tobacco kind of softens the blow."

"Is it reely a hardship, Mr. Stegg?" Esmeralda asks.

"My dear," says I, "to a man who's smoked the most of his life, it's like being without air to breathe. It's a misery and a hankering day and night."

"Ain't that awful!" she says, real sympathetic. "But it's so bad for you. You know that it poisons the system, don't you?"

"I've heard so, but my observations has been to the cont'ry," I says. "The way I look at it, it does a man more good than harm. I may be mistaken and it may kill me before I'm ninety, but there ain't no denying that it helps to keep away mosquitoes, and the revenue helps to s'port the gov'ment of our grand and glorious country; so I look on it as a sort of a duty. I fought for the flag when I wasn't no more'n a boy, and now I'm willing to sacrifice my system for it."

"Was you in the war?" she asks, interested.

"He was one of our bravest and most distinguished bounty jumpers," says Jim. "He served in the Horse Marines with great distinction, and was awarded a putty medal for storming a henhouse in Georgia. Well, I reckon we might feed him and let him have a fill or two for his pipe."

Well, s'fice it to say that by the time dinner was over I had made myself tol'able solid with Esmeralda, and when Dan Bixby showed up I'd already put in a good word or two for him, here and there, which wasn't received so bad as I had kind of feared. It happened, just as Dan come, that Jim was a-blowing about a team of three-year-old oxen that he'd broke to plow the spring before and which was now on the range, but could be got up easy if I knowed anybody that wanted the best-pulling yoke of steers that ever pushed shoulder against a bow.

"No scrub stock," says Jim. "They've got a quite a consid'able Durham and some Polled Angus into 'em."

"With a strain of longhorn and buffalo crossed with wildcat," Dan s'gests.

I shook my head at him, not knowing how Esmeralda would take it. She'd greeted him real pleasant when he come, and it had kind a gone to his head. Hows'ever, she hadn't seemed to figure out that pedigree. She just allowed it was funny to see oxen plowing like in Bible times and asked me if I hadn't drove oxen at one time.

"Quite a consid'able," I says. "I was just a-going to tell Jim I wish he could have seen my lead team, Buck and Bright, pull. Any one of my string would pull the tongue out of a wagon if they was put to it, but Buck and Bright was something extry."

"I reckon they'd pull a whole wagon if it was empty and the wheels greased good and the road downhill," Jim sneers.

"They'd do better than that," I says. "Just for instance: One time I was on the trail near Camp Clark, this side of the Platte, with a four thousand load of coal ile, cattridges, flour, and what not, all bulky. I'd got over the big gravelly hill all right, but when I come to the pitch just on beyond—you know it, Jim—well, right there they commenced for to scratch and the wagon come to a standstill. You know I'm not the man to take the hide off of my bulls because they've got more than they can handle, but all the same I figured that they might put more of their heart into the pulling and save me the trouble of unloading that heavy truck, if they heard the pop of a whip.

"I didn't have no whip, because it wasn't a necessity with that team of mine, but I had a right good thong stowed away in the mess box in case of accident, and I got it out and looked around for some good material for a stock.

"Well, there wasn't nothing right handy, but I seen a little clump of timber a piece off from the road, so I allowed I'd go over and cut me a good stick, and I lit out so to do. You know how it is when you hunt for a stick. Every blame one of them was too crooked, or too thick, or too thin, or something. I hunted high and I hunted low, and far and wide, and finly I found a piece I thought would do, and I hurried back. I reckon I must have been gone the best part of an hour. You know where that timber is, Jim. Off to the right of the road and, consequently, cat-a-cornered to the line of the hill. Well, pretty soon I come out in sight of the road; and by the great horn spoon, that team and wagon was gone! Not hide nor hair of them in sight. Now, I knowed that they wouldn't have pulled up that steep pitch without me; so all there was to it, I figured, Injuns or something must have run 'em off. I stopped short and studied that over, and then I made a deetower and clumb the top of the ridge, well under cover of the hogback rock, but when I got to the top and looked over into the valley, there wasn't nothing in sight. It couldn't have been Injuns. That was plain, but I waited a spell and then I crawled back mighty cautious to the road, and there I found the team.

I might have knowed it if I'd happened to think. They'd simply scratched, trying to get up that pitch, until they had plumb buried theirselves. They was at least five foot down from the level of the road bed, and still a-scratching gravel when I found them. If Bud Jones hadn't have come along behind me with his outfit, I reckon they'd have been there yet."

Danny was looking at me with his mouth open, horror-struck. Jim says, "Why, no; I reckon they'd have worked their way down to China by this time and been taught the Chinee language."

"That's absurd," says Esmeralda. "The center of the earth is all molten rock, according to geologists, and who'd have fed them? Do you know the diameter of the globe?"

Dan let out a sigh of relief. I disremember what the diameter of the globe is, but

(Continued on Page 91)

EASY

TO EXPLAIN –

THE LOGIC OF AVOIDING RUST IN THE HOME . . . . WITH COPPER BRASS AND BRONZE

WHEN metals that rust are used in the home, trouble and expense inevitably follow. Water pipes clog, discolor the water, eventually rust through and leak. Gutters, rain-pipes and roof flashings usually fail in six or seven years . . . screens in much less time . . . Every such rust failure means a costly repair or replacement.

It is only logical that thousands of home owners are turning to Anaconda Copper, Brass and Bronze. These metals *cannot rust.* Water pipes of Anaconda Brass last indefinitely, trouble-free, expense-free, and supply clear, clean water as long as the house stands. Exterior metal work of Anaconda Copper remains strong and durable, after years of exposure. Window and door screens of Anaconda Bronze Wire last for years without patching or repairing . . . And these are only a few of the places where copper, brass and bronze save money.

The additional first cost of Anaconda Metals over metals that rust, is surprisingly small, and is soon saved in freedom from expense for repairs and replacements. The booklet "Rust-proofed" gives the facts. The American Brass Company, General Offices: Waterbury, Connecticut.

Gutters, rain-pipes, roof valleys and flashings of trade-marked Anaconda Copper never rust out. End costly replacements.

Anaconda Brass Pipe cannot rust. You get plenty of clear, clean water, always. No rust-clogged pipes, no leaks due to rust.

Remember that rust stains clothes and linen. A good reason for insisting upon a copper tub in the washing machine you buy.

A water heater with a copper tank is by far the most durable made. Another use where long life of copper saves expense.

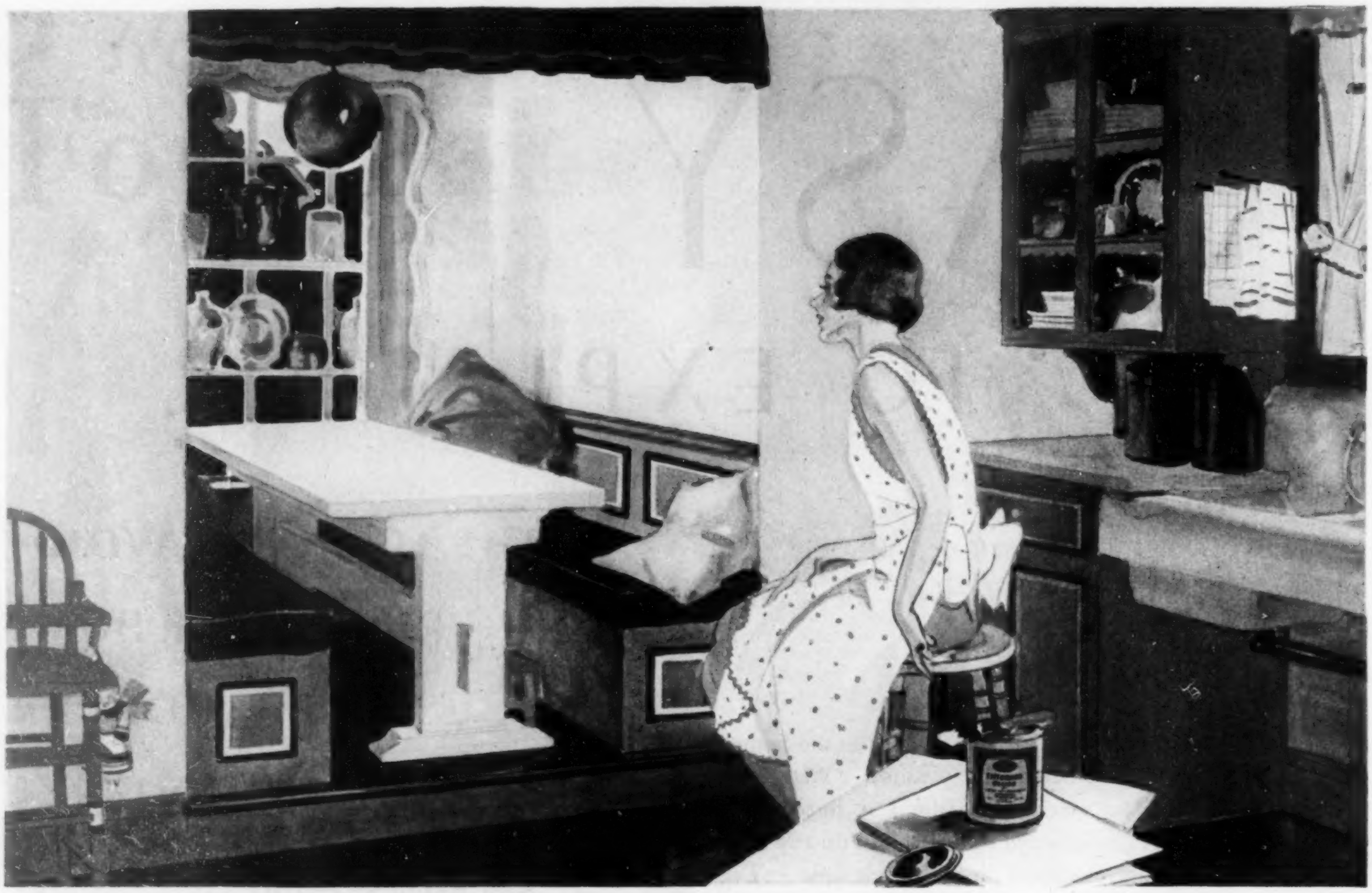
Copper radiators are small, compact and inconspicuous in the room. They give relatively more heat in a shorter time on less fuel.

ANACONDA
from mine to consumer

Anaconda Copper, Brass and Bronze add long years of service to the many products in which they form vital parts.

ANACONDA

COPPER – BRASS – BRONZE



"I want a paint I can use as readily as soap and water."

"Find out what women want." An exhaustive study of paint needs of the home convinced us that women are natural home decorators. They love to create beauty. A woman's home is what a canvas is to an artist—a means for expressing her feeling and yearning for color and decorative charm.

We also discovered that women were not satisfied with old-fashioned finishes. For the little odd jobs they wanted paint which could be applied easily and which dried so quickly that freshly painted things were not a danger to clothes. For more important work done by professional painters, paints were formulated that would meet the exacting requirements of these craftsmen. At the same time they would give to women products that would keep their first beauty and warm lustre.

To produce the kinds of paint which women wanted, a large staff of du Pont scientists, working in the best equipped paint laboratory in the world, devoted years of research and experimenting. Many old paint formulae were discarded. They searched for entirely new basic substances, for new color pigments, for new methods of mixing.

One by one, remarkable finishes came from the laboratory. "These finishes will satisfy the requirements of women," said du Pont scientists. How did they know? Because no finish is released from the laboratory until years of testing have proved that it will endure and hold its beauty. One method of testing is to expose the finish to sun and weather on du Pont "Paint Farms," one of which is shown at the right. Paint Farms are located in sections where conditions are most severe. A finish which has made good on du Pont Paint Farms will make good anywhere.

There is a new, perfect du Pont finish which will satisfy every need. A remarkable gloss finish, very economical, for walls and wood trim, is called Interior Gloss. A floor varnish of great durability is named "Supremis." There is a superior enamel of exquisite depth of tone, with the soft lustre of polished ivory, named "Flowkote." "Floor and Deck" is a perfect finish for porch floors. Amazing Duco was another result of this scientific effort to create better finishes. It has brought to women a new era of lovely color in the home.

These fine finishes can be applied easily. They dry quickly and retain their beauty of color and surface.

A du Pont dealer can help you to get just the right paint for the job you are planning. Write to the du Pont Home Decoration Service for expert advice on making your home beautiful. We shall be glad to send you a valuable free book, "Modern Color Schemes for the Home."

One of the du Pont Paint Farms

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& COMPANY, INC.
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PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DU PONT PAINTS . . . VARNISHES . . . ENAMELS . . . DUCO

(Continued from Page 88)

she told us at the time. Mis' Ritchie says, admiring, "My! Just see what it is to be educated!"

"Funny you wouldn't have made 'em quit pulling when you started after that whip-stock."

"Yes," I agrees, "I might have known. One reason is that it hadn't been but a couple of months back that something sim'lar happened up in the northern hills. I was hauling a big load of green poles out of a narrow canyon, down one side of it, and angling up on the other side. I'd run ahead to the leaders—Buck and Bright—to make the crossing, which they done, and they was a-climbing the op'site trail when all of a sudden they kind of checked. I spoke to them encouraging and they heaved ahead, but I could see they was feeling the load more and more, and finly they stopped, scratching, but not getting no further up. I spoke to them again and again, but it wasn't no use. They was a-straining for all they was worth. Then I looked back, and I don't know whether you'll believe me when I tell you that the rest of the team—ten yoke—was strung out acrost the canyon by the taut chains like a line of washing hung out to dry, twenty foot from the ground. You see, coming down the last steep pitch on the other side, the wheelers had hawed out of the track and brought the wagon against a fallen pine, where nothing could have moved it, and old Buck and Bright had simply gone ahead and pulled the others around and acrost, and straightened up the slack and held it. I tell you I had to back 'em mighty careful or some of the middle oxen would have broke their necks afore I got 'em eased down."

"Wasn't that wonderful!" exclaims Esmeralda.

"I take my hat off to you," says Jim. "They was sure pullers!" He was a-going to say more, but Dan got up and ast him if he wouldn't go out to the garden and show him them rutabagas that he'd been bragging about; so they went off together, and Mis' Ritchie, remarking that two was comp'ny, excused herself and went into the house, leaving me and Esmeralda taty-tate.

"I notice that Mr. Bixby ain't smoking," says Esmeralda. "Do you think he's suffering much?" She asked that kind of anxious.

I told her that he prob'ly was, but he was the kind of a boy that was always willing to suffer for the right, even if it was wrong. She said that maybe he'd be the better for it in the long run; but what she couldn't understand was how a man like Mr. Bixby, with so many good p'ints, would tell lies, and tell 'em right along. I claimed right away that she was mistook and that Dan loved the truth more than any man I ever knowed.

"I don't know as I'd better say any more, though," I says. "I might hurt your feelings."

"I'd like for you to tell me the truth," she says. "The truth never hurt nobody."

"My dear," I says, "you're dead wrong about that. The truth is a mighty dangerous thing to use without judgment. It's got a sharp cutting edge, and you know the saying that children hadn't ought to be trusted with edge tools, account they're likely to hurt themselves and other folks. You're real childish in regards to that, if you'll excuse me for mentioning it for your own good."

"You cert'nly ain't very polite," she says, coloring up a little.

"No," says I, "I'm truthful. Mis' Joe Carson was a-trying to be p'lite when she ast about your ma, and you swung the truth at her and cut her up a considerable. Mabbe it'll take quite a while for them cuts to heal. Mabbe it done her good. But I doubt it."

"I don't care," says she. "She oughtn't to have lied. I hate it! Did Ellen tell you about that?"

"My guess," says I, "is that the woman was a-trying to make you feel good. She might have forgot that there was any unpleasantness betwixt your ma and her. Some folks do try to forget what's unpleasant. All is, she wanted to be nice, and you slapped her face for it—in a manner of speaking. Be that as it may, Dan Bixby loves the truth, which is one reason why he's fell in love with you."

"How redic'lous!" she says. "I don't b'lieve it, and you've no right to say such things to me." She colored deeper than she had afore.

"You don't want to listen to any more, do you?" I says. "Even if it's the truth."

"Yes," she says. "Go on, please. I can listen, even if I don't agree with you. I think you are honest and that you mean well."

"I think the same about you," I told her, "but you ain't got the right idee about what's truth and what ain't, and when Dan finds that out—which he will, sooner or later—he won't be so foolish about you. Now, you b'lieved in Santy Claus when you was a young one, didn't you?"

"No," she replies. "My parents never deceived me by telling me that nonsense."

That took me aback some. "It ain't nonsense," I says, "and it's one reason why you're so easy deceived now. It's a pity!"

She begun to laugh, and it wasn't put on, neither. "I must say that you are funny," she says. "You're worse than ever I was to Mis' Carson." She laughed again, and I was glad to hear her, because it sort of showed that she wasn't altogether hopeless. I told her that, and when she'd thanked me kindly, I said we'd get down to cases and ast her if she ever read po'try.

"Not much," she says. "I like good po'try, but I never had much time for it."

"Well," says I, "you take Annie Laurie. You've heard that sung, ain't you?"

"Yes, I have, often; I sing it myself sometimes," she answers. "I think it's lovely," she says.

"But it's plumb full of lies," I says, "the way you look at it. If Annie had a neck like a swan she might have got a good job in the side show of a circus, but nobody would have laid them down and died for her."

She laughed, and then she said she'd never thought of it thataway, but I was right, and of course it was a lie. I said that it was prob'ly the sacred, living truth. "I reckon mabbe her neck had an elegant curve to it—like yours has got, if you'll excuse me for mentioning it," I says—"slender and graceful, with a pretty girl's head on it, not a swan's. If that was so, the feller told the truth. If I told you your cheeks was like roses this minute, I'd be telling you the truth, because they're the color of red roses. That ain't saying they've got petals and a stem."

"No wonder if they're red," she says, laughing and trying to cover her face with her hands.

"Did you b'lieve what I told about them oxen of mine a while ago?" I ast her, and she took her hands from her face and looked at me s'prised, and said of course she did, and wasn't it true?

"Yes," I says, "the nub of it was true. Buck and Bright was sure extra good pullers. The rest of it was what you might call decorations and trimming, because they never done what I said they done. No oxen could, and I didn't expect anybody to b'lieve that part. You've got to make allowances for a person's intentions and decorations, like in po'try or a book. I reckon the man that wrote about little Rollo wasn't counted no liar, but he decorated that kid a whole lot. I've heard it claimed that George Washington never cut down no cherry tree, but even if it was a gooseberry bush, or allowing that it wasn't nothing but that George was extry truthful, I wouldn't call the story a lie out and out. I'd say it was the truth with trimmings. The nub would be there."

She studied on that a while. "I think I see what you mean," she says. "But about Mr. Bixby," she says; "do you reckon that story that Mr. Landers told had the nub of truth in it?"

"Sure!" I told her. "Bobby Nivens told it for a joke in the first place. I couldn't say exact how it was, but there ain't no doubt but what Dan has played poker and lost money at it in his time, and he may have drunk liquor more'n was good for him oncet in a while. He might have lost them horses, account of their straying off or something, and done the best he could with a couple of burros, and it would have been just like Dan to have said that the horses had shrunk—but not expecting anybody would b'lieve him. Everybody that knows Dan will tell you his word's good and that he wouldn't embezzle nobody's horses, and that outside of high sperits and a little mischief, he's harmless. You ought to have sense enough to know that, girl."

"I guess I've been a fool," she says.

"If a person's smart enough to reelize they've been foolish and is too big-natured to get mad with a friend that's trying to put her on the right track, she's doing mighty well, and as good as anybody could," I says.

"I ain't mad, and I think you've been awful kind to tell me what you have," she made answer, and when I said to shake on it she gave me her hand and a grip that showed she meant what she said, even if there was tears in her eyes when she smiled.

Well, I didn't stay long after Dan and Jim joined us. I knowed that I'd done all I could and it was up to Dan to clinch the nails I'd drove. Dan done that, follering my instructions, and everything turned out lovely, with the goose hanging high, and if ever I need Dan's right leg at any time, all I've got to do is get me a good knife and a saw and hunt him up at wherever he is.

I met Mis' Ritchie in Liebmann's dry-goods store less than a week after.

"Dan Bixby and Esmeralda is a-going to get married," she busts out, all excited. "It's a secret, though. I guess it only happened last night, and Esmeralda ain't told me yet. What do you think of that?"

"How do you know it?" I ast her.

She giggled. "Well, it was kind of by accident," she says. "I didn't mean to listen, but the setting-room door where they was stood ajar. Jim and me had retired, I don't know how long—and this was the third time since Sunday that we'd retired on 'em. Anyway, it had been a long time, but I'd got kind of nervous and couldn't get to sleep, so I thought I'd get me a drink of water in the kitchen. So, being as I had to pass the door, and it being ajar and a-smell of cigarette smoke, I couldn't help hearing Esmeralda say that she didn't see how he could love such a disagreeable person as she was.

"'You ain't disagreeable, I don't think,' says Dan. 'No, Esmeralda, you ain't disagreeable.'

"'That's mighty kind of you to say so,' says she. 'I know you told me oncet that I was an angel.'

"'No, you ain't no angel,' Dan says. 'You was right when you told me you wasn't. But I love you just the same, Esmeralda.'

"'Is it because my eyes is like di'monds and my complexion like peaches and cream?' she asks.

"'No,' says Dan, 'because they ain't, Esmeralda—like you said.'

"'But you think I'm the most beautiful girl on earth, don't you?' Esmeralda keeps at him.

"'I wouldn't say that,' he says. 'I couldn't say that would be the truth. I ain't seen 'em all, you know. But I'll say you're a mighty good-looking girl, and I love you, all right, all right.'

"'Is that all you have to say to the girl you're going to marry next week, and who's rolled a lovely cigarette for you too?' she says, pouty.

"'It's the truth,' says he. 'Nothing but the truth, Esmeralda.'

"'Then tell me a little more'n the truth—like you done before,' she says. 'Not lies, but sort of decorating the truth. Don't be afraid of making me vain. . . . And, Dan, darling ——'

"'Yes, sweetheart angel?'

"'That's much better,' says she. . . . 'Dan, darling, don't call me Esmeralda, please. Call me Esma.'"

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WHEN "Sandy" hurt his paw, the first thing to do of course was to look in Sergeant's Dog Book and see what it said should be done about it.

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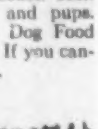
Please Mail This Coupon  !

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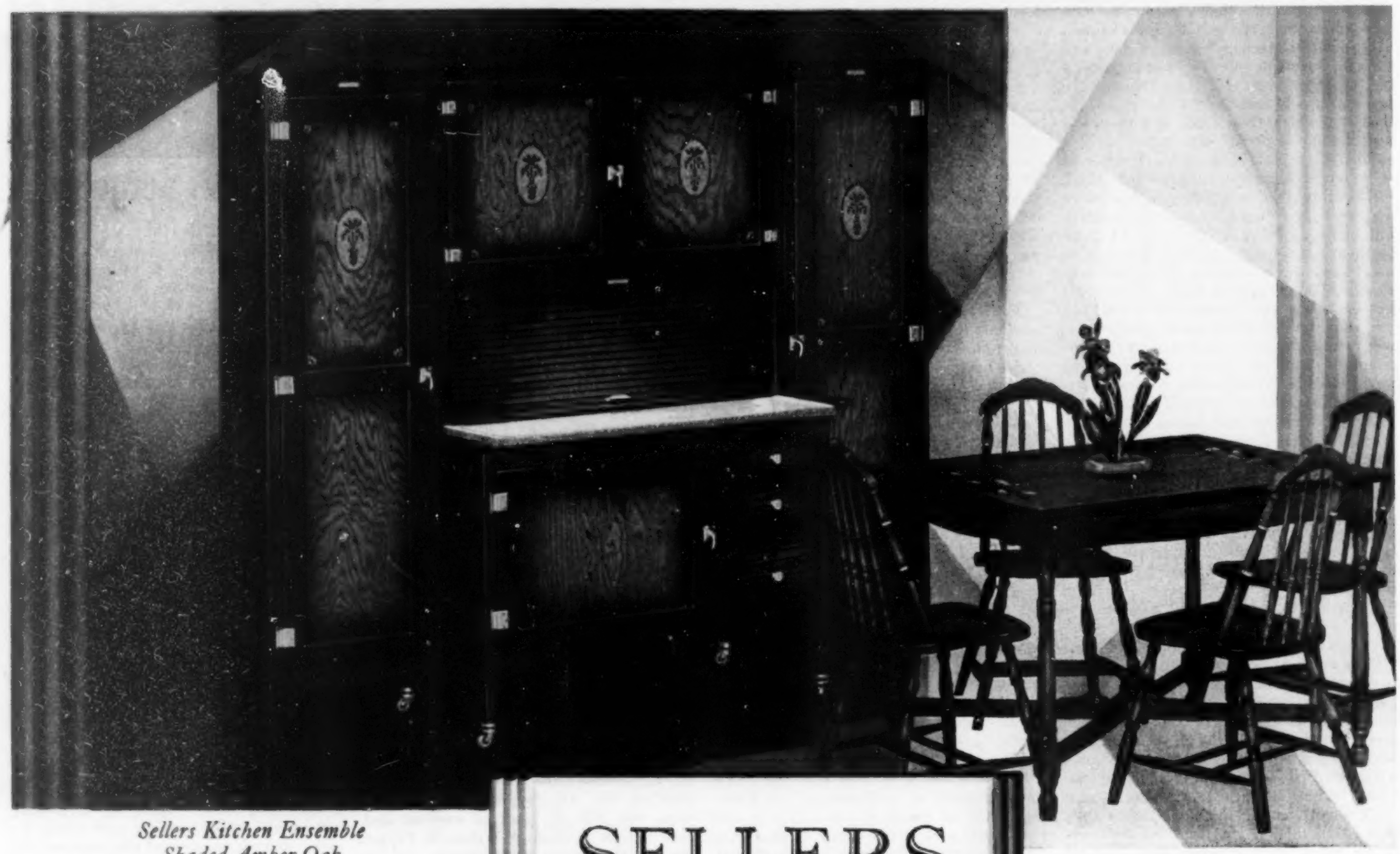

Sellers Kitchen Ensemble
Shaded Amber Oak

Rich and colorful yet possessing the sturdy strength and wearing qualities of Oak. Ask your dealer to show you the 15 famous labor-saving features. The Utility Closets shown on each side of the cabinet are extra. The Sellers Dinette illustrated is ideal for cozy dining rooms. Table extends. Cabinet No. 30-45 price only $59.50

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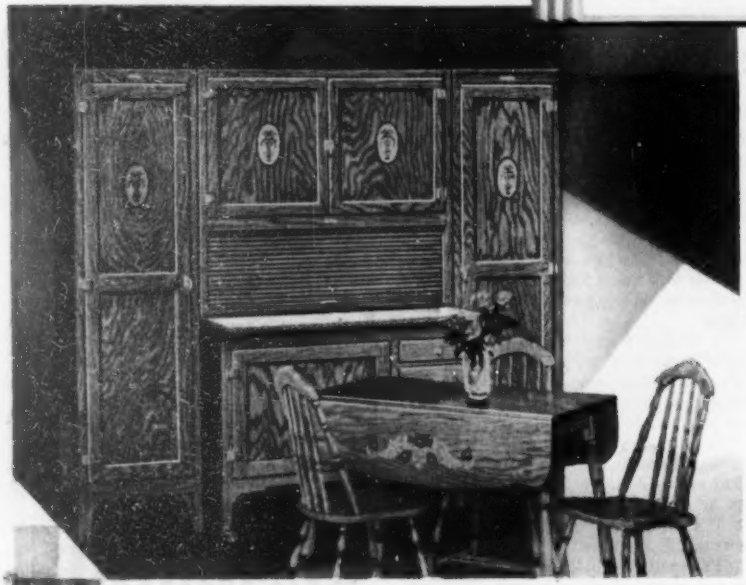
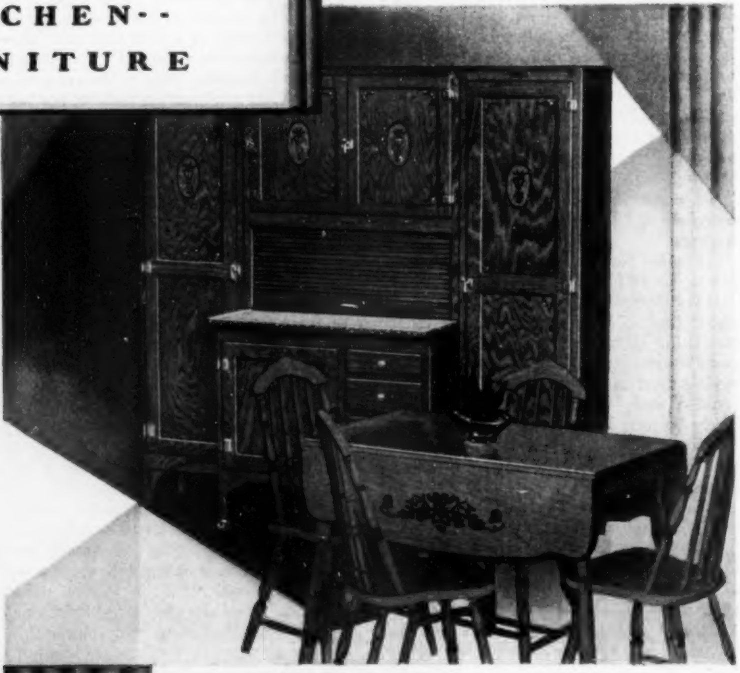


Sellers Kitchen Ensemble, Two-Tone Green Oak

This strikingly modern oak finish will retain its beauty to the very last. The cabinet illustrated is Sellers No. 30-45. The Sellers Utility Closet can be had either with full shelves or with space for brooms. Can be purchased separately, if desired. Sellers Breakfast Sets are made in many intriguing colors to perfectly match Sellers Cabinets.



Sellers Kitchen Ensemble, Silver Oak

A genuine Sellers at a remarkably low price. Can be had in many colors, including colorful oak finishes shown on this page. The Utility Closets shown are extra. Come either with shelves for convenient storage or with space for brooms and mops. Breakfast Set matches cabinet in both color and design.

time saving and for beauty

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But Sellers is also the *style leader* in kitchen furniture — sponsor of the modern colorful kitchen and of beautiful wood finishes.

Today the fashion for smartly equipped kitchens is a Sellers Kitchen Ensemble (cabinet, utility closets and breakfast set) in the newest of modern natural grain finishes—*Colored Oak*. A combination of the exquisite graining of this most durable of woods and modern colors.

Two-tone green oak! Sparkling silver oak! Warm shaded amber oak! With all the beauty of the grain retained — and even enhanced — by the use of colors that are transparent as crystal.

If you are refurnishing your present kitchen, or planning a new one, see this smart, colorful, time-saving kitchen furniture at your nearest Sellers dealer's store *at once*.

And do not forget that "Sellers" stands for supreme quality and maximum value; for finest oak and other hardwoods; for sincere, skillful craftsmanship; for the most ingenious time- and labor-saving features.

Yet — because of modern manufacturing methods and volume production — Sellers prices are only a little higher than you are asked to pay for *cheaply built* furniture of no reputation.

Examine these Sellers Ensembles. Units may be purchased singly if desired. Compare the beauty, style, quality, price. See how much *more value* the small difference in Sellers prices will buy for your kitchen.

If you do not recall a Sellers dealer, write us at once. We will send the name of one near you—Address

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Automatic Base Shelf Extender

As you open the door, the pots and pans are brought out within easy reach.

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Full-width working space. No doors to interfere. No inaccessible working space.

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No jamming. No sagging. Drawers open and close freely from any position.

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Ideal capacity for average family. In separate compartment. Easily filled. No muss.

We Offer Selling Rights to Dealers

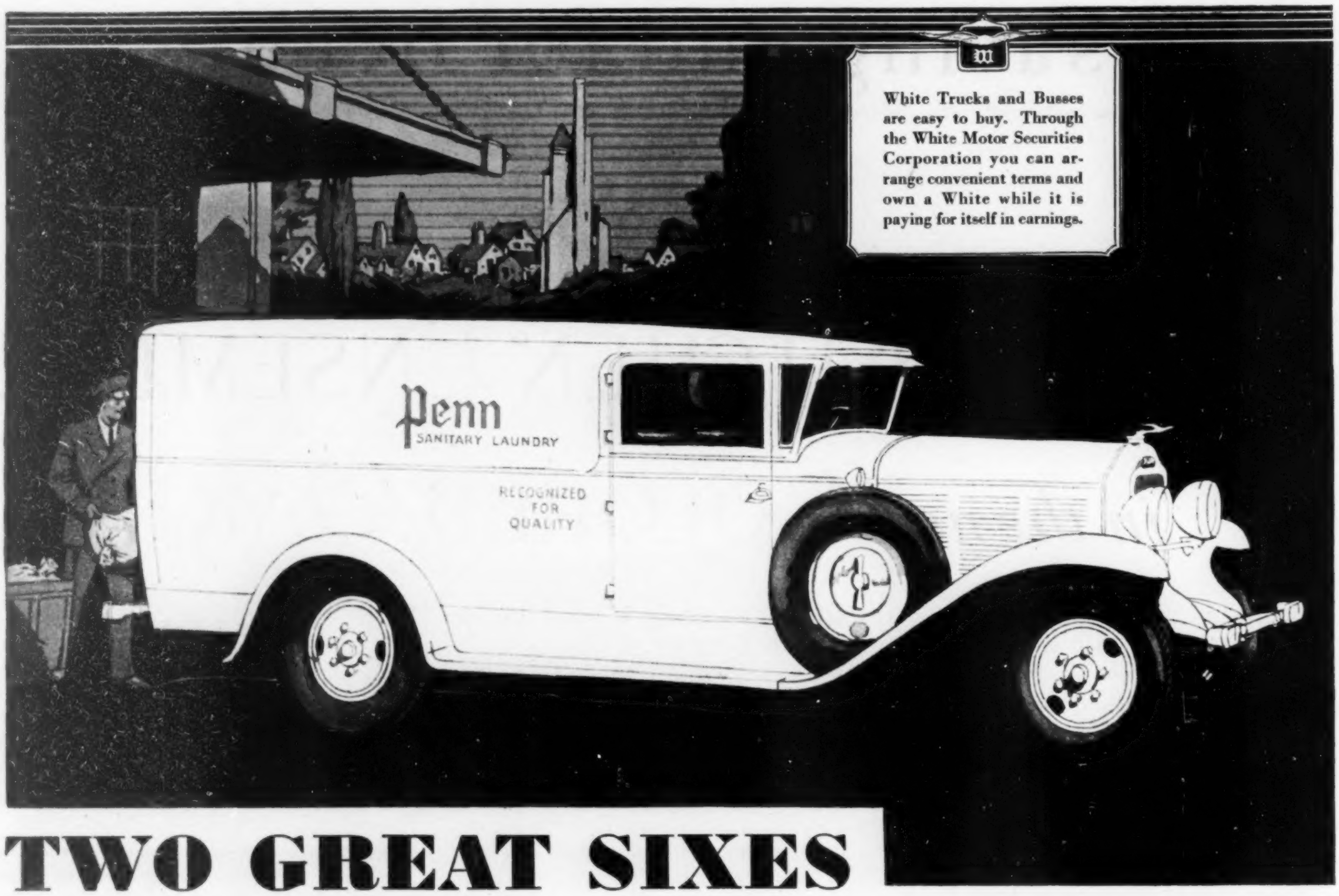
Right now, with these beautiful, new Colored Oak finishes to offer, our National Advertising Campaign and the remarkable merchandising plans prepared for the dealer, the Sellers proposition is one of the best dealer opportunities in the entire furniture and kitchen equipment field.

The Sellers line is, of course, distributed nationally. But there are now some territories in which the Sellers line can be featured more intensively. Your territory may be one of these. Write at once for our 1930 merchandising plans, Advertising Schedule and information about the Sellers franchise possibilities in your territory.

Sellers Kitchen Tables

This beautiful Sellers Table can be had in four fascinating colors. Built with the same painstaking care that marks all Sellers equipment. Notice its gracefully tapered legs. Has compartment drawer with non-tarnishing glass drawer pulls. Fruit juices cannot injure its snow-white porceliron top. Available in three sizes for small, medium or large kitchens. The reasonable price will please you.

SELLERS Kitchen Furniture



White Trucks and Busses are easy to buy. Through the White Motor Securities Corporation you can arrange convenient terms and own a White while it is paying for itself in earnings.

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NO TRUCK has ever approached White's leadership in the field of retail delivery. Low cost, absolute dependability and proved long life have been responsible for the fact that the operators of the largest retail delivery fleets have standardized on Whites.

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Model 60 and Model 61 are the most modern delivery trucks on the market. The powerful White six cylinder, seven bearing crankshaft engine delivers unfailing power—higher average speeds on all routes—quick pick-up for the fast get-away—smooth running with greatest fuel economy.

Four wheel hydraulic brakes—new refinements for easy steering and driver comfort—are special White features. Standard and Deluxe bodies are available on both models.

THE WHITE COMPANY, CLEVELAND

WHITE

A COMPLETE LINE OF FOUR AND SIX CYLINDER

TRUCKS
BUSSES

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UP THE LADDER OF GOLD

(Continued from Page 30)

however, that he will not escape. He is being watched for at every point. His motor car is still here, so he is probably in hiding close at hand. As for my men, they have not yet returned from the search."

Behrling pointed downward across the clear strip of sea to the raft. A man stood with his hands poised above his head, in the act of diving. The police official gave a little gasp of surprise.

"It is he! The miscreant!"

"The man has courage, at least," Behrling muttered.

The *commissaire* was disturbed.

"It is courage which gives one to think," he confessed anxiously. "First of all, you convince me that those evidences of his guilt will be found in his room. We search, and there is nothing. Now you are confident that they will be found in the room of the young lady because they went up to the hotel together. After all, this is only surmise. You take things too much for granted for me, *monsieur le baron*. Supposing the room of mademoiselle is searched, and they still find nothing, where then do I stand? To be laughed at. An object of ridicule—I, the *commissaire* of Antibes. It is bad enough already, when no arrest has been made. It will be worse still if the Englishman is charged and no evidence is produced. I relied upon you for the evidence. You are failing me, *monsieur le baron*."

"You wait," Behrling advised, trying to conceal his own uneasiness. "The men are not yet back from searching the room of mademoiselle. Come to the head of the steps. He must not escape us again."

Tellesom sauntered up in leisurely fashion, pausing every now and then to speak to an acquaintance.

The sea brine was still glittering upon his cheeks and streaming down his legs. He had the look of a man fresh from the finest tonic in the world.

"How dared you leave when you were still under examination?" the *commissaire* demanded as he reached the top step.

Tellesom looked down at the speaker in surprise.

"How was I to know that I was still under examination?" he rejoined. "You have asked me a number of silly questions. You have had the impertinence to search my room. You have found nothing. I considered that the business, so far as I was concerned, was at an end. As to my bath—to tell you the truth I was so fed up with you and our large friend here that I felt that I needed the purification of the sea. . . . So I am still under examination, am I?"

"You are indeed."

"Then I will get into a dry bathing suit, put on my dressing gown, and hear what more you have to say," Tellesom promised. "I warn you, however," he went on, "that my patience is very nearly at an end. I warn you also that the young lady whom you are insulting by your suspicions is the daughter of one of the most influential men in the United States, and even if I am powerless to make you suffer for your various impertinences, he can sweep you out of existence if he chooses. Somehow or other, though," he concluded, strolling away toward the bar, "I rather fancy that I shall be able to deal with you myself. Don't walk with me, if you please. I have a number of very particular friends here, and I don't care much about being seen with either of you. In my present costume, you will admit that I am not likely to attempt escape. I will join you in the indoor restaurant as soon as I have changed."

He increased his pace slightly. Behrling laid a restraining hand upon his companion's shoulder.

"Do you not see what he is trying to do?" he pointed out. "He is trying to frighten you, trying to make you angry. Silence, my friend—that is our attitude—silence and dignity. He will keep his word. He is that sort of man. He will come back."

"But the evidence?" the *commissaire* exclaimed uneasily. "Why should it be in mademoiselle's room? Supposing it is not found, what comes of all this? Do we make our apologies and depart? It is unthinkable."

"I do not imagine that we shall need to make any apologies," Behrling assured him. "The evidence we are seeking was in Tellesom's room an hour ago. It must have been removed in a hurry. The girl was with him when he went up to the hotel. Where else could they find a safe hiding place within a few minutes? In her room. Nowhere else, I tell you. You saw for yourself his disquietude when I demanded that the search should be continued there."

"Nevertheless, *monsieur le baron*," the Frenchman admitted as they turned into the empty luncheon room, "I confess to find myself suffering from some disquietude. Reassure me, I beg of you. You had really then deliberate evidence of the existence of these incriminating articles in the bedroom of the Englishman before you fetched me here?"

"*Monsieur le commissaire*," Behrling said impressively, "I give you my word, I know that they were there. He cannot have disposed of them in the short time which has elapsed. My conviction is that when your men return they will have been found in the apartment of mademoiselle. Courage! You are going to make a capture which will insure your promotion. There will be no more of this grumbling at headquarters concerning various little matters at Juan. In arresting the murderer of Madame von Trugner you will become a marked man. Trust in me. I have had long experience of these things. I do not make mistakes, and, in this case, I know."

The police official lit a cigarette and accepted a mixed vermuth which his companion had ordered at the bar, with some lightening of spirit. Afterward they made their way into the deserted luncheon room and seated themselves at one of the empty tables. The minutes passed. A fresh fit of uneasiness seized upon the *commissaire*. Suddenly his eyes shone. A little exclamation broke from his lips. He gripped at his companion's arm. The two gendarmes were descending the stairs, and one of them carried under his arm a little bundle wrapped in a towel.

"My friend," he cried, "they have succeeded!"

A great relief dawned in Behrling's face. The lines disappeared. He was himself again—genial, benevolent, expansive. He patted his companion upon the shoulder.

"Congratulations!" he exclaimed. "I myself expected this. It was inevitable."

The gendarmes proudly approached. They disclosed their prize. In rapid sentences they explained how carefully it had been hidden, how cunning, therefore, their search. The *commissaire* listened with a smile of approval. Then he brought the bundle to a table and unrolled the towels upon which, in red letters, was clearly stitched, Hotel Provençal. There they were, those incriminating objects of which *monsieur le baron* had spoken. They gloated over them—the huge pile of mille notes, the pearl necklace, the towels themselves, the crumpled handkerchief. Marvelous! The *commissaire* swelled with pride and importance.

"Lay everything upon that table," he commanded. "Now bring me the tablecloth from over there. . . . Cover them up. . . . Good! It is excellent! We are ready now for monsieur, the English colonel. Perhaps he will forget this time to sneer."

Tellesom strolled in a few minutes later, attired in a dressing gown of thick silk, with a cigarette in his mouth.

"Any luck?" he asked.

There was a moment's silence. Then he read all that there was to know in the faces of the two men. Nevertheless, he did not flinch.

"So you found your little bag of tricks, eh?" he observed.

The *commissaire de police* ignored him. In response to some whispered instructions, one of the gendarmes had already left the room.

Tellesom started to follow. The *commissaire* made a sign and the other gendarme barred his progress.

"Events have marched, Monsieur Tellesom, or Colonel Tellesom, if you will," he announced triumphantly. "You will be so good as to remain where you are, and not to address the young lady if my messenger is fortunate enough to find her. She will need to cross more frontiers than one to escape. Between you and her, the evidences of guilt are sufficient."

"Let's have a look at them," Tellesom suggested.

The *commissaire* held out a protesting hand.

"Stay where you are," he enjoined, "and let me remind you, monsieur, that this affair has reached now a different stage. It would be well for you to adopt a different tone in dealing with it."

Sarah entered as the *commissaire* concluded his injunctions, and Tellesom swung round at the sound of her voice. He said nothing, but his smile itself was an encouragement.

"Who wants me?" she asked. "What is the matter here?"

The police functionary swelled out his chest and approached the table.

"Mademoiselle," he announced, sweeping the tablecloth from the bundle, "these things have been found in your room. Explain their presence there if you please."

She stood petrified. One of the gendarmes opened a notebook. They waited for her to speak. She looked across the room and met Tellesom's eyes. The smile still lingered upon his lips, but the eyes themselves were expressionless. They told her nothing.

"In my room?" she repeated. "But they don't belong to me."

"There shall be no misunderstanding, mademoiselle," the *commissaire* said. "This is an occasion of great seriousness. A short time ago, as you may be aware, a lady was murdered at the Hotel Provençal. There is the necklace she was wearing. There are the notes which represent her winnings that unhappy night. There is a handkerchief which can be identified as belonging to her, twisted and torn as though by a woman in agony. These things are wrapped in towels marked by the Hotel Provençal. I am *commissaire* of the police for the district of Antibes, and, in the absence of my sergeant, who should have conducted the examination, I am seeking for the person who killed Clara von Trugner. I ask now for your explanation of these damning evidences of guilt in your room. Did you conceal them there yourself, or are you endeavoring to shield some other person? What have you to say?"

"Nothing at all," the girl replied. "I don't understand."

The gendarme, who was standing by her side, held her wrist. Obeying a gesture of the *commissaire*, the other one advanced toward Tellesom. The latter, however, had turned away from the window. He strolled over toward the table with his customary nonchalance, and, with his hands behind his back, gazed curiously down at the various articles disclosed in the folds of the towel.

"It seems to me, *monsieur le commissaire*," he said, "that you are rather jumping at conclusions. Here are some friends of mine," he added, turning his head toward the door. "Listen for a moment, please, to what they have to say."

A motor car had flashed by the window a moment before, and three people, who had entered the restaurant by the back door, were now approaching. One was a gray-haired man in very correct morning

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clothes—a familiar figure in Juan-les-Pins—another a young girl, apparently of the servant class; the third, a neatly dressed woman of middle age.

"This lady," Tellesom announced, extending his hand toward the latter, "is the housekeeper at the Hotel Provençal. I telephoned a few minutes ago, asking her to come here."

"I am acquainted with madame," the police official acknowledged stiffly. "What has she to do with the matter?"

"I wish her to tell you," Tellesom continued, "whether those towels upon the corner of which the words 'Hotel Provençal' are stitched ever belonged to that establishment."

The woman took a step forward and picked up both towels. She handled them for a moment in surprise and then threw them down.

"But indeed no," she denied indignantly. "We would allow nothing of the sort, even in our servants' rooms. Our towels have an entirely different mark, and are of fine linen, but those—those are kitchen rubbish. We should not allow them to be used in our sculleries."

"You have taken note of madame's statement?" Tellesom asked, looking into the blank face of the *commissaire*. "This gentleman," he added, turning around, "you know perfectly well. Monsieur Parouste is *chef* of the baccarat rooms at Juan-les-Pins. I wish to ask him a question in your presence. Monsieur Parouste, it is a fact, is it not, that the unfortunate lady who met with her death at the Provençal—Madame von Trugner—after losing at first, afterward won a large sum at *chemin de fer* that night?"

"That is so, sir. Yes, she was a considerable winner," he added, turning to the *commissaire*.

"Does not that pile of notes prove it?" the latter demanded. "It makes it that she was worth robbing."

"Did Madame von Trugner take the money away that she won?" Tellesom inquired calmly.

"Not one franc, monsieur," Parouste replied. "She was far too clever for that. Never would she permit in her rooms or on her person more than a mille note or so for her necessities. She had one of our safe-deposit vaults at the Casino, and before she left that night she emptied into it, as she did every night, all except the small money which she had upon her. I happen to know this," the *chef* concluded, turning once more to the police *commissaire*, "because on this particular occasion I escorted her outside and assisted her to unlock her box."

All the geniality had gone from Behrling's face. He was standing a little back, with clenched fists and dull, angry eyes. The police *commissaire* seemed to have shrunken.

"That pile of notes then could scarcely have belonged to Madame von Trugner?" Tellesom persisted.

The *chef* leaned over the table, lifted the packet in his hand and smiled derisively.

"I do not know how these questions arise," he answered, "but you may take my word for it, sir, and you, *monsieur le commissaire*, that these notes never belonged to that unfortunate lady. She was adamant in her determination to have no money in her room. Besides, see, these are tied up with fine thread. We use rubber bands in the Casino. They are all of the new issue too. A week ago we had not a dozen of them in the place."

"Thank you very much, Monsieur Parouste," Tellesom said gratefully. "Now, young mademoiselle, one moment, please. You were Madame von Trugner's chambermaid at first, and afterward she took you as personal *femme de chambre?*"

The girl stepped forward.

"It is true, monsieur," she confided. "Madame liked my services. She promised that my fortune should be made if I came to her. Indeed, for the week or ten days that I waited upon madame I was well content. She paid generously, and she was of an easy and pleasant disposition. Regarding hours only she was difficult, and sometimes I dined too late to have the good appetite."

"If you will excuse me, mademoiselle," Tellesom broke in politely, "the question I wish to ask you concerns this handkerchief. It belonged, I think, to Madame von Trugner."

The girl picked it up and looked at its torn edges and generally ragged appearance in contempt.

"It belonged to madame," she admitted. "There are her initials, and the small coronet, which was on all her things, but how it arrives that it is in a condition like that I do not know."

"Did you, on any occasion," Tellesom continued—"a truthful answer will not hurt you, mademoiselle, and it is very, very necessary—part with a handkerchief of your late mistress to anyone?"

The girl hesitated for a moment. Then she shrugged her shoulders.

"It is not a sin," she declared. "To monsieur of the police I shall tell the truth. He wishes to know that?"

"I wish to know the truth," the *commissaire* acknowledged in a hollow tone.

"Then it shall be told. There was a little lady at the hotel—ah, but monsieur here," she added, turning to Behrling, "he knows. It was the little friend of monsieur. She calls herself Mademoiselle Chloe. She came to me. She wished very much for a memento of my poor murdered mistress. At first I refused. Then I gave her what she asked—a handkerchief—like that, but when I gave it to her it was not soiled or crumpled. It was perfectly clean. *Mon Dieu!*"

"Thank you very much, mademoiselle," Tellesom said. "No harm will come to you for that little gift. We arrive now, it seems," he added, stepping to the table, "to the question of the pearls. In a very few minutes we shall have with us Monsieur Trenchard, the manager of the Provençal. It is my belief that he may have something to say to us about them."

"I am here," proclaimed a voice in the background, and the manager of the hotel came smilingly forward. "I received your message, colonel, but I was engaged in welcoming the most distinguished clients. I come alone in my car. I arrive this moment. Ah, my friend the *commissaire*, I see! There is an affair afoot, yes?"

The *commissaire* waved his hand. He was scarcely capable of coherent speech. Tellesom was entirely in command of the situation.

"Monsieur Trenchard," he explained, "it is a brief examination concerning that unfortunate affair which occurred in your hotel a week or so ago."

The hotel manager's face became grave. "A bad business," he observed. "A bad business for the poor lady, and also for us. Things are better now, though," he went on more cheerfully. "We recover—yes, certainly we recover."

"Listen, Monsieur Trenchard," Tellesom continued earnestly, "confidences are sacred—especially to beautiful ladies—still more especially to the dead—but to the police everything must be told. This is a serious affair. When madame arrived here—it was a month ago, I believe—she had no friends. Even I, who knew her slightly, had not arrived, and she was penniless. Her money was delayed. Is that not so?"

"It is true," Monsieur Trenchard admitted, "but after that madame showed herself to be a person of means."

"One moment, monsieur," Tellesom begged. "I believe that on the evening after her arrival madame asked you to advance her some money to play with. You explained that it was not your business, that it was an impossibility for you to take such a risk. She then, I believe, deposited with you her pearl necklace, upon the security of which you advanced her fifty thousand francs, or some such sum."

"It is perfectly true," Monsieur Trenchard acknowledged without hesitation—"perfectly true. I never mentioned the transaction. Why should I? Madame's money arrived within three days. She repaid the fifty thousand francs and I returned to her the pearls. The affair was at an end. Madame, indeed, was a valuable client, and one liked her very much."

"Now, Monsieur Trenchard," Tellesom concluded, lifting the pearls from the table, "are those the pearls of madame upon which you advanced the fifty thousand francs?"

Monsieur Trenchard adjusted an eyeglass, took the pearls into his hand and examined them for a matter of seconds. Then he handed them back with a deprecating gesture.

"Monsieur jests," he protested. "These are not the best of imitations. I have never seen madame wear anything of the sort. She was a very elegant woman. Nothing like those beads—I will answer for it—ever encircled her neck."

The silence which followed had about it curious qualities. Sarah found herself, without knowing why, gripping Tellesom's arm almost hysterically. He himself was standing with his eyes fixed upon Behrling. There was no triumph in his expression; nothing but a faint disgust.

"Thank you all so much for coming," he said, just as the tension began to be unbearable. "You have helped to effectually demolish a conspiracy of the most perfidious nature. *Monsieur le commissaire de police*," he continued—and his tone had become very serious indeed—"these towels are faked, the necklace is faked, the handkerchief was procured for this incriminating purpose by the mistress of Behrling here, the spy. The mille notes, no doubt, came from his secret funds. You are an official whose business it is to look into affairs of crime. You came here to deal with one. I offer you the solution of another—the crime of vicious conspiracy. Behrling," he wound up, swinging round to face him, "I almost liked you once as an enemy. I fancied that there was a spark of greatness in you. I find that you are nothing but a cad."

The maître d'hôtel looked down into the room from the top of the stairs. He recognized Tellesom and smiled.

"The table of monsieur is ready," he announced.

Tellesom took Sarah's hand in his and led her away.

"I think that luncheon and a little fresh air," he suggested, "would be an excellent thing."

XXVI

SARAH seemed like the child Tellesom had first thought her when she took her place opposite to him at the small luncheon table. There was a touch of the fear still left in her eyes, an occasional twitch of her sensitive mouth; otherwise there were no signs of the terrifying experience through which she had passed.

"I have quite made up my mind," she announced, "not to marry you. Such inhuman cleverness as yours must be devoted to your country alone. They ought to make you chief of Scotland Yard or something."

"This is rather unfortunate," Tellesom regretted, "because I had just succeeded in making up my mind that I would take all risks and insist upon your marrying me."

"Risks, indeed!" she mocked. "What risk could there be in marrying me? Why, I have been proposed to on every rock here by nearly every one of the eligible and most of the ineligible young men."

"There is always risk," he reminded her, "when a person of mature years loses his head to a child. Do you realize that when I am fifty you will be thirty-four?"

"As a matter of fact, I never meant to marry anyone less than fifty," she replied. "You've upset all my plans, of course, and as to my ever being thirty-four, you wait until you see mother. What other risks are there?"

"Well, it never exactly entered into my scheme of life," he went on, "to marry a young woman with millions."

"You are not marrying me; I'm marrying you," she impressed upon him. "You trifled with my affections, and you've got to pay."

"Will you allow me pocket money?" he inquired.

"Only when you behave yourself. Do you feel in the humor to talk sense for one moment?"

"I could be bullied into it."

"Then, tell me, Cnarles dear, seriously, how on earth you managed to touch a button and produce all those amazing people with their marvelous stories?"

"A good half of it luck," he confessed, "but then, of course, one had something to go on. You and I knew that the thing was a plant to start with, so we could work backward with confidence. I felt certain that the pearls—although I hadn't had time to examine them—weren't real. I didn't believe in that handkerchief, and I didn't believe that at the Provençal, where all the small details of the place are so finished, they would really make use of towels like those we found in the bundle. When we seemed cornered I slipped away and telephoned to the manager, who is really rather a pal, and asked him a few straight questions. The whole thing fell into shape at once. He was only too eager to help. Everyone happened to be at large, so he sent them over straight away, and followed on himself directly afterward. He is going to have the finest platinum-and-gold cigarette case that I can find—no, don't worry, at your father's expense—the next time I pass through Paris."

"And that big German, whom everyone loves, you think that he was at the bottom of it?"

"I am perfectly sure of it. He pretended to be a friend of hers, but I don't think he had ever spoken to her in his life. What he was trying to do was to make away with me, if only for a time."

He glanced around the room. The only people within possible hearing were a tableful of harmless Americans, with a large family of children.

"Sarah," he confided, "everything has been going your father's way lately. France is pretending to hesitate, and demand guaranties, but she will sign the Disarmament Treaty as soon as the proceedings at Geneva are reopened. She pretends, of course, that her change of front has nothing to do with the loss of her two wonderful battleships—one can form one's own idea about that. Anyhow, she is going to sign. There is a cabinet council being held in England this afternoon, and England, too, will withdraw her submarine and tonnage stipulations, and sign with France."

"How do you know all that?" she asked in amazement.

He smiled.

"I have three dispatches a day from London. They come by aeroplane to Lyons, and afterward direct to Antibes. One reached me when we were lunching the other day. Behrling's secret service isn't a patch upon ours, but he knows a little of what is going on, and he knows very well that I shouldn't be staying on down here unless there was something else coming along in this part of the world. That is why he has just made his second attempt to get me out of the way."

She looked at him uneasily. A gleam of the trouble was back in her eyes.

"I don't like it, Charles," she confessed. "Tell me, the accident to your car the other night?"

"Yes, that was meant for me," he admitted. "My foot was on the step of the thing when I left Maxim's, and then I just happened to turn around and catch a queer expression on Behrling's face. I took the hint and went off to Cannes to see that your father was all right."

She looked away across the blue waters of the bay to the villa-dotted slopes of the Californie, and beyond to the soft line of the Estérels.

"This place is spoiled for me, Charles," she complained. "It all seems so thoroughly given up to gayety and happiness that one can't realize all these disturbing things going on underneath. Couldn't we be sensible and do like any ordinary reasonable young people would do—take the Blue Train to Paris this afternoon and get married?"

Under cover of a procession of departing lunchers, he patted her hand fondly.

"Sarah dear, we'll do that the first moment it's possible," he promised. "For the next few weeks, though, you must remember that I am on duty."

She sighed.

"Let me help then. I'm bored with this place now, unless you're round. The crowd seems to have become stupid all at once, and I can't stand any more of those noisy nights at Juan. After all, I should only be filial if I helped father a little, through you."

He smiled. "Well," he assented, "you can come into the fringe of our next little affair anyhow. Do you feel like tennis this afternoon?"

"Of course I do, if you're playing. But what has that to do with it?"

"There's a far-away connection," he assured her. "Have you ever seen Zachary play?"

"Why, yes. He's the Monte Carlo tennis pro."

"He is," Tellesom agreed, "and he's coming over for a match with our man this afternoon, and afterward we're going to have a four. You're quite as good as any of the men here. You'd better play with Zachary, and I'll play with our man."

"What fun!" she exclaimed. "Latish, I hope."

"Latish for our set," he promised. "We'll start at four o'clock."

She looked at him with a sudden gleam of interest in her eyes.

"Is the tennis anything to do with being on the fringe of things?" she asked.

"It might have," he admitted guardedly. "Zachary might be quite an interesting person to us just now."

"Do you want me to vamp him?" she suggested, with cheerful enthusiasm.

"Certainly not."

"From what I remember of him, he seemed rather a nice boy," she sighed.

"On second thoughts," he reflected, "there is perhaps a certain risk in introducing the feminine element into this affair."

She laughed at him derisively.

"Too late!" she exclaimed. "But anyhow," she added, leaning across to him, "I'm not really very fond of Russians."

Their conversation was suddenly disturbed. The *commissaire de police* had arrived from below and made unobtrusive progress to their table. They looked up from their whispered conversation in time to intercept his bow.

"*Mademoiselle et monsieur*," he said, stiffening his back once more, "I am a man who knows when right is right and wrong is wrong. Therefore, having duly considered the little matter, now happily disposed of down below, I present myself here to offer you both my sincere apologies for any trouble or anxiety I may have caused you."

"The matter is at an end," Tellesom assured him.

"Quite finished with, so far as I am concerned," Sarah murmured graciously.

"What," Tellesom inquired, "has become of Behrling?"

"I do not know," the police *commissaire* confessed. "He is a man of assurance the most extraordinary, but he is also a schemer and a liar. He is for the moment outside the law, but let him come inside it," the little man added, his muscles tensing and an angry light shining out of his eyes, "and we shall see to it that he plays no more of these strange pranks. Mademoiselle—monsieur!"

The little man departed.

"I wonder what has really become of that adorably wicked person?" Sarah asked.

"In the train for Berlin, I should think likely."

Tellesom happened at that moment to glance across the room, and his wineglass nearly slipped from his fingers. Chloe,

(Continued on Page 101)

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1 First, there is the dissolving of the more readily soluble soil by the simple action of soap and water. This loosens and floats off the particles that cling lightly to the fibres of the fabric.

2 Then comes the mechanical "slushing" action that takes place in the tub of the washer. This replaces the old-time, back breaking, destructive rubbing on a washboard, and dislodges most of the dirt particles that were not dissolved away.

3 Finally, the wringer, while removing the excess water from the fabric, does its part in the cleansing process. For the so-called wringer is really a *pressure-cleanser*.

The gentle but firm pressure of the wringer-rolls squeezes out from the minute crevices of the fabric the stubborn dirt particles that have resisted the preceding steps of the washing process. The pressure-cleansing, being the third step, completes the washing and is necessary if clothes are to be made really clean.

And so the housewife who demands the utmost cleanliness, who prides herself on the snowy whiteness of her table linen and bed linen, should choose a wringer-equipped washing machine.

WRINGING
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Send for Free Booklet which gives many valuable hints on the preparation of the wash, washing methods, recipes for removing all kinds of stains, etc. Address Dept. A, Lovell Mfg. Co., Erie, Pa.

LOVELL MANUFACTURING CO.
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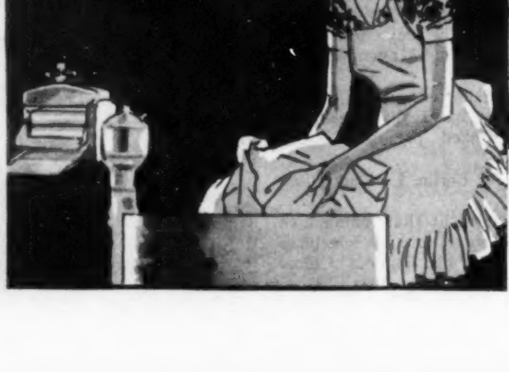
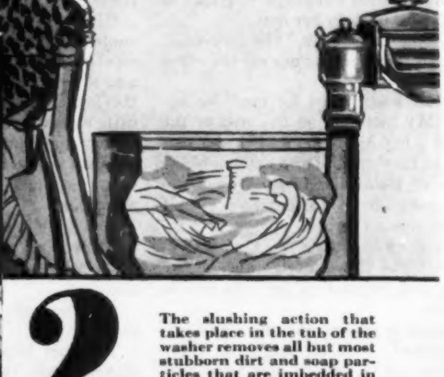
1

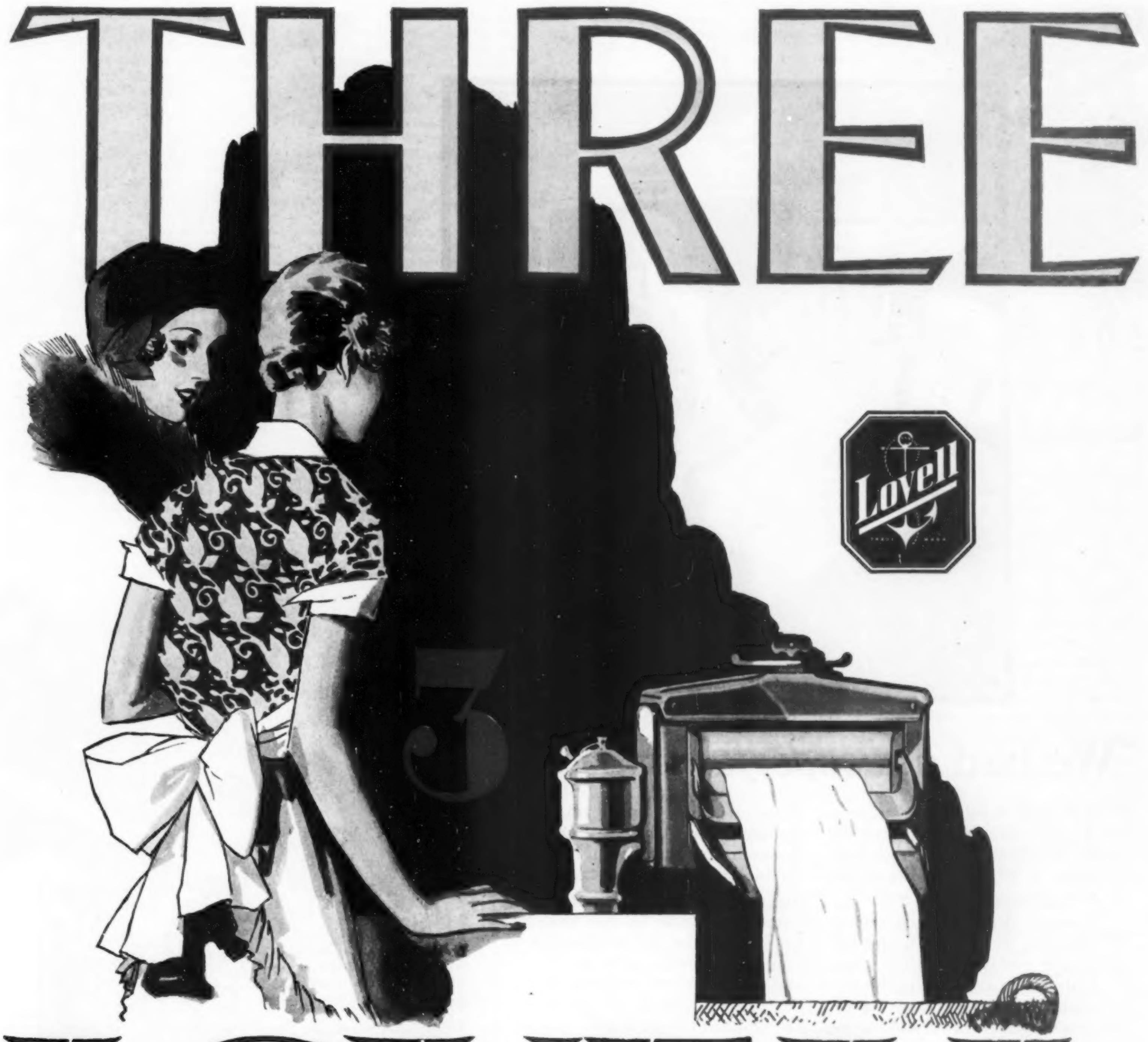
The soaking of clothes in soap and water before the wash is started eliminates a large part of the loose dirt.





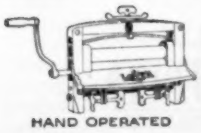
2

The slushing action that takes place in the tub of the washer removes all but most stubborn dirt and soap particles that are imbedded in the fibres of the fabric.

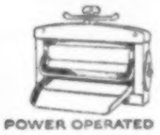


LOVELL

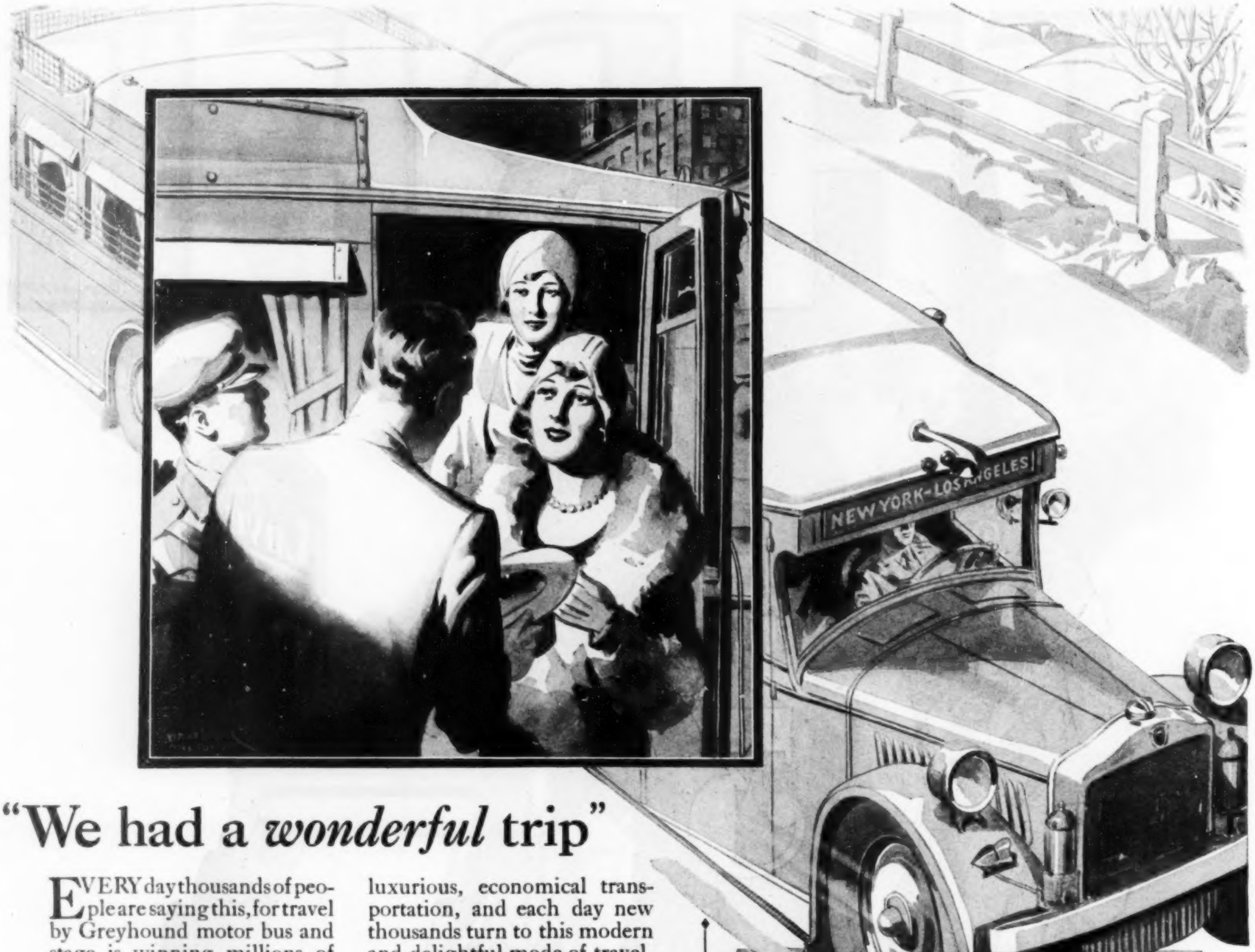
PRESSURE


HAND OPERATED

CLEANSER


POWER OPERATED

AND PRESSURE IS NEEDED TO MAKE CLOTHES REALLY CLEAN



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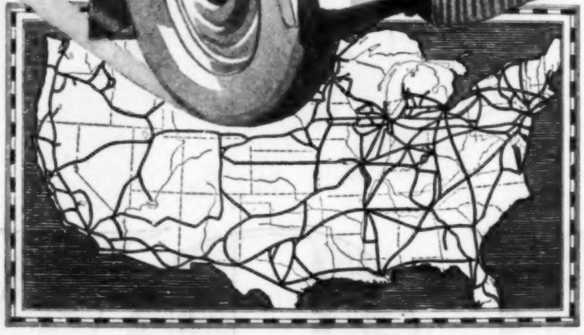

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Lines

(Continued from Page 97)

with her dazzling smile, her great eyes wandering everywhere, her greetings freely dispensed to right and to left, was making her way to a distant table, and, behind her, in his neat linen suit, his hair freshly brushed, his whole countenance reflecting good will, peace and amiability, followed Felix Behrling.

XXVII

ZACHARY, whose name had appeared so frequently in Tellesom's recent dispatches, was rather a surprise. He was tall, with fair hair, inclined to curliness, healthily tanned cheeks, deep-set blue eyes and the smile of a boy. In his well-cut tennis flannels and with his lithe, supple movements, he might still have been in his teens. It was only in repose that one saw the faint lines, and a certain grimness about the mouth became apparent.

"A most enjoyable afternoon's tennis," he declared as he leaned back on a seat at the end of the court and watched his glass being filled from a jug of iced wine cup, sent for by Tellesom. "We had to work very hard—Miss Hincks and I—to avoid a worse defeat. Very good though mademoiselle is, never again would we attempt to play you and Gaudois without a bigger handicap."

He lifted his tumbler to his lips and drained its contents. Tellesom looked at him in covert amazement. They had been playing for almost two hours—the first part of the time under a grilling sun—and there was not a single bead of perspiration upon his forehead.

"You must keep wonderfully fit," Tellesom remarked.

"I do keep fit," the other agreed. "What is there else for a young man to do who earns his living by games? I swim, I play tennis, I dance until midnight. After that I sleep. It is a healthy life. It is better than London. I was in London for a month, but it was not good."

He spoke English faultlessly, but with that slight hesitation in choosing his words peculiar to his country people. He was a very picturesque-looking person as he leaned back once more in his seat, and Tellesom studied him curiously. In his pocket was the young man's *dossier*, and it certainly did not bear out this legend of the simple life.

"Where do you go to from here, or rather from Monte Carlo?" he inquired.

"But I do not go," the young man confided. "My contract is by the year. We wish people to understand that Monte Carlo is a summer as well as a winter place. I am always there, and there is always tennis. In the winter there is work, of course, and the tournaments attract great crowds, but throughout the summer now there is always someone who is wishful to play. Yesterday I could not have accepted your invitation. I had to play for three hours with the secretary of Sir Mark Ezerum."

"Is he as interesting as his master?"

"That I do not know, because I am not acquainted with his master. We have played tennis two or three times. I give him thirty. He works very hard. When we have finished, he is tired, for he is not in good condition like I am. He is too tired to speak much. He takes his one long drink and he goes."

"You have never met Sir Mark then?"

"Yes, I have met him," Zachary acknowledged, "but I cannot say that I know him. . . . Your racket should be receiving attention by this time, Colonel Tellesom. Forgive me."

He placed the racket in its press with deft, swift fingers and accepted another tumbler of the cup.

"Do any of your old friends ever come down to visit you?" Tellesom asked.

Zachary looked at his companion out of the depths of his frank blue eyes.

"You are Colonel Tellesom," he said, "once in the secret service of the British Government, now working for some incomprehensible person in an unfathomable background. You ask me questions—me, Zachary, the tennis professional. What is there that I can tell you? What is there I know which you want to discover? You can take my life and turn it inside out. I am a simple Russian exile, earning my living, which too few of my people care to do."

Tellesom nodded thoughtfully.

"Very well put," he admitted. "You might be considerably assisted in that wholesome endeavor of yours if you would consent to answer one or two questions."

"I do not understand," the young man acknowledged. "What is a wholesome endeavor?"

Tellesom indulged in an apologetic gesture.

"I beg your pardon. What I meant was that the task of earning your living might be made a little easier if you cared to help me toward some information for which I am seeking."

A puzzled smile broke across the young man's face.

"Information? You mean the cut on those backhand drives which got past you so often? It would be an affair of the courts, that, and Miss Hincks is learning something from Gaudois."

"Yes," Tellesom acquiesced thoughtfully. "I should like to learn that cut stroke of yours. In the meantime, I have a friend who is willing to give five hundred pounds for a trifle of information which has nothing to do with your famous backhand drive, or with tennis at all."

Zachary looked not quite so young. He glanced stealthily at his companion, but the latter was engrossed in lighting a cigarette.

"Alas," he murmured, "tennis is the only subject upon which I am well informed. Your friend probably mistook me for someone else. There is Andrew Zachary, of Budapest, who is a great collector of coins. My name is Paul."

"I made a mistake just now," Tellesom admitted. "Just a slip of the tongue. A thousand pounds it was my friend said, not five hundred."

Three sets of grueling tennis had brought no signs of undue warmth to Zachary's face, yet at that moment two little beads of perspiration glistened upon his forehead.

"A thousand pounds," he acknowledged, "is a great deal of money, but what information could I possibly possess worth that sum, or half of it, to anyone?"

"You would like me to be perfectly frank?" Tellesom asked.

"It would be the simplest way of dealing with the matter," the young man declared. "In no other way could we progress."

"I am an advance agent," Tellesom confided, "of an American financier who is one of the richest men in the world. He is interested in oil. He has also a hobby for developing railways and public utilities in any country which needs his help in these directions."

The young man felt for his cigarette case. Tellesom proffered his own, and they settled down again to the discussion.

"Your friend should turn his attention to Russia," Zachary remarked, inhaling the smoke from his cigarette.

"Russia is already in his mind. These things, however, as you know, need a considerable amount of diplomacy, and, in my friend's case especially, a good deal of secrecy. He is one of those men whose movements and finance are watched all over the world. He likes to do his work secretly."

"It is to be understood," Zachary assented.

The tennis lesson had come to an end. Sarah, however, in response to a gesture from Tellesom, had turned away toward the hotel, Gaudois by her side.

"My chief's desire, therefore," Tellesom went on, "is to keep away from Russia himself, but to get into touch with one or two of the most prominent Russians of the day with a view to making certain proposals to them, and if he can secure definite assurances that these are likely to be satisfactorily received, to accompany them afterward to Russia."

"Accompany?" Zachary repeated.

Tellesom nodded.

"The two Russians whom he has in mind," he explained, "are the only two who count in Russia today—Postinoff and Vitznow."

"Ah!"

Zachary's monosyllable was noncommittal. Tellesom proceeded:

"You probably do not keep in touch with these matters, but I can tell you this: They were both in Geneva last week, and they have a month to wait now before the conference recommences. They are remaining on, I believe, at the hotel, but there is nothing to prevent their taking a week or ten days' holiday. My chief is yachting in the Mediterranean. He would like to have them brought here—which is, after all, the safest corner of Europe—and visit him. He may then, in complete secrecy, unfold his plans."

Zachary had become restless. He was also a little excited.

"But you are talking over my head," he protested. "These are matters which I do not understand. Geneva? What do I know of Geneva? I have no interest in the politics of Russia of today."

"Naturally," Tellesom agreed. "Still, you know these men by name. They are compatriots of yours. You could get into touch with them without compromising yourself or anyone. Any form of approach from us is impossible. In brief," Tellesom went on to explain, "my chief's idea was that you, as a young Russian who, although an aristocrat, is still patriotic enough to be in partial sympathy with his country, might be able to bring about a meeting, and for that service he is disposed to pay."

"Supposing nothing comes of the meeting?" Zachary speculated. "Postinoff and Vitznow are both difficult men. They would probably want to submit any proposals to Moscow."

"If nothing comes of the meeting, you will get your thousand pounds just the same. Your two friends will have had a pleasant little holiday, and my chief will be disappointed. As a matter of fact, though, when he begins to talk business, something generally happens."

"What is the name of your chief?" Zachary asked curiously.

A little murmur of impatience escaped Tellesom.

"My dear young friend," he protested, "haven't I been all this time explaining to you that my chief's name must not be mentioned at all until negotiations are fairly under way. You must take my word for this much: If business, or prospective business, arises from this meeting, he is in a position to put his hand upon five hundred million dollars within a week. That is the amount he had placed on one side for investment in either your country or in another quarter which I may not mention, provided he is able to come to terms."

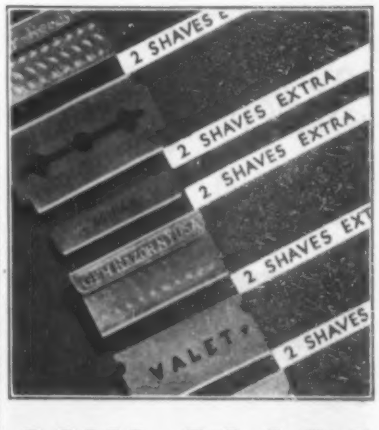
"Five hundred million dollars!" Zachary repeated incredulously. "Is there any one man in the world with such a sum at his disposal?"

"Several," Tellesom assured him. "The only point is that my chief is probably the first to recognize the fact that his own country as a medium for investment has become absolutely impossible. Every form of enterprise there has been exploited. The shares of every public utility and investment company are standing at so far above their value that to gamble in them is sheer folly. The country is glutted with money. That is why my chief wishes to withdraw a certain amount of capital and use it where it may become more productive."

The young man was impressed. There was a gleam in his eyes.

Money even for the small luxuries of life, notwithstanding several outside allowances, was difficult to come by at Monte Carlo. Often he felt himself inclined to envy the gigolos.

"It should not be difficult to come to terms," he muttered. "Russia has the oil. She has even the gold and other metals. Russia needs the railways. She needs electric plants. She needs all that capital can



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buy. . . . My task, then, as I understand it, Colonel Tellesom, is simply to procure the presence here of Postinoff and Vitznow."

Tellesom produced his pocketbook.

"That is all you have to do," he assented, "but remember that it must be incognito. To show you that I am in earnest, here are twenty-five mille. The remainder will be yours the day the meeting takes place."

The Russian accepted the money with a little bow. It was a larger sum than Zachary had ever handled on his own account in his life, but he showed no signs of undue emotion.

"Within a week or ten days' time," he promised, "that meeting shall take place. I address you here?"

"Here at the hotel."

Heavy footsteps were heard approaching, trills of feminine laughter and a familiar male voice. Both men turned their heads. Behrling was passing along one of the smaller walks through the wood, his hand resting upon Chloe's shoulder.

"A dangerous fellow, that," Tellesom observed warily. "Do you happen to know him?"

"He is not of my acquaintance," the Russian answered.

Tellesom, who had shown signs of leaving the moment before, reopened his case and lit another cigarette. Zachary, too, accepted one.

"On second thoughts," the former reflected, "I think I will not ask you to communicate with me here. The bathing is almost finished, and I begin to think the change would be pleasant. A week today, I will move into the Hôtel de Paris at Monte Carlo. We can meet there and you can tell me by word of mouth what you have arranged."

"It is even better so," the Russian agreed. "You will perhaps find time for some tennis?"

Tellesom nodded. He laid his hand for a moment upon the other's shoulder.

"There is one thing," he said, "which I ought to impress upon you. It is very important, indeed, for your own sake. These proposals which I have made to you—the visit of these two men, their subsequent conversations, if any, with my chief—are affairs which demand an utter and comprehensive secrecy. If a single word of them gets about to anyone, everything is at an end. Do you understand that, Zachary?"

"Very easily," the young man replied as he followed Tellesom's example and rose to his feet. "I am simple, perhaps, but I am not a fool, and there is so much in my past of which one does not speak that I have acquired the gift of reticence. Besides," he added, "as you English put it, does a man kill the goose which lays the golden egg?"

They swung out of the gate and met Sarah in her bathing clothes, on her way down to the sea. She came, smiling, up to them.

"I am glad to see you again, Mr. Zachary," she said. "Thank you so much for that wonderful tennis. I never enjoyed anything more in my life."

Zachary towered over her in the middle of the flinty road, bare-headed, with the evening sun upon his yellow hair—a fine figure of a man. He bent courteously down.

"It was a great pleasure for me also, mademoiselle," he acknowledged. "There are few of the ladies who honor me with their patronage who play as you do. You will excuse?"

He passed on toward the hotel. Tellesom and Sarah looked after him for a moment.

"What a divinely handsome person!" the latter observed. "Tell me, did I do everything I ought to? Disappear at the right time, and that sort of thing? Gaudois was only polite with an effort. He was much more interested in wondering what you were saying to Zachary than in escorting me to the hotel."

He took her arm and they started down to the sea.

"You played your little part perfectly, dear," he assured her. "I only wish I could feel as satisfied about my own."

XXVIII

TELLESOM, installed, very much against his will, at the Hôtel de Paris in Monte Carlo, to await the arrival of his world-conquering chief, sauntered about amongst the little crowd of idlers in the atrium of the Casino, uncertain whether to obey the summons of the gong and reënter the theater, where he had spent the earlier part of the evening, or to pass on into the playing rooms. Zachary's gestured invitation to join him in the distant bar passed unnoticed. He felt that for the present he had seen quite as much as was wise of that young man. Then he felt an unexpected touch upon his arm. A girl stood patiently waiting.

"Can I speak to you for a moment?" she begged.

He looked at her in some surprise. She was of unusual type for the place—tall and slim, well but simply dressed, pale, with heavily fringed eyes, eyebrows and eyelashes which had evidently received her earnest attention before the looking-glass, lips daringly vermilion, and complexion, too, which owed none of its coloring to the sun. His first impulse was to draw away. After all, though, her voice was quiet and had quality, and he felt some curious instinct of recognition. He had seen her, perhaps at Juan or at some of the other casinos, where, in the brilliant light, her faulty make-up would have been less noticeable. He suffered her to lead him on one side.

"Well, what is it?" he inquired. "You have a system to sell, or you have lost your last hundred francs and want to throw a little more into the melting pot?"

He spoke pleasantly, in a manner which robbed his words of any possible offense. She shook her head.

"I think—pardon me, we are not acquainted, are we?" he broke off. "Your voice sounded familiar."

"We probably shall be one day," she replied. "At present I know you only by reputation. You were just one of the people I ought not to have spoken to, of course, but there seemed to be no one else possible."

"I am beginning to be intrigued," he assured her. "What is it that I can do for you?"

"A trifle to you," she answered. "A great deal to me. I want to pass into the rooms. Will you allow me to walk by your side?"

He looked at her in renewed surprise.

"Why, how will that help you?" he asked. "I'll do better than that for you, if you like. I'll get you an entrance ticket."

"There are difficulties," she murmured. "Permit me, please, simply to walk by your side into the rooms. In that way you take no responsibility. It will be a kindly action on your part."

He indulged in a little shrug of the shoulders. Whatever her type might be, she was no ordinary example of it. That underlying current of half-awakened memory was tantalizing him. His curiosity was piqued. He abandoned without regret the idea of once more occupying his seat in the theater, and he turned toward the entrance.

"If you don't mind," she continued, "talk to me as though we were acquainted. I have watched you enter before. You are persona grata with those ogres who look at us all so suspiciously. Am I not right? . . . Of course. And then, too," she went on, "you're a man, and life is always made so much easier for men—especially in our profession."

"Our profession?" he repeated, a little puzzled. "Do we walk the same way in life then?"

"I think that our paths are not so very far apart," she replied, with a smile. "If you please, now, could you manage a shade more interest?"

He leaned down toward her, his fingers touching her arm lightly, as though to guide her through the portals. The two black-coated men returned his affable greeting with respect, but glanced curiously at the girl. One of them seemed about to speak, but changed his mind. They whispered together, but made no effort to interfere. Tellesom and his companion passed into the crowded room.

"Well," he remarked, "your enterprise is accomplished. You are free of the kitchen at any rate, and, so long as you have penetrated so far, I don't suppose they will hesitate for a moment to let you into the *salles privées*. Perhaps you will tell me, before we part, why you asked me to render you this somewhat quaint service."

"I owe you that," she admitted, "but I should like to get a little farther away from the entrance. Those two men are still talking about me."

"Will you sit in the bar for a moment?" he suggested. "A liqueur perhaps?"

She assented absently. They were moving through the rooms in leisurely fashion, but at each table she paused and her eyes deliberately searched among the players as though for a familiar face. When at last they reached the bar, she led the way to the farthermost table, and, seating herself, unexpectedly removed her small, close-fitting hat. He saw then that her hair—very beautiful light brown hair it was—was smoothly brushed and of fine quality, and bore the unmistakable cachet of a London coiffeur.

"Now tell me," he begged, after he had given an order to the waiter, "have you a ticket for the rooms already, or why would you not let me get you one?"

"I have no ticket, and I do not wish to apply for one," she told him. "I prefer to keep the name upon my passport to myself."

"That sounds mysterious."

She nodded.

"Yet you, too, I should think, at one time or another in your life, Colonel Tellesom, have found a little difficulty about your passport. You probably have always had two or three, but I am only provided with one, and I preferred to take my chance as I have done. These Casino people are very clever. They are not so easily fooled as the officials on the frontier."

"Why," he asked curiously, "do you suggest that I should ever have had any trouble about passports?"

"Because," she confided, "I imagine—or did I fancy it, I wonder?—that before you became head man to the modern Cæsar, you were used to traveling backward and forward across the world upon more or less secret government business."

"And you?"

"Yes," she confessed, "I am one of the same ilk, only a very humble beginner. This, in fact, is almost my first assignment. Nevertheless, I, too, work for Cæsar."

"The devil you do!" he exclaimed. "I beg your pardon. You surprised me a little. May I ask, then, what you are doing down here, and why I have heard nothing of your coming?"

"You probably know the rules of the game as well as I do," she replied. "You know that if we both work for the same person, it is one of his fancies—and it seems to me very sound—that we remain, outwardly, at any rate, strangers to each other. All the same, I could show you many things. I will now, if you permit me, go about my business."

"Having excited my curiosity so far," he remonstrated, "you might at least tell me your name, or what name you are passing under here. I shall not ask you the nature of your business, although I myself am not exactly an idler in these parts."

She smiled as she drew on her hat.

"It is better for you to know nothing," she assured him, looking into a tiny mirror, which she had taken from her vanity case, as though to see that the rearrangement of her hat was satisfactory. "Besides ——"

She broke off in somewhat singular fashion. She was still peering into the little mirror. There was no change in her expression. Her last words, up to the pause, had

(Continued on Page 105)

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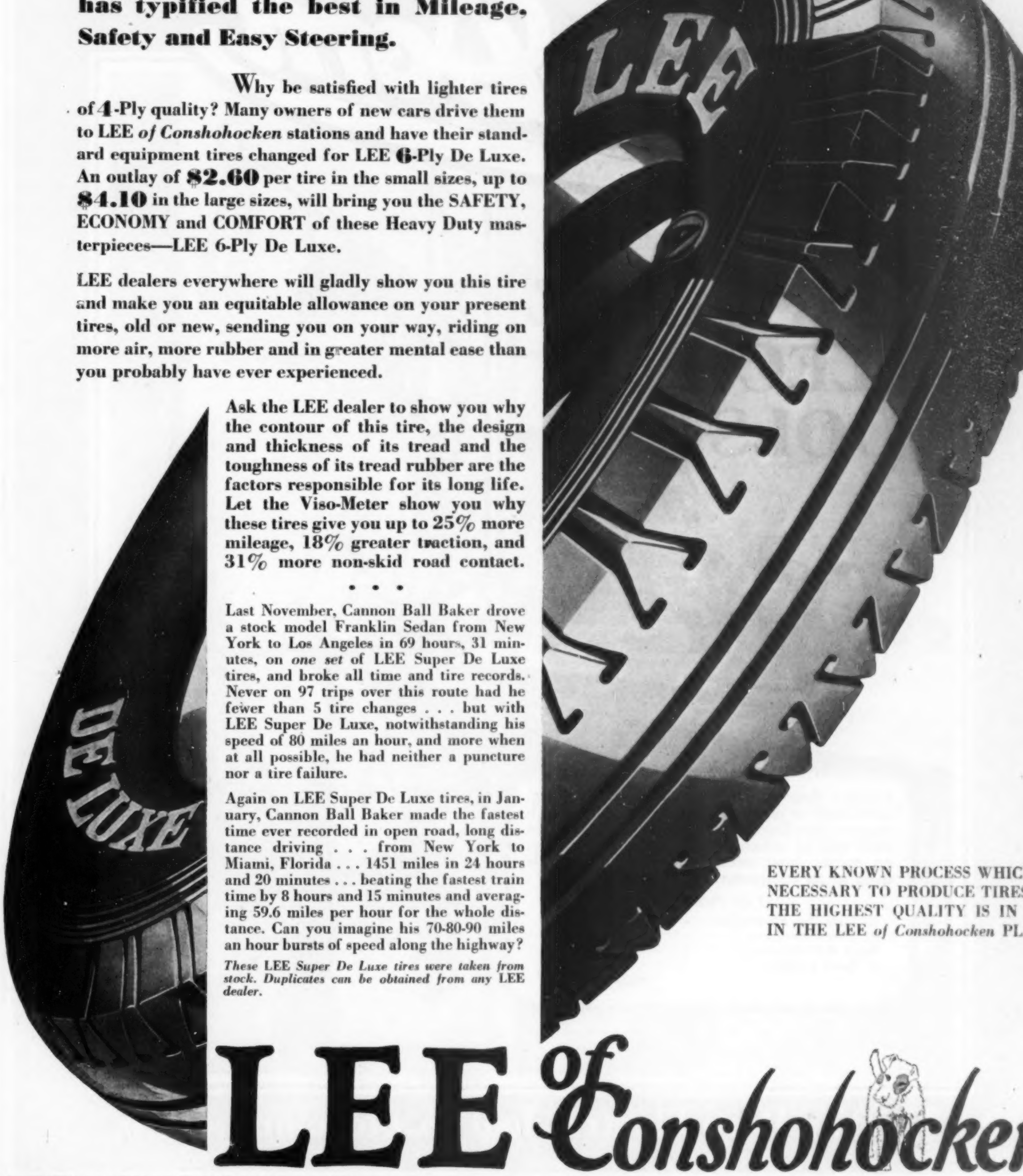

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Last November, Cannon Ball Baker drove a stock model Franklin Sedan from New York to Los Angeles in 69 hours, 31 minutes, on *one set* of LEE Super De Luxe tires, and broke all time and tire records. Never on 97 trips over this route had he fewer than 5 tire changes . . . but with LEE Super De Luxe, notwithstanding his speed of 80 miles an hour, and more when at all possible, he had neither a puncture nor a tire failure.

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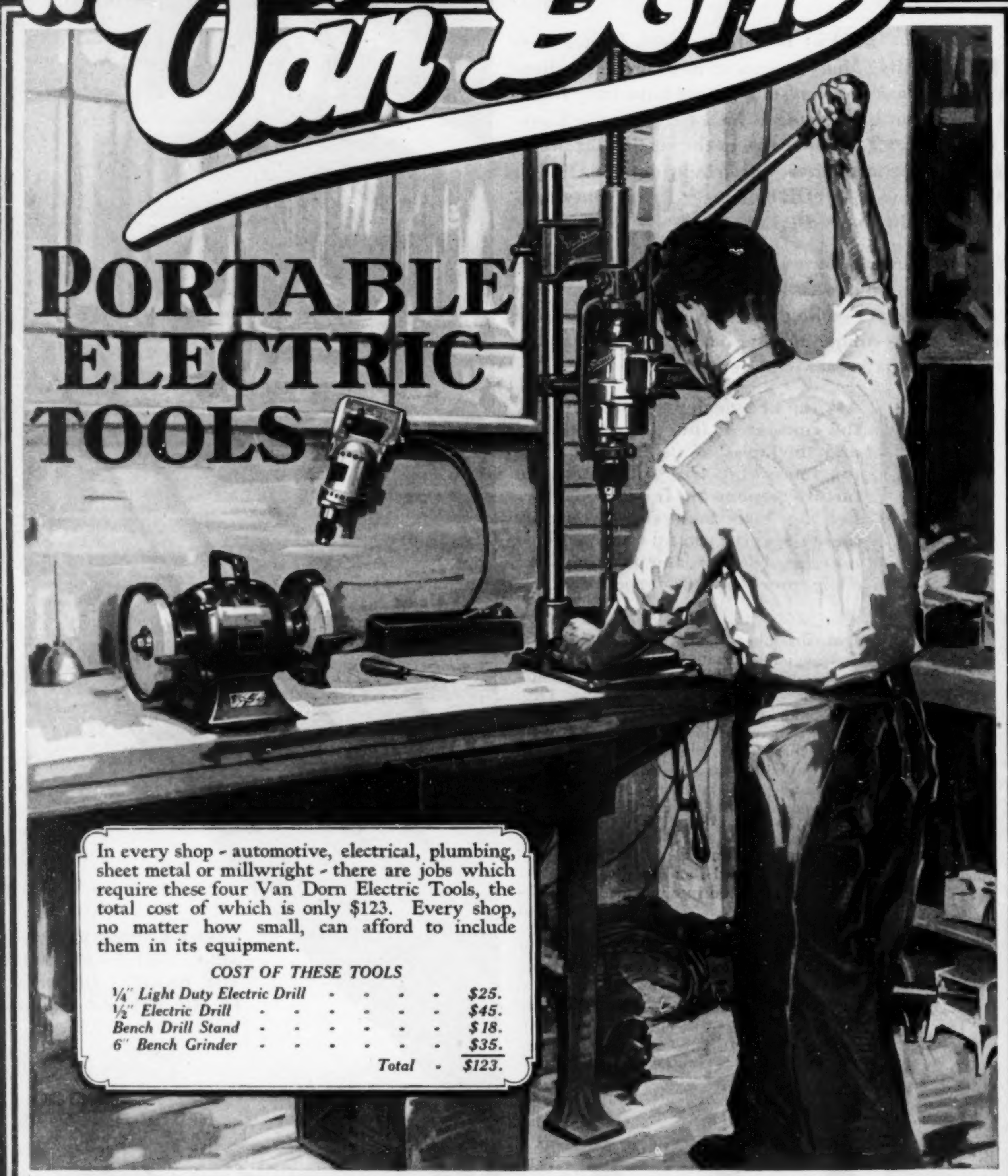

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½" Electric Drill	*$45.*
Bench Drill Stand	*$18.*
6" Bench Grinder	*$35.*
Total	*$123.*

The Van Dorn Electric Tool Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

(Continued from Page 102)

been spoken unfalteringly, yet he knew quite well that something had happened. He glanced over her shoulder toward the entrance. A man was standing there, looking around the buffet—a bulky person of Levantine appearance, wearing overmuch jewelry, and with full, red, Eastern lips. He adjusted a single eyeglass, and as he recognized Tellesom's companion, he stood for a moment rigid and motionless. She put away her mirror, and Tellesom noticed that she closed her vanity bag with steady fingers.

"Do you mind going away now, please?" she begged. "The person whom I came to see has arrived."

Her little note of dismissal was urgent and final, and Tellesom promptly obeyed. As he left the bar by the farther entrance he looked back. The man was still standing upon the threshold; the girl had set down her liqueur glass upon the table and was moving toward him.

Tellesom, a man of few emotions, although possessed of a keen sensibility, never forgot the thrill of those scant moments just before the closing of the last table in the far room of the *salles privées* an hour or so later on that evening. He had returned to his sitting room after leaving the Casino, and had read half a novel before, glancing across the square, he saw that it was half-past one. An odd impulse of curiosity led him to throw the book away, descend to the lounge, and stroll once more across to the Casino. He walked first through the outer rooms where play was nearly finished, searching among the stragglers, but seeing no one except the usual hardened habitués, indulging in a last stake or reluctantly cashing in their chips before departure. Afterward, he passed into the *salles privées*—the first two rooms of which were utterly deserted—and made his way toward the vestibule which guards the larger and more important *salle de jeux*. He was within half a dozen paces of its arched entrance when he saw the woman of whom he was in unacknowledged quest only a few yards away. She was coming straight toward him, without any appearance of haste, yet moving with incredible swiftness, like one who has found some new magic in her feet, so that they rested upon the floor only for the fraction of a second. She did not appear to be hurrying. She was unflurried. The whole of her somewhat elaborate make-up was undisturbed. She passed him like a mechanical doll, without a glance, without any sign of realization that it was a human being against whose shoulder she nearly brushed in the deserted, tawdrily bedizened chamber. He half paused to greet her, but understood at once that, so far as she was concerned, he was a being who had no existence. He turned slowly around to look after her. She was already disappearing through the entrance door, a proceeding strictly prohibited in the daytime, but, at that hour of night, occasionally to be done. She was gone, and when he remembered the blank look in her eyes he felt a little shiver chill his blood, as though he were conscious of some untoward happening close at hand. His first impulse—which was to follow her—he resisted, passing on instead into the vestibule which bordered the other salon. In the latter most of the tables were already dismantled. The croupiers were counting chips and rolling up the green baize cloths, and a thin stream of players were leaking out toward him or making their way towards the *caisse*. The impression of all these things in the background was the impression of a second. Closer at hand there was something uglier and more gruesome. Fallen forward from the divan by the side of the lift was the shapeless body of a man, already hidden by the black-coated concealers of tragedy. Even as Tellesom stood there, he saw one of them snatch at the still-smoking pistol upon the floor, saw the whole epitomized drama disappear as the lift shot downward. With his usual air of composure, one of the *chefs*, his hands behind his back, was already strolling up to meet the people on their way out. Another one came toward Tellesom, a third appeared to be stifling a yawn. Nothing had happened—nothing unusual! Tellesom spoke to the man whose eyes were watching his.

"What is all this?" he inquired.

The man shook his head.

"A gentleman taken unwell, monsieur," he explained.

"Gambling?"

"Merely a looker-on, they say," the *chef* confided. "The heat of the room, beyond a doubt."

"What is the meaning of the pistol?" Tellesom demanded.

The man shrugged his shoulders and strolled off. The question that was really burning in Tellesom's brain was, what was the meaning of the girl's flying exit?

XXIX

WITH a sigh of resignation, Tellesom, white waistcoated and with a carnation in the buttonhole of his dinner coat, descended, a couple of nights later, into the lounge of the Hotel de Paris to join in festivities for which he was in evil humor. His prospective hostess, standing in the midst of those of her guests who were already assembled, smiled at his expression as he raised her hand to his lips.

"Here comes my last invited and most unwilling guest," she announced, introducing him to one or two people in the immediate vicinity. "I met Colonel Tellesom—who is an old friend—on the tennis courts yesterday, and, although I know that he is dying to get back to his beloved Cap d'Antibes and hates dinner parties, he couldn't refuse to dine with me. Now we have to wait only for Lord Harderton. We could go in without him, but, alas, that would make us thirteen."

"Harderton!" Tellesom exclaimed. "What is he doing out here at this time of the year?"

"My dear Charles," his hostess expostulated, "how can you ever account for the whereabouts or the doings of these Socialist ministers? Of course, Harderton is all right except for his associations. He was always quaint. . . . As you can't sit next me, Charles, is there anyone whom you especially fancy as a neighbor? I have put you between Grace Carey and Miriam Shaw, both of whom you used to know slightly, I think, but I can change you with either of my other two young men if you like. This is an out-of-season party, and we are being delightfully informal."

It was precisely at this moment that Tellesom received a mild shock. Seated a little apart, but obviously one of the party, was the lady with the flying feet. She had abandoned altogether her crude adventure in cosmetics. She was dressed with all possible restraint, and she was noticeable now only for her quiet and distinguished appearance.

"Very kind of you, duchess," he murmured. "I wonder whether you could tell me the name of the thoughtful-looking young lady seated alone there?"

The duchess glanced in the direction indicated.

"Always an eye for the unusual," she observed, smiling. "That is Miss Stanley Erdish."

"English?"

"Of course. Rather a blue-stocking, I believe. She took all kinds of degrees in her younger days, and we quite expected her to stand for Parliament. I believe, as a matter of fact, she's a sort of journalist now—writes the high-class stuff which she will never sign. You would like to meet her?"

"To be frank with you, I should," he assented.

They moved towards the divan.

"Stanley," her hostess said, "this is Colonel Tellesom, who is to be your neighbor at dinner. Miss Stanley Erdish."

The girl acknowledged the greeting pleasantly, but without a flicker of any sort of recognition. The duchess turned away to greet Lord Harderton, who had just arrived, and Tellesom indulged in a few commonplace remarks. In a minute or two the little party moved into the dining room.

"Sorry for having kept you all waiting," Lord Harderton apologized as he took his place. "As a matter of fact, I've been here for a quarter of an hour, but I had to go to the bureau. Queer sort of business," he went on. "I had a dispatch from the Foreign Office this evening, asking me to inquire into the whereabouts of a mysterious Asiatic gentleman who has been staying here incognito for several weeks. He wants watching, it seems."

"How exciting!" the duchess murmured. "Do tell me who he was?"

"This quarrelsome relative of the King of Afghanistan, whom they all want to have back again. He's been staying here, it appears, for some time. Called himself Mr. Tulamen, and posed as a Greek or a Turk—I'm not sure which. Two days ago, they tell me, he left in a hurry. Heaven forbid that I should start a scandal," Harderton went on, "but as a matter of fact, I believe that he left without paying his hotel bill."

"Gambling?" his hostess inquired.

"I suppose so. Nothing serious, I should imagine. What makes it so funny is that he should have cleared off like that, without a word to anyone. He didn't even say good-by to Sir Mark Ezerum, who seems to have been a friend of his."

"Do you mean that he left all his luggage behind?" someone inquired.

"Apparently so," Harderton replied. "The hotel people think that he'll turn up again."

"I wonder?" Tellesom murmured. . . .

The dinner proceeded according to custom. Tellesom made light conversation with his two neighbors, and found Miss Erdish a pleasant, though somewhat reserved, companion, whose personality still puzzled him. In due course, he danced with his hostess and two of the elder ladies of his acquaintance. Afterward, he turned to his left-hand neighbor with a gesture of invitation. She hesitated for a single moment. Then she rose and they made their way on to the floor.

"I am wondering," she said abruptly as soon as they were out of hearing of the party, "whether you have a good memory?"

"That depends."

"I mean the memory of a diplomat," she went on—"the memory of a man who is astute enough or kind enough to know when to forget. I do not wish to rely upon any semi-official connection there may be between you and me. I want this matter to remain personal."

He made no immediate answer. They were halfway round the room, indeed, before he spoke again.

"Mine is one of those curious types of memory," he confided, "which become subordinate to will. It is a memory which knows when to lift its hand and pull down a blind now and then, but it requires to be convinced that the lowering of the blind is advisable."

"That sounds reasonable," she admitted. "Are you going into the rooms afterward, Colonel Tellesom?"

"I had made no plans."

"They are all going to play," she continued. "I shall go to my room. If I might come to your salon for a few minutes, I think, perhaps, I could deal with that memory of yours."

"An admirable idea," he assented.

His hostess beckoned to him as he was preparing to resume his seat. He made his way toward the end of the table.

"Charles," she said, "I want to present you to the Princesse de Montmercy. She tells me you are a great friend of her daughter."

Tellesom, for a moment, was puzzled. Then a flash of memory came to his aid, and he bowed over the hand of the woman who he had already decided, on glancing round the table, was the most charming of his fellow guests.

(Continued on Page 107)

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(Continued from Page 105)

"It was foolish of me," he murmured. "Your daughter has spoken of you so often, and the likeness is there, of course, to remind me also. You came over from the Cap this evening?"

"To tell you the truth, I haven't been there yet," she confessed. "I'm rather ashamed of myself. I telephoned to Sarah, and she begged me to look out for you. The duchess was kind enough to ask me to this party a few nights ago in Paris, and I came straight through. Perhaps I ought to confess, too, that I hate bathing, now that the weather is cooler, as much as I hate *chemin de fer*, and roulette is very nearly my favorite amusement. I shall stay here for a day or two, and then I shall come to the Cap."

"Will you dance?" Tellesom invited.

"I should love to," she answered.

They made their way on to the floor. She danced delightfully, but her feet were a little listless. She pointed to the opened windows.

"I'm not quite a salamander," she confided, "and I'm feeling this heat. Couldn't we sit in the window there?"

"Of course," he acquiesced.

They found two chairs and sat on the balcony. In the distance the band of the Café de Paris was playing. There were lights burning everywhere behind and around the deep green of the trees. A constant stream of people were entering and leaving the Casino.

"I find this a very pleasant meeting," the princess declared. "Sarah tells me she's terribly fond of you, Colonel Tellesom, and I was dying to see what you were like."

"I was just as anxious to meet you," he confessed. "You see, I'm very fond of Sarah, but I must admit that I'm just a little terrified."

She laughed.

"And yet the whole world tells me what a brave man you are, and how many decorations you could sport if you would."

"I wasn't thinking about my profession," he replied. "I was thinking of the fact that I am thirty-seven years old, and Sarah is twenty-one; she is a very rich girl and I am a very poor man, and I want to marry her."

The princess was silent for a moment, but it was a very kindly silence.

"I can't see anything against it," she said. "I feel sure I shall like you, but even if I didn't, it wouldn't matter at all. Sarah ——"

She paused perceptibly.

"My late husband believes in making everyone with whom he has any connection isolated fragments of humanity. If I divorced my dear Armand—which I should never do, because he is much too charming—Warren would never expect to be told about it. If Sarah becomes engaged, or even married, he will not pretend to take any interest in the affair. He has put us outside his life, and there we stay. On the other hand, he has made it possible for us to live how and where we will. He has given us the freedom of the world."

"That is something to the good, anyhow," Tellesom remarked, smiling.

"It is so much to the good that Sarah has a very large fortune, and can therefore marry anyone she pleases. I was in a position to do the same thing. Of course, being an American woman, everyone imagined that I married Armand because he was the Prince de Montmercy. As a matter of fact, I didn't. I married for love, and I should like my daughter to do the same thing."

"I have a small assured income," Tellesom explained, "but I must confess that my largest source of revenue at the present moment comes from your former husband."

"That is of no consequence," the princess declared. "The only surviving sentiment I still have toward Warren Rand is one of gratitude that he should have placed us both above even the consideration of money. I have an extravagant husband, and I give him my check book, but we have never yet spent our income. If you can spend Sarah's, you will be clever."

They sat in silence for a few moments. The princess breathed a little sigh of content. She looked very beautiful and very attractive in the subdued light.

"I'm so glad I like you," she confided. "I can't pretend there's any very great affection between Sarah and myself. She has always had a vein of seriousness in her which reminds me of her father. She will flirt and play around with the young people for weeks, and then suddenly get tired of it all. I never get tired of frivolity. I think life was made for joy. I don't think like Sarah does. Directly you begin to think you begin to speculate, and you wonder, and afterward you doubt, and then it is as though a cloud had drifted across the sun. I love life as it comes to me. Nevertheless, Colonel Tellesom—Charles, it is, isn't it?—I think I shall be an excellent mother-in-law to you."

He lifted her fingers to his lips.

"You will be a very charming one," he said warmly, "and I know that I shall be very happy. By the bye," he went on after a moment's pause, "there is something I ought to tell you."

"You're not going to make any confessions, are you?" she exclaimed with a gesture of dismay.

"Not I," he assured her. "There is something which I shouldn't have mentioned at all to anyone else in the world, but I think you ought to know. I am here in Monte Carlo waiting for your former husband."

She sat upright, obviously startled.

"For Warren?" she exclaimed. "You mean that he is coming here?"

"Absolutely. Last time I heard of him he had just flown to Barcelona. He is on his yacht now between Gibraltar and Marseilles. He may come direct; he may wait for a day or two, but he might, at any rate, be here within three days."

The princess wrinkled her eyebrows in self-pity.

"There goes my roulette," she sighed. "If I saw Warren I think I should have a fit. I shall leave for the Cap tomorrow."

"But you remain on friendly terms with him?"

She looked at him strangely. There was no vestige of a smile or any human expression upon her face. It had become like a mask.

"On friendly terms with Warren Rand!" she repeated wonderingly. "Who is there in the world who could be? Not his wife, not his daughter, not his dead sons. You know, I have a theory," she went on after a moment's hesitation—"and I have been his wife, I ought to know something—I have a theory that he is dead—a dead man living through some supernatural power."

Tellesom looked questioningly at his companion. Did she by chance belong to one of these new cults?

"Dead?" he repeated.

"I believe," she continued, "that he died the day the twins fell at Cambrai. I swear there's been something else—not blood—in his veins since then."

The platitudes died away on Tellesom's lips. He remained silent.

"Warren Rand," she continued—and even her voice fell as though she feared to speak his name—"has set himself out to conquer the world. He will do it too. If he can live long enough—and what disease is there of which he could die?—he will wield a sovereign power in the world; he will have all the rulers and great people on their knees. I don't understand—I'm a woman without much brain—what it is he has in view, but I think that he will do it. Listen, Charles. I have lived with Warren Rand as his wife in the old days, so I know what I am talking about, and I tell you that I would board the fastest aeroplane—although I hate the air—or clamber up the steps of the swiftest steamer—although I loathe the sea—and I would go to the far ends of the world—although I hate traveling—sooner than find myself anywhere near Warren Rand."

A breath of wind stirred in the trees. The music from the Café de Paris drifted over to them with a new and fuller cadence. It was as though its warm melody melted something in the suddenly frozen woman by his side. She jumped to her feet and clung to him.

"No one could understand," she cried, "no one will ever understand, but there you are! You've had just a moment of knowing how I feel, and will always feel, and so will Sarah, and so will everyone in time who moves across the squares of life at his bidding. When he has finished with a puppet, overboard it goes. . . . Shall we dance one turn more? And then Lord Harderton has promised to take me into the rooms. . . . You're quite a dear, Charles, and I'll try to be a good mother-in-law to you, and," she added, raising herself a little to whisper in his ear—"thank you for your thoughtfulness in telling me."

xxx

TELLESOM stood on his balcony, a quarter of an hour later, gazing down at the gay scene, which never failed to intrigue him. Below were the flower-starred gardens, with the trees and shrubs stark things in the windless air; beyond, the lights of the Café de Paris, crowds of men and women seated at the little tables, the faint refrain of music in the farther distance. Down the hill hurried a seemingly incessant stream of people, the men mostly in dinner clothes and bareheaded, the women in chiffon and gossamerlike cloaks, the electric light flashing upon their jewelry, illuminating their laughing, eager faces as they passed on, all toward the same goal—the strange, grotesque, yet somehow impressive-looking building at the end of the square. From every window the lights were blazing. Servants in the familiar livery were waiting at the top of the steps. Vehicles were all the time drawing up and depositing visitors from the outlying villas, gay parties from Nice or Villefranche or Mentone, engaged in the same eternal quest.

In the background the deep purple somberness of the mountains was stabbed by vivid pin pricks of fire stretching up almost to the lowest of the stars.

Tellesom swung round quickly at the sound of the stealthy opening and closing of his door. It was Stanley Erdish—the lady of the flying feet—who stood just across the threshold, listening intently. She turned toward him as he stepped back into the room.

"Have the police visited you yet to ask about me?" she inquired abruptly.

"I have had no communication from them at all," he assured her. "Won't you sit down? I am anxious to hear what you have to tell me."

She was apparently ill at ease. She wandered restlessly around the room, occasionally pausing to listen. She was very unlike the self-composed young woman who had attached herself to Warren Rand's staff.

"I do not wish," she declared, "to be found here talking to you. I do not wish that anyone should know that we are in any way acquainted. That we met at dinner tonight was a misfortune which could not be prevented. I accepted because I thought, if trouble came, it might help me with the police to have been seen with those people. You know now, I suppose, who the man was who came into the bar of the Casino?"

"I can guess," Tellesom admitted.

"He called himself Tulamen here," she went on, "but he was the man of whom Lord Harderton was speaking—Prince Omdurfa, whom the Afghans wanted and want now for king. He has always been secretly in treaty with the Russians, and he came over here to make terms with them. He had a draft treaty with them in his pocket the night he died. You know what that would have meant? The people would have welcomed him back again. He would have been king without striking a blow. The

(Continued on Page 109)

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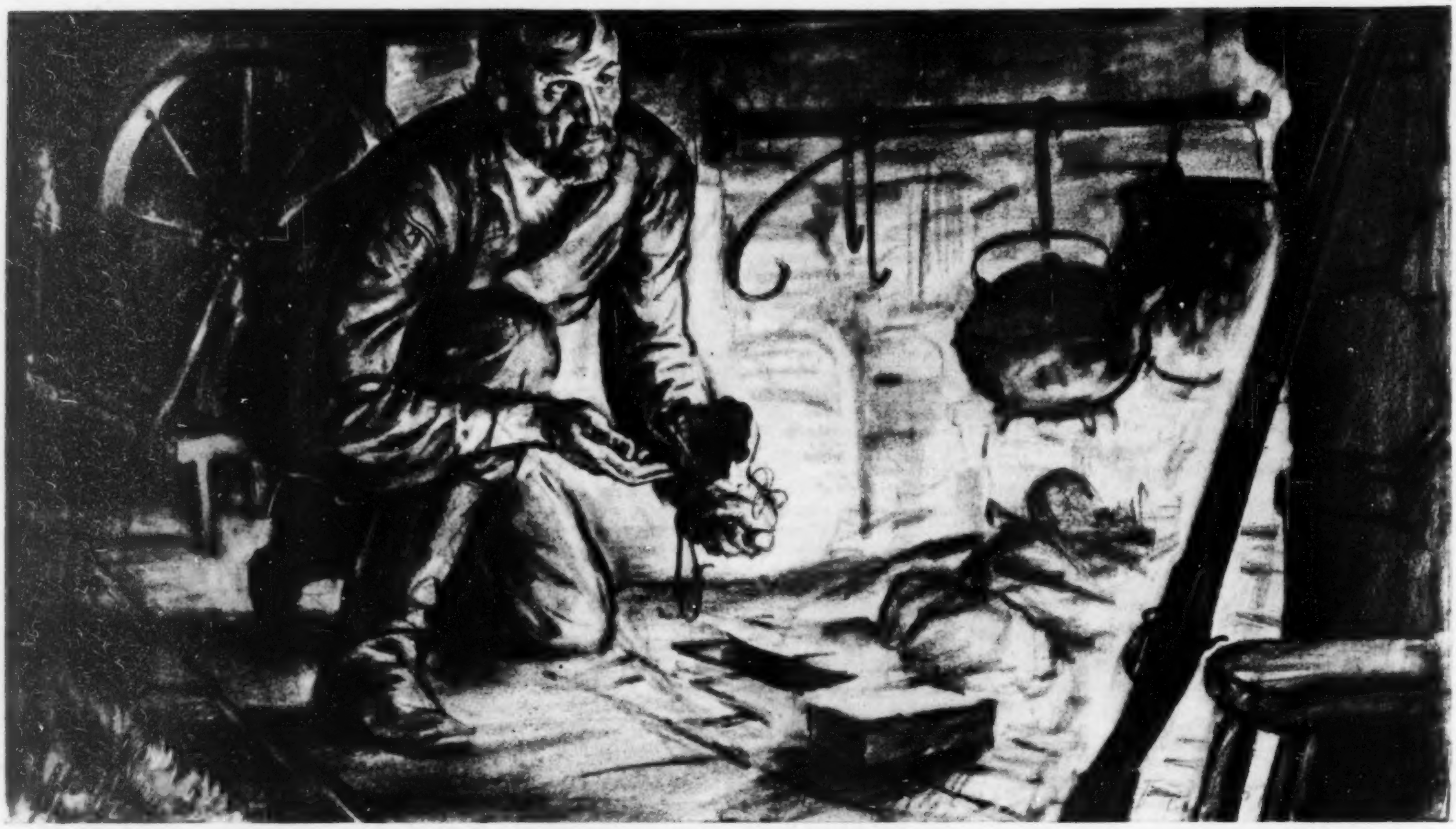

THE LOOSE BRICK ON THE HEARTH

QUIETLY AT NIGHT when the fire had burned low he pushed the ashes aside. The loose brick yielded. With thoughts on the uncertainties ahead he added the day's earnings to his savings. Illness might come. The family was growing. There were many new lands to clear. And here, guarded only by his secret and the fire, was his assurance of life's necessities. Here was his own and his children's means to progress.

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(Continued from Page 107)

Russians would have poured into Afghanistan, and England would have lost India within five years."

"How did Warren Rand get to know this?" Tellesom asked.

"One of his agents, who has been in Russia for five years, got back last week. A terrible wreck he is, but he brought all sorts of information. My mission here was to see what I could do with Tulamen before the Russians arrived. I soon found that actually there was nothing to be done with him. He was an ignorant, conceited man, full of contempt for England and France, and an immense believer in Russia. They are due here now, at any moment, from Geneva—Postinoff and Vitznow—and they were prepared to sign the treaty, which doesn't exist any more. I tore it up."

"How did you get hold of it?"

"He was out of money, and I lent him fifty mille to let me read it," she confided. "He brought it that night. I read it in the bar while he was playing. Then I gave it back to him, but when the—the tragedy happened, I took it out of his pocket. I tore it up in my room that night. It doesn't exist any longer. I did what I thought best, but ——"

She broke off and listened. This time she was right. There had been footsteps outside, and there was a knocking now at the door. She held up her finger and crept cautiously out of sight on to the balcony. Tellesom, without undue haste, opened the door to find two very official-looking personages standing there, dressed in the sober black affected by the Monegasque professional classes.

"You wished to see me?" he inquired.

"Colonel Tellesom?" the elder of the two ventured.

"That is my name."

"Permit that we enter, if you please," his visitor begged. "I am the *commissaire de police*. My confrere is the *avocat* of the principality."

"Enter, by all means," Tellesom invited. "Come this way."

He led them to his sitting room. The *commissaire de police* refused a chair. He was a short, dark man, with a carefully curled black mustache and almost jet-black eyes. His companion was a smaller edition of himself. Neither seemed altogether at his ease.

"Monsieur has perhaps heard," the *commissaire* began, "that there was a little trouble at the Casino the other night."

Tellesom nodded.

"One of those affairs," he remarked dryly, "which, somehow or other, never seem to find their way into the journals."

The *commissaire* threw out his hands.

"But was it one of those affairs?" he demanded. "That is what we ask ourselves. That is what it is our duty to discover. Monsieur understands," he went on, "that it is in keeping with the established custom of the place to treat as an unfortunate, a deeply regrettable but unavoidable incident, certain tragedies which occur in every corner of the world where gambling is indulged in. In this present case, however, one is not sure. A question has been raised. Notwithstanding the great prejudice which exists here quite rightly in favor of keeping secret these untoward happenings, the law of the principality is as jealous as the law of other countries. Monsieur follows me?"

"Quite well."

"There have been rumors which Colonel Tellesom may have heard," the former continued, with portentous solemnity, "that the unfortunate gentleman who was found shot just before closing time at the Casino the other night was not alone at the moment of the tragedy. It has even been suggested that his companion was a lady."

"Indeed!" Tellesom murmured.

"No one seems to have seen this mysterious personage distinctly; no one, in fact, is able actually to swear to her presence. Hence our visit to you, sir. Various officials at the Casino report that you entered the *salles privées* at the moment of the tragedy. You were the only person who passed through the outer rooms at about that time. It is very certain, therefore, that if anyone had been with the unfortunate man at the moment of his death, for which they may or may not have been responsible, you must have seen them escaping."

"I was certainly there," Tellesom acknowledged, "a few seconds, I imagine, after the tragedy had occurred."

"The books of the Casino have been examined," the police functionary went on, "and it seems clear that the person upon whom suspicion might, for various reasons, fall had taken out no ticket for the rooms which would have been available on the night in question. That in itself is a great factor in inducing us to believe that the rumors which have been circulating are untrue, as it is almost impossible for anyone to enter without a *carte d'entrée*. We come to monsieur, however, to help us arrive at a definite decision. I have to ask you, Monsieur Tellesom, to answer me this question in the name of the law: Did you, or did you not, in your passage across the outer room of the *salles privées*, meet a young woman hurrying from the scene of the tragedy. . . . Ah!"

Tellesom, too, had heard the half-smothered little exclamation on the balcony. The *commissaire* was perplexed. He took a hasty step forward. Tellesom barred his farther progress.

"Monsieur," he begged, "I am here to receive your visit, and to answer any questions you choose to ask me, out of respect for your profession and your government. I must remind you, however, that this is my private room. If I choose to receive a visitor, and that visitor happens to be a lady, I must ask you to listen with deaf ears, and to see if you do see, with blind eyes. That, I think, *monsieur le commissaire*, is an attitude which the whole world respects."

Tellesom's very appealing smile evoked a sympathetic impulse in the Monegasque, who was above all things a man of gallantry. Nevertheless, it was a difficult position.

"Monsieur is aware that it is a lady who is upon his balcony?" he ventured.

"It is a lady who has done me the honor to pay me a visit," Tellesom admitted. "I can tell you no more about her than this—that she was a fellow guest at a dinner party given tonight by the Duchess of Weymouth, and at which a member of your royal family was present. Her visit here was, perhaps, a little indiscreet, but ——"

"It is sufficient, monsieur," the *commissaire* interrupted. "One is not aware of her presence. We will revert to the vital question. I am to ask you, monsieur, on your entrance to the *salles privées*, when you crossed the outer and deserted room, did you, or did you not, meet anyone leaving the vestibule where the tragedy took place?"

"I met no one," Tellesom avowed. "I reached the vestibule a few seconds after the tragedy. The outer room through which I passed was empty."

The *commissaire* breathed a great sigh of relief.

"The affair then," he declared, "may, in your opinion, Monsieur Tellesom, be looked upon as one of those others—unfortunate, deeply regrettable from every point of view, but without any specially sinister features?"

"That is how I should regard it," Tellesom assented.

The *commissaire* was relieved; the *avocat*, apparently, disappointed. For the first time he intervened, and his question was a point-blank one.

"Let me put it to you this way, monsieur," he begged: "You saw nothing that night which might have led you to believe that the tragedy with which we are concerned was not due to a self-inflicted wound?"

"Nothing whatever," was the brief reply.

The *avocat* took up his hat. The *commissaire* saluted. The latter was very polite indeed.

"We infinitely regret," he apologized, with a valedictory and significant smile, "our inopportune intrusion upon monsieur."

Tellesom threw open the door and took the precaution of following his departing guests out to the corridor. He waited until he heard the lift arrive, in response to their summons, and descend. Then he made his way back to the salon, and, hurrying out on to the balcony, drew his concealed guest into the room. Her hands were cold and she was shivering. Perhaps the night air was chill; perhaps the pent-up feelings of the last few days were beginning to tell.

"You heard?" he asked.

"I heard everything."

"Lucky I was the only one who saw you," he remarked coolly.

She looked at him with frightened eyes. She was no longer the perfectly self-contained young woman who had stormed Warren Rand's stronghold, bewitched John Glynde, and begged her way into the land of adventure.

"You lied," she murmured below her breath.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"If you come seriously into our profession," he confided, "you will realize that it is sometimes our duty to believe that our eyes and ears are alike deceiving us. . . . You had better hurry off now. They might come back."

She left him at once, and something in her swift, effortless progress down the corridor reminded him of her flight across the deserted room. He turned back, and from the balcony watched the two officials step into their motor car and drive away.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

PHOTO. BY FISHER STUDIO

View From Tongass National Highway, Ketchikan, Alaska

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KING O'MEARA AND QUEEN GUINEVERE

(Continued from Page 23)

of the trot into the rime and roll of the thundering gallop, and gathered downhill speed just as the Saxons struck the dip at the valley's bottom and started up.

There's wan thing about being out in front of a cavalry charge like that, Tim O'Meara used to say, and that's this: Ye're amongst the first to get the latest war news. Ye wait a hundhred years for it, at that, in the thirty seconds before ye get it; but that heightens the interest. At first there was but a dance of plumes and horses' manes was coming towards the eyes of Tim, and thin the dazzle of the Saxon spears that shook and dipped and leveled and came on, and thin in fifty years the spears come nearer and there was a jiggling long line of red blobs behind thim, and thin the red blobs was Saxon faces with fierce light eyes—for no wan wore helmets with visors in thim days, nor complate armor; the books are all wrong about that—and the nixt thing that he knew his lance was through the neck of a screaming horse and the shaft was broken in his hand. And thin the shock of an earthquake was around him and flinging him forward as the two lines met, and somehow his sword was in his fist.

"Wodan! Wodan!" was the pagan cry all about him in the whirling pandemonium, for he had been hurled deep amongst thim heathen warriors. "God and the Gael!" he cried, striking, and wan red face swayed so near him as it fell it spouted teeth against his shield itsilf.

Tim's sword bit through a Saxon helmet, but broke against the Saxon skull beneath. He struck with the stump of it at the hot eyes in a Saxon face, and thin there was a rush beside him, and King Art of Britain rode down two of thim northern pirates was chopping for his life.

"Take Excalibur, Tim!" cries King Art. "I have me ax!"

'Twas his ax he was using at the moment, for Excalibur only came out in great emergencies. Tim reached and plucked it from the sheath at Arty's side, and 'twas well he handled it whin he did, for the nixt second King Art's horse was disemboweled and down, and him struggling to free himself, and King Tim beating off the inimy.

"King Art is down!" bellowed a dozen Saxons, where Tim and Excalibur held thim for a minute at bay; but the cry brought a burst of British warriors through the throng, and in an instant the cintral flow of fight was clotted round the unhorsed king. Unhorsed he was not long, for Tim swept a Saxon head off its big shoulders and Art caught the Saxon's wild horse by its flaring nostrils and bent its neck and steadied the baste and backed it.

There was a roar of "Hingist! Hingist!" and Tim freed the point of Excalibur from a Sassenach battle coat and looked up to see a great black Saxon warrior come walloping toward him through the hurly-burly.

Black was all his armor, save his shield, and that was white, with seven black ravens painted on it; black was his war horse, and black was the feathers on his helm; but in his dark face was the white of grinning teeth, and as he came storming on he made the air above him whistle with the whirling of a black two-handed sword, and high above the sword there swooped and circled seven living crows.

"Flesh for me birds of prey!" yelled Hingist. Tim spun his horse about and leapt to meet him like a wildcat.

The blades met and the steel screamed. 'Twas the world's most distinguished swordsman, was Timothy O'Meara—me ancestor he was!—afoot or ahorse, and by the same token 'twas iver the point that Tim preferred, iver the straight thrust, though he had no master, ayther, at the downright stroke of the edge or the crafty back-hand lift and sweep. Fight thim the way they're not used to—that was Tim's motto. And whin this Hingist comes slashing and circling on, Tim urges his horse inside the wide whirl of his long black blade. Between his knees was a war horse of his own training that was lessoned, whin he spoke the word, to leap straight forward like a panther with the lunge of Tim's extinded arm.

"Ye learned in a crude school, Hingist," says Tim as he felt Excalibur warm and springy in his hand, for 'twas a sword that seemed to have a pulse in it.

"Food for me ravens!" cries Hingist, whirling up the big brand. But 'twas the last upwhirl he iver made, for with a spring Tim and his war horse was under the great stroke with a straight lunge, and eight inches of Excalibur was nately home by way of the black divil's armpit. Tim niver gave annywan a foot of steel whin eight inches would do the business; 'twas not that he was stingy, but he was the born artist.

"Feed thim ravens yoursilf, Hingist," says Tim as the pagan rolled the astonishment of his expiring eyes up at him from trampled ground.

"Ye robbed me of him, Tim," says King Art.

"There's Horsa left for ye, Art," says Tim.

With Hingist's fall, the pagan horsemen gave way, and the British, with a yell, pursued. But Tim would not have it so. He looked around for his bugler, and he seen the lad on foot chasing afther the heathens, somewan's battle-ax in his hand. He galloped afther and caught him by the slack of his hose.

"Young Maguire," says Tim, "ye hairy little baste, what are ye doing with an ax? Drop it, and take up yer bugle and sound the recall."

"Lave me go, lave me go, Sir Timothy," says the lad. "I got wan of thim—a big fat wan—and I want to get me another wan!"

"Blow the recall," says Tim.

"Why so?" says King Art, riding up. "Lave us larrup into the thick of thim, Tim, now we've got this vanguard on the run."

"They're intrinched over there," says King Tim. "'Tis no job for cavalry, running into ditches and thorn bushes; it calls for infantry and craft. What we've had is but the prelude, to warm the lads up a bit; the full orchestra is to open yet, playin' the score I've set down for thim."

The pursuit was called back, and before the Saxons could digest the failure of their first stroke at the cinter, Tristram and Gawain was moving agin thim on the left, with both foot and horse. Slow they moved and deliberate, and there was great art and craft in that, for 'twas done to give thim Saxons time to remobilize all their dispositions; and whin that was done to Tim's great satisfaction, Lancelot and Mordred, who had outflanked thim on the right, moving behind a screen of sand dunes, struck thim hard and unixpicted with iverything they had. They tried to face their divisions about to meet this blow, but they fell into confusion, and on top of that, King Art and King Tim lammed into thim ag'in, and this time Tim sint the blow home as far as its weight would carry it. All day they fought, and 'twas a defeat for the Saxons, but still their army was not desthroyed. At night they drew off to new positions, with great losses, but still with an army in the field.

Ould Phelim MacMerlin got the credit for the victory among the troops, such as it was; and that night he sint ixpriss riders to ivery part of the kingdom to announce his triumph and to spread the slogan: "Asafetida will win the war. Send it to the front; don't eat it."

King Tim and King Art camped that night in the former Saxon positions. About midnight Tim was sitting in his tint with his armor off and his hurts and bruises well rubbed with warm goose grease, dividing his attintion betwixt a leather pitcher of wine and big chunks of bread and meat he was tearing at like a wolf, whin he heard noises outside his tint of voices wrangling. It annoyed him, because he was trying to figure out was it best to strike thim ag'in at dawn or wait for reënforcemints.

"Sintry!" he called out. "Who's there?"

The sintry appeared, and behind him a dim figure not recognizable in the light of Tim's wan candle.

"He says he's yer honor's young brother from Ireland," says the sintry.

Tim had no brother, and almost said so, but the figure made him a sign behind the sintry's back. The motion had in it that which his blood knew, and jumped in his heart with the knowledge of.

"Go," he said to the sintry.

And in a sicond Quane Guinevere—for she it was in the dress of a soldier—was across the tint and in his arms.

"Jenny," he said, "ye're mad! Mad entirely!"

"I am," she says; "but oh, Redhead, there was ten days without a word from ye, and I could stand it no longer!"

"'Tis ruin for the both of us!" says he.

"It may well be," says she. "Kiss me!"

He looked up in a minute, and there was a shadow in the doorway of the tint—a shadow that had stolen past the sintry and was watching thim.

It was young Mordred, whom iverywan spoke of as King Arty's nephew.

"Sir Mordred," says King Timothy O'Meara, "I want ye to meet me young brother, Sir Patrick of Ireland. He's but now arrived in camp to learn the ways and wiles of warfare."

"I'm plaised to meet ye, Sir Patrick," says Sir Mordred. A crooked smile slid along his lips in the dim light.

Quane Guinevere, where she stood in the shadows, did not spake; she mumbled something and bowed, formal and polite.

"You and him are about the wan age, Mordred," says Timothy O'Meara, spaking to gain time to think and hide the fact that he was flustered. "Ye ought to become great frinds, you lads! Ye'll find me brother Patrick a fine lad."

"He imprissed me as a very affectionate brother whin I came in," says Mordred, with his serpent grin wriggling across his face wance more; "and I was interested to see what way brother greets brother with such warmth in Erin."

He was a wiry lad, this Mordred, stronger than he looked, and there wasn't annything deformed about him annywhere for the eye to note; and yet he somehow give to Tim the sense of great deformity. Indeed, 'twas his mintality that was twisted; the soul of him was devious and evil.

Both Timothy and the Quane hersilf were sure that he had ricognized her despite her soldier outfit and the faint light.

"Ye and your brother have manny family matthers to talk over, no doubt," says Mordred, his eyes sneaking from point to point about the tent, but his voice polite, "and I'll not be taking time away from this joyous reunion. Me business is this: Sir Lancelot wants to know shall we be attacking with the right wing ag'in at daybreak?"

"Hould iverything in readiness for a forward movemint at nine in the morning," says King Timothy, "but come ag'in at seven for final orders."

Sir Mordred saluted and was gone as silent as he had come.

Quane Guinevere and Tim stood without saying annything nor moving for a good two minutes afther his departure, and thin Tim says: "He knows you, Jenny."

She dropped her hand to her belt. "There's a dagger here that's whimpering for his blood!" she says.

It had been Tim's own first impulse to follow afther Mordred and invite him to a little discussion with the tools of their trade. But he had put the thought from him—if wan disposed of a king's nephew without witnesses, 'twould look very irregular, to say the least. And if wan had witnesses to the duel, wan must have some sort of cause for the public mouth and ear to occupy thimsilves with.

"Think of something, Redhead," says she, with her wan hand still trifling with the dagger and the other on Timothy's shoulder. 'Tis wan of the prerogatives of women, Tim thinks to himsilf, to come galloping without thought into a situation no wan could think his way out of, and thin say "Think of something." Thin he put his arm around her, and the notion came to him at wance that she was worth the destruction of two or three kingdoms.

"No daggers, Jenny," says he.

"Honor?" says she. "Or caution?"

"Both," says Tim.

She moved away from him and sat hersilf down on a wine cask was standing in a corner of the tent. She took off her helmet, and all her golden hair came tumbling about her shoulders and the coat of mail she wore.

"I wonder if all thim Saxon kings," she says, "is as honorable and cautious as the Celtic princes it has been me lot in life to get acquainted with?" She spoke meditative, but there was a scornful anger behind it. "There's that Hingist, now," she says, speculative.

"Hingist," says Tim, "has been in hell since a quarter-past ten yesterday morning." 'Twas on his lips to tell her she might follow him and inquire, for he was angry with her of a sudden; but, being a gintleman, he checked the words. But he did say: "There's Horsa."

She looked at him steady and impersonal.

"Ye assume," says she coldly, "that I would stab Mordred without just cause, and in your mind ye condemn me for that. 'Tis not true. For three years that snake has been spying and lying about me; he's had nothing he could tell, but he's told things annyhow! He's earned death a dozen times by ivery canon of chivalry, but ye turn from me as if I was a murthress whin I make but the bare mintion of what the man deserves!"

"Jenny," says Tim, "I ——"

"Lave me spake," she says. "More than that," she goes on, "ye hesitate to draw your sword yoursilf to take him from me path, knowing he holds me life in his hands. Niver," says she, flushing and getting to her feet—"niver in all the world wide was there a quane who had more lip loyalty which mint nothing at all, and less action in time of need! Is it anny wonder that me thoughts turn toward Saxon kings, the insults that are heaped on me here in Britain?"

Blue was the woman's eyes, but they had fire in thim too.

"Ye taught me to love ye, Timothy O'Meara," says she, "and now your coldness and your poltroonery are teaching me to hate ye!"

'Twas a woman beneath her coat of mail, and not a man, and red-headed Tim stared at his own feet and did nothing ilse.

"Ye lure me away from me home," cries she, "and thin ye treat me like the dirt under your feet!"

Tim, he hadn't lured her annywheres, and they both was well aware of that. But such is the perversity of man's nature he felt somewhat flatthered whin she accused him of it—and 'twas well she knew he would.

"More than that," says she, pacing back and forth the tent, "ye do me a most outrageous injustice in your mind, Timothy O'Meara! Ye assume that I would come to your camp lightly, and forgetful of me dignity as a quane and me duty as a woman, without due cause—ye do that, shame to ye! 'Twas in your mind that I came to ye here light as a wanton would!

"Before I part with ye forever, Tim O'Meara—and that will be soon now—I will tell ye why I'm here. I came to ye as to a frind to consult with ye on what stips

(Continued on Page 114)

Annex to Medical Arts Building. Architect, Herbert M. Greene.

Sears-Roebuck Co. Building. Architects, Geo. C. Nimmons and Co.

Dallas National Bank. Architects, Coburn & Smith.

Magnolia Building. Architects, Lang & Witchell and Alfred C. Bossom.

American Exchange National Bank. Architects, Lang & Witchell.

Republic National Bank Building. Architects, C. D. Hill & Co.

Santa Fe Building. Architect, L. R. Whitson.

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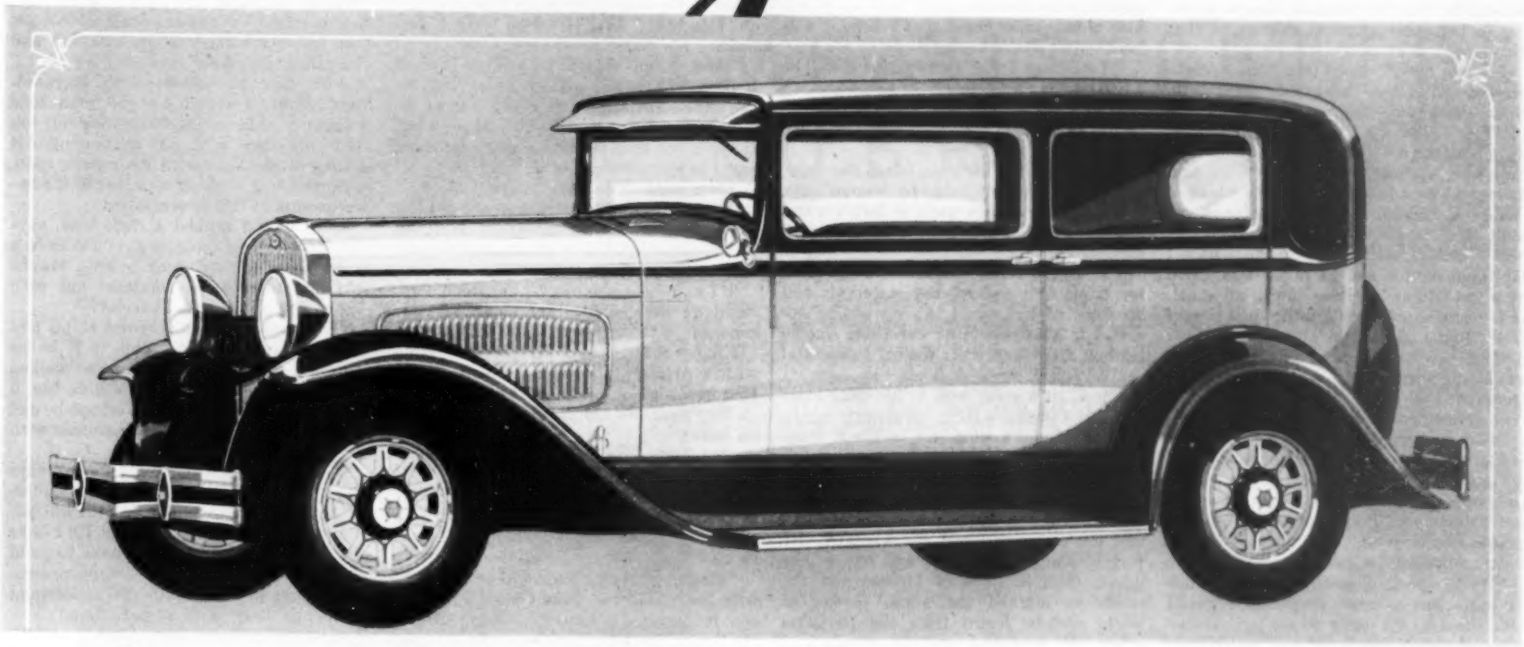

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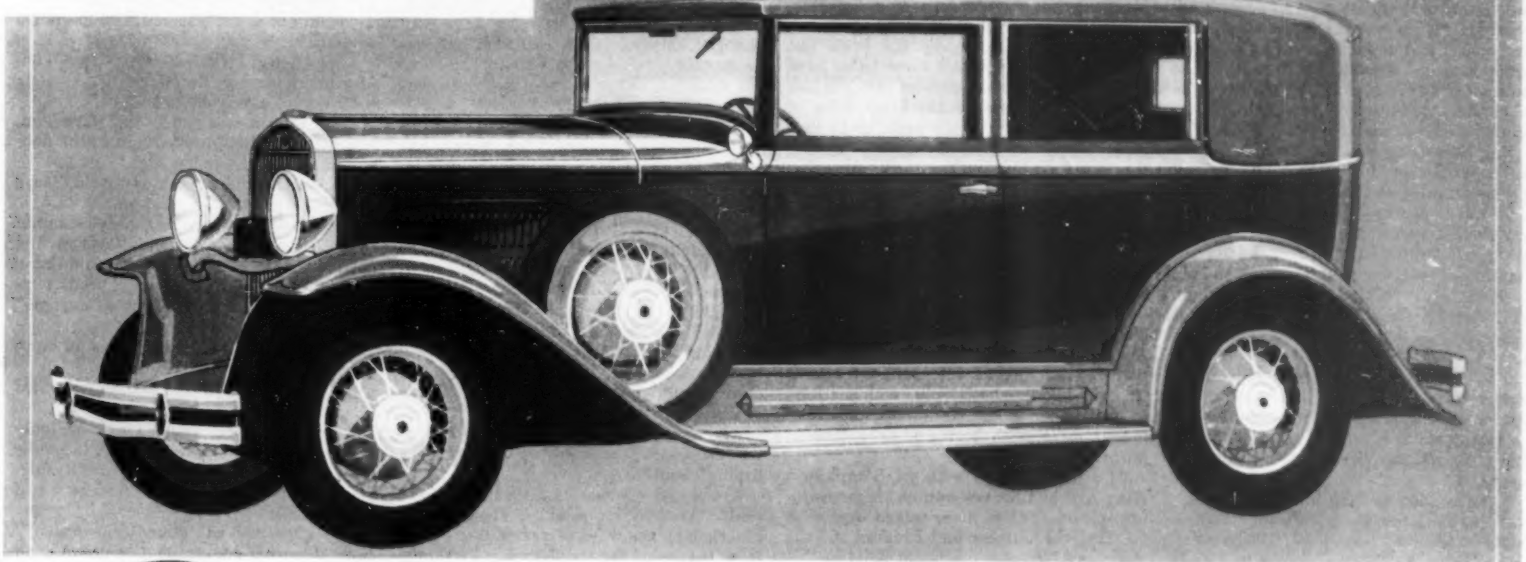

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(Continued from Page 110)

I should take to gain me freedom from a man that's tricked me and fooled me and insulted me for years, and me only just finding it out, and that man is me husband, known iverywheres as the Blameless King!"

"What do ye mean?" says Tim, in astonishmint.

"I mean this Mordred is not King Art's nephew at all, at all," says Guinevere; "he's his son."

"No!" says Tim.

"'Tis true," says the Quane; "and on the top of that, Tim O'Meara, I'll tell ye something ilse—Sir Galahad does be standing in the same idintical relation to that Lancelot!"

"Arrah, now," says Tim; "'tis hard to believe—thim two honorable wans with these unacknowledged offspring!"

"Yes," says she, "thim two blameless wans! All me life 'twas dinned into me ears that King Art was the Blameless King, and I believed it—and I was brought up blameless mesilf and iducated blameless to marry him! Did he tell me annything about it? No! 'Twasn't nothing to him at all, at all! He could have a son he called a nephew, be blameless, and believe himsilf an angel, and demand all thim angelic qualities of mesilf that's painted in a church window. And me, just because me unfortunate hands was kissed wance or twice by that moaning Lancelot, I could be losing me riputation throughout the known world!

"Just wan public indication of a harmless small flirtation, and a quane goes to the scaffold! Thim's the laws of this land, and ivery land. Thim's the laws you kings and princes and nobles makes to govern quanes and women. 'Tis you men will be always standing togither!

"Do ye think, Timothy O'Meara, that for anny less a cause than this I would have come to the camp to see ye? Do ye think, if me own husband had really been the Blameless King he's said to be, that I would have let ye kiss me the way ye did whin I came in?"

"Of course not!" says Tim.

"Of course not," says she—but she give him a queer cut of the eye, for they both knew well enough he'd kissed her before she discovered the Blameless King hadn't always been that way. "Excipt wance or twice," she says, "whin I was playing the part of Jigging Jenny to escape from the suffocation of that palace. And aven thin," says she, "there was the knowledge in me soul that I had already been deserted and abandoned and insulted by that king that calls himsilf blameless. I didn't have the facts thin, but me woman's intuition informed me there was something wrong!"

The High King of Ireland scratched his red poll. He could see what she mint, all right, and why she was angry with King Art; but at the same time King Tim had conceived a vast admiration for King Art. And if the truth was to be told, he did not himsilf feel anny honest inclination to hold up King Art's youthful indiscretions agin him, nor Lancelot Dooley's naything, for that matther. He'd niver made no boasts he was an entirely blameless king himsilf, and he hoped no evil janius would inspire Quane Guinevere to ask him anny quistions about his own past, for he had led the convintional life of a bachelor king of thim times. He was in siviral kinds of a jam. He sighed.

"That's wan of thim honorable sighs," says Quane Guinevere scornfully. "I know thim! And now," says she, "I'll be going along, Timothy O'Meara—where to, I don't know! But somewhere I must go, for Mordred, whom ye will not defind me against, has the Blameless King's ear, and it's I will be going to the scaffold because I loved ye wance and Mordred saw it. Mordred! If I thought ye were a man at all, or King Art was wan, I could tell ye something about that Mordred too! For three years he's tried to woo me for himsilf! He aims at his father's kingdom and his father's wife! And now he'll think me hilpless in his hands. Mordred—that traitor whose life ye hesitate to spill!"

King Tim said nothing but got up and girded on his battle coat and topped his red head with his helmet. He buckled on Excalibur—for he had not yet returned it to King Art—and as he did so he thought 'twould be a strange bitter jest to kill the King's son with the King's sword.

"Where are ye going?" says Guinevere.

"To kill Mordred," says Tim. "Is that not what ye want, Jenny?"

"Oh, Tim," says she, the tears in her eyes, "'tis well we both know that all I've said are not reasons but excuses! The reason lies deeper than the excuse. Tim—the reason is me love for you! And me weariness of that cruel angel that's King of this land! And that's honest!"

"Yes," says Tim, "there might as well be a truth or two between us—if ye loved King Art, ye'd not care if he'd had twinty sons before ye married him. But why do ye call him cruel?"

"There's that in him, too," she said; "him that does not judge by human ways will judge by angel's ways or divil's ways, and both thim ways is cruel to human people."

Tim's love for her, and his admiration for King Art, and all the statecraft and strategy of the world, were whirling together in his brain. But wan thing was he sure of, and he spoke it plain:

"Whativer comes of it all," he says, "I see now 'tis a good deed to kill that Mordred."

With that he wint out, without lavetaking other. For if he had kissed her but wance, all the thought of iverything ilse would have dropped from him—Britain and Ireland and the principalities of earth and the honor of kings and knights. He walked along a lane of tents, and in the queer, mingled light of torches and the moon he marked the burial parties at work, and he heard from the pavilions where the wounded was the groans and cries of hurt men as the surgeons tended thim, and he wondered about war for the first time in his life. This was a good war, for it was a war to save a country from heathens and marauders. But would it be a good war, he asked himsilf, that flared out for nothing more than the love of wan man for wan woman, for wan king carrying off the quane of another king?

Thin his mind swung around ag'in, to the tune of the blood in him, and he says to himsilf:

"Well, aven if it would lead to a war, is she not worth paying the price for, here and hereafter? All these fellas have got to die sometime; and let men die and kingdoms fall because the High King of Ireland sees beauty in the world and wants it for himsilf! Could not that be wan of the world's great causes too? Maybe," says he to himsilf, "'twould be betther for the world if men was as willing to die for beauty as for a few acres of land.

"There's good argumints on both sides of it," says Tim to himsilf, "'tis wan of them yis-and-no things!"

"Tim!" A voice hails him out of the gloom as he is passing a tent. 'Twas King Art himsilf, standing melancholy in the doorway looking at the clane-up squads was tidying the battlefield, and hearking to the clatter of the cormorant gulls they fought away with blows of their smoky, burning torches.

"I'd have a word with ye, Tim," says King Art, and heaves wan of his mournful respirations. "I've niver talked over with ye, Tim, the matther that I hinted at—the thing that touches me honor so close."

"Of all the unfortunate moments a conclave of fiends might have suggested to bring this subject to the fore," says King Tim to himsilf, "this wan was the worst." But he followed silent into the tent. And there he got another shock. By the small table in the cinter of it, snuffing the candle, was Mordred.

King Tim glanced, puzzled, at King Art.

"I have no secrets from Mordred," said the King of Britain.

Mordred let Tim see the row of his wide-spaced teeth; in front of thim teeth was a smile, but behind thim was the gray foam of a reptile animosity.

"Do ye and Mordred be sitting, Tim," says King Art.

They all sat down. King Tim could not kape his eyes off that Mordred, and Mordred seemed to be getting a good deal of quiet enjoymint out of the hatred he was inspiring. King Art combed wan finger through his thick blond mustache and looked up at the roof of the tent, and wance ag'in he let the sad wind whistle from his royal bronchial tubes.

"Tim," says King Art at last, "do ye consider me a dignified man?"

"I do that," says the High King of Ireland.

"And I am that," says King Art of Britain. "I do not wish to boast, but 'tis probable I'm the most dignified man in the world wide, kings or subjects. Manny has thought me so! It comes natural to me, and I'm not ashamed of it."

"Nor need ye be, Art," says Tim.

"Me dignity's been struck a mortal blow by the Quane," says King Art. "Mordred knows about it all, and we can spake freely before him."

"'Tis a delicate subject," hazarded Tim, "and mesilf would rather listen to your conclusions than hilp ye make thim."

King Art motioned that scruple aside with a royal gesture, and wint on: "'Tis Mordred here has hilped me to the thought no king's dignity annywheres is safe if I go on foriver permitting me own to be disregarded. 'Tis the juty of kings and lawmakers to stand together iverywheres, Tim, for the sake of justice in the world. Mordred's shown me —— Mordred, what was thim three honorable courses was open to me?"

"First," says Mordred, challenging Tim with his look, "the Quane could go into a convint, and no questions asked. Sicond, the Quane could go home to her father, and let him ask the questions. Third, the Quane could be ixicuted."

"Which wan of thim would ye advise now, Tim?" asked King Art.

Tim, all rage and astonishment inside of him, stared spacheless at Mordred for a minute. It had been Mordred's intintion many the long day to stir up civil war between King Art and Lancelot, the latter being lord of most of the land of Gaul, and Mordred was hoping that from the ruckus he'd grab the crown of Britain for himsilf. But the coming of Tim from Tara had changed things. And now Mordred was prompting Art to make Tim the judge of the quane who loved him—such fun was that as the fiends delight in.

'Twas some seconds before Tim, considering all this, could control his voice to answer King Art.

"Your Quane is innocent, Art," he said finally, "and I think shame of ye for being fooled by lies and spies!"

King Art looked towards Mordred at that; for 'twas at Mordred Tim was looking as he spoke. Mordred answered, cool as a lizard in a spring:

"Sir Timothy, if ye had seen the Quane, as I have seen her, with her arms about a man's neck, and thim two kissing each other, would ye still say she was the victim of lies?"

Art thought Mordred meant Lancelot, but 'twas well Tim knew who the snake was lisping about.

Art bowed his head in his hands and he said: "Me poor Lancelot! To be betrayed like that by the wiles of a wanton woman! How that man must suffer whin he thinks of me!"

Tim's own suffering was less than it would have been before he perceived King Art was willing to disgrace the Quane on Mordred's word.

"Sir Mordred," says Tim, "I do not believe ye iver saw that sight."

"The King believes me," said Mordred. "The King and me are of the wan family, and we're a family has faith in each other—just as ye, Sir Timothy, have faith, I do not doubt, in that young brother of yours I met in your tent tonight."

There's a wiliness so cliver it defeats itself. Tim got up and dropped his hand to the hilt of Excalibur. 'Twas in his mind to abolish that Mordred thin and there, and carry off the Quane that night and be damned to thim all. But sudden he had a thought.

"Will ye come with me to Lancelot," he says, "and tell that tale to him?"

Mordred turned a little green. King Art was looking at him.

"Art," says King Tim, "he'll come, or I'll drag him by the ear. I think too much of ye to hear your Quane misspoken of! Your own mind has been poisoned by lies till ye're no longer capable in this matther. But this night I will clear from it all thought that Lancelot's false to ye, and him and you can be frinds foriver."

With that he motioned to Mordred. That snake, trapped by the man he'd thought to trap, could do nothing but follow; and they wint out with King Art looking afther thim with his mouth open, comprihinding nothing whativer of the undercurrents of this conversation.

Whin they'd walked a little way, says Tim to Mordred, stopping: "Ye have a sword slapping agin your thigh. Maybe ye'd like to talk this matther out with mesilf, and not bother Lancelot?"

There was death all around thim, and maybe Mordred felt the chill of it in his heart too. He shook his head and walked on. There was death ahead of him, too, if he gave the lie to Lancelot. Perhaps he had a hope he'd embroil Tim and Lancelot with each other, for he wint ahead.

"Ye seen me kissing the Quane," says Tim. "If ye should mintion that to Lancelot or King Art or annywan, I'll kill ye. Maybe I'll kill ye annyhow, but I'll kill ye sure if ye do that. I do not spake to ye of love, for 'tis beyond your comprihinsion. But I spake to ye of death; ye understand the fear of that. Walk ahead of me."

Mordred walked ahead, silent.

Lancelot was sitting reading his prayer book. He laid it down whin the sintry let thim into his tent, and greeted thim with that courtesy of his niver failed. Tim come to the matther at wance.

"Lancelot," he says, "here's a liar told the King he seen the Quane in a man's arms."

"Ye lie," says Lancelot to Mordred, and struck him a buffet knocked him to the ground. Mordred got up, his face green, and wiped the blood from his mouth.

"I did not say it was you," he mumbled to Lancelot.

"Who do ye say it was, thin?" says Tim. Mordred looked at Tim's fist.

"I do not say," he says.

"Ye think it was somewan," says Tim; and with that he slammed him to the floor as Lancelot had done.

"I do not think it was annywan," says Mordred whin he got up ag'in.

"Here's wan for saying things ye do not think," says Lancelot, and knocked him down wance more. This time he laid there.

"Get up," says Tim, with a prod of his foot, "and go and tell the King ye're a liar." Mordred got up.

"Sir Timothy," he says, "'twould be to disgrace mesilf utterly."

"Do it annyhow!" says Tim, and knocked him down again.

"Poor King Art!" says Lancelot, looking at Mordred. "'Tis little consolation he has from his family, nor his frinds ayther. Me heart bleeds for Arty!" And he wiped away a tear.

"Ye gintlemen call yoursilf honorable!" says Mordred, sitting on the ground, all choked with discouragemint.

"The trouble with Mordred," says Lancelot, "is ye can't fight him. And 'twould be a scandal to kill him annyhow, for the King's blood is in his veins. I don't understand how things works out, Tim. I'm a wicked man, mesilf, and me son Galahad is the purest knight in the world. And King Art's the best man in the world, and his son Mordred here is the worst."

The muscle in his cheek was twitching, and he sighed and turned to his prayer

(Continued on Page 119)

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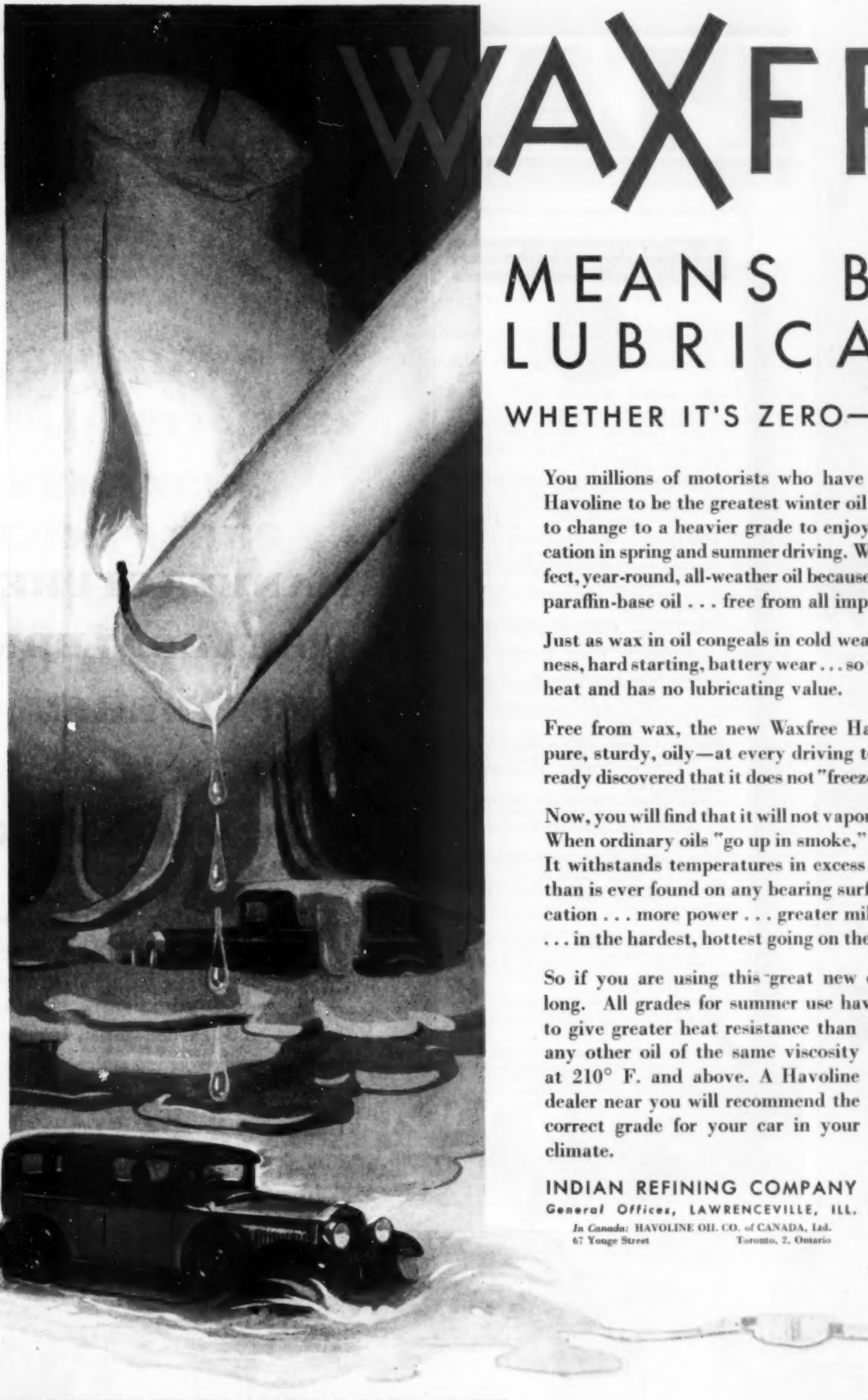

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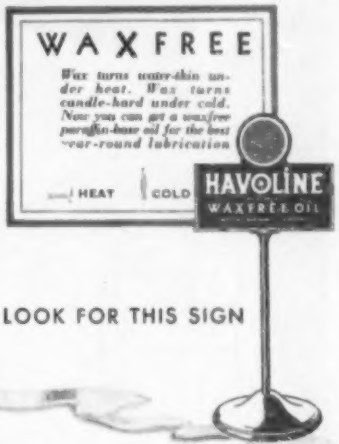
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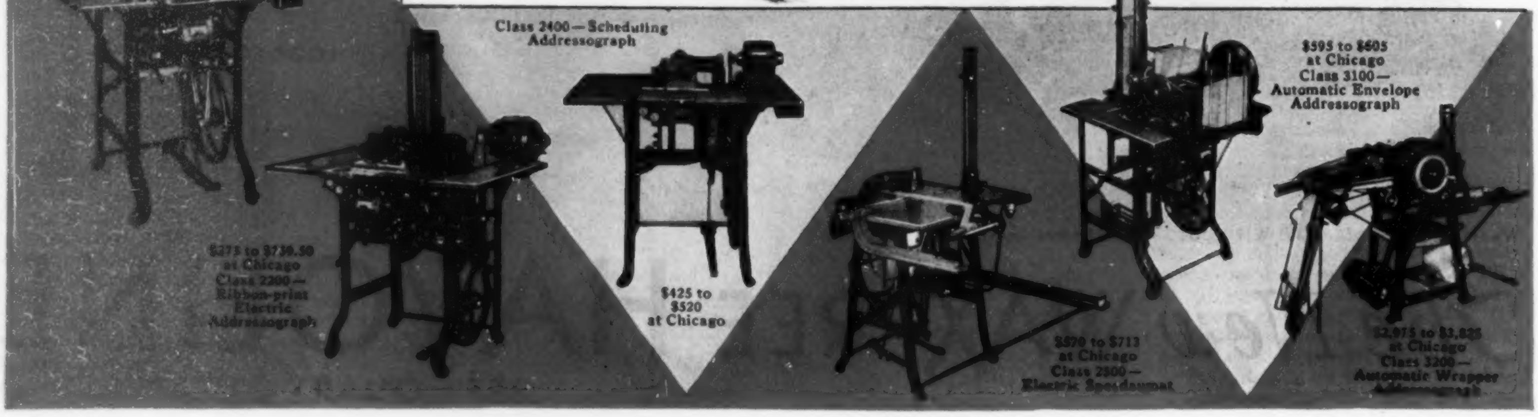

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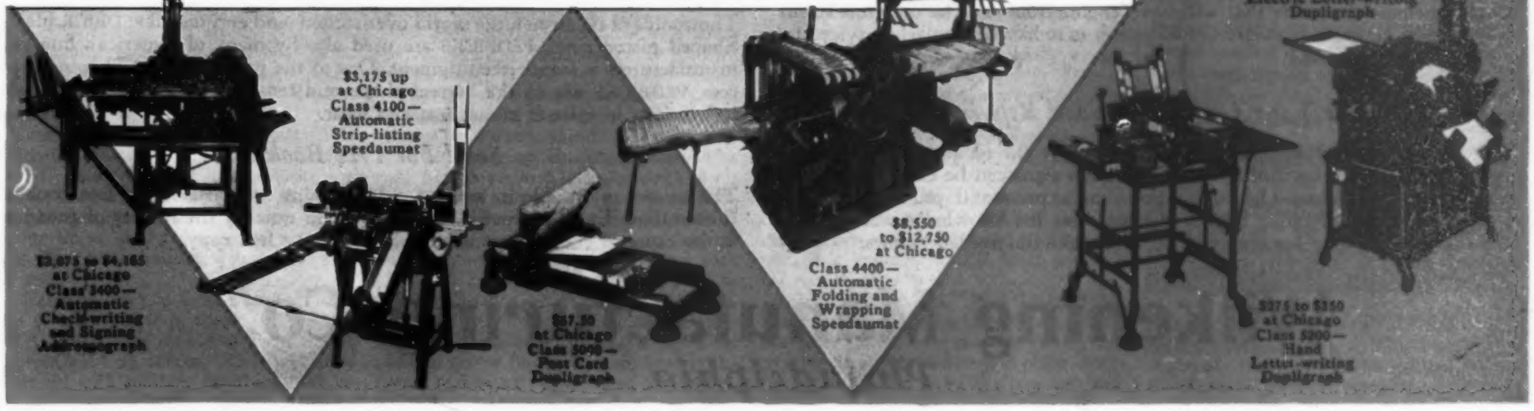
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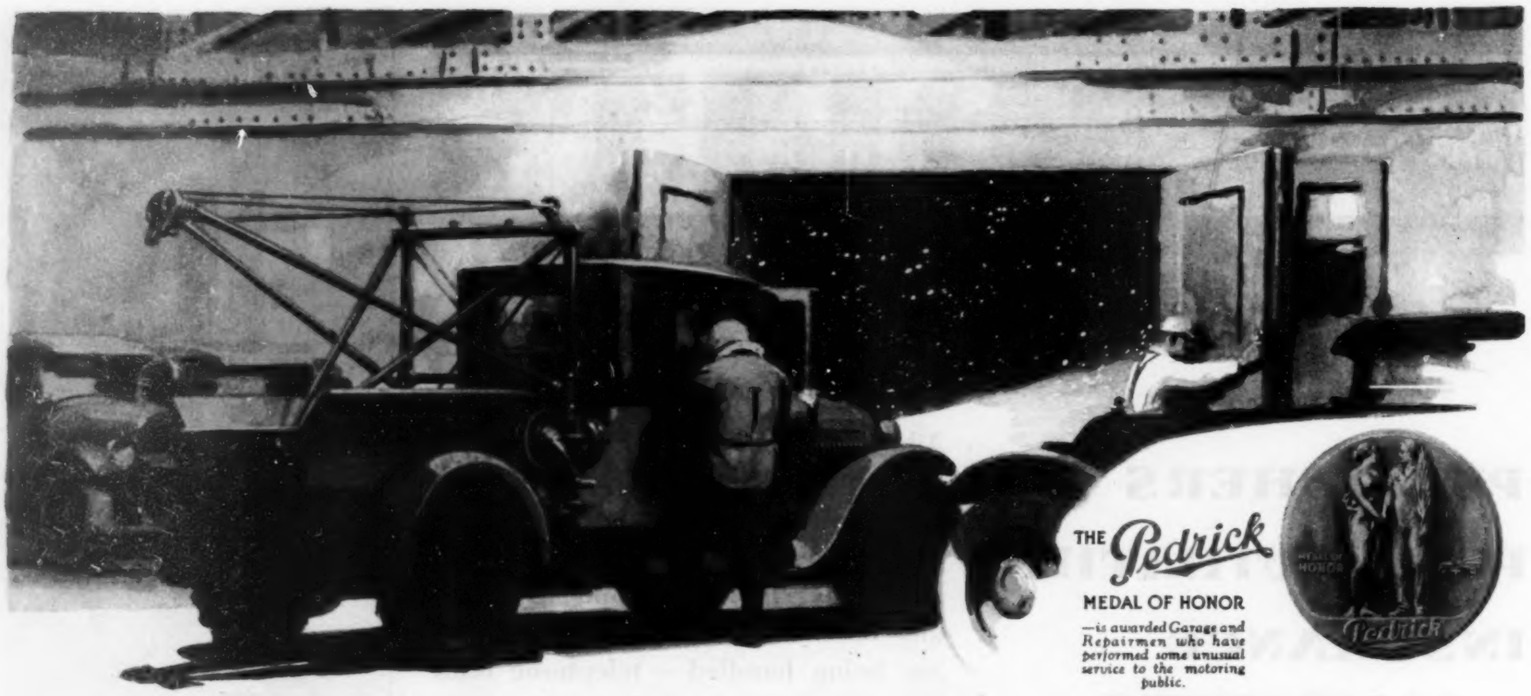

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(Continued from Page 114)

book. "About the wan consolation I have left in life, Tim," he says, "is me devotions. Take him back to Arty, Tim, and make him eat his words. Poor Arty! Me heart bleeds for that man, Tim!"

"Wance a day, and ivery day, ye'll get what ye got tonight, and ye'll get it in front of the whole army," says Tim, lugging Mordred to his feet, "if ye iver say wan word agin the Quane hereafter. . . . Is that not so, Lancelot?"

"'Tis so, Tim," agreed Lancelot, and sighed ag'in. He opened the prayer book. "I must get back to me devotions," he says, mournful and courteous. "I wish ye a good evening, Tim."

Tim dragged Mordred back to King Art and made him eat his words; and King Art looked puzzled and did not know what to believe at all, at all; and had not Mordred been his own son he would have hanged him for cowardice at daybreak.

"Poor Lancelot," says King Art, "the pang it must have cost him to make Mordred tell this lie to the effict he'd lied before! Me heart bleeds for that man Lancelot, Tim!"

Tim left him, certain there'd be no immediate scandal, but fearful of the future too. Mordred was settled for a time, but maybe 'twas for but a short time. He was glad things had taken the turn he had not killed him this night, for a certain amount of explanation would have been necessary afther that, and it might involve the Quane.

Still worried, and heavy in his heart because he could see ahead of him the possibility that things would be taking a turn as would end in his own honor being criticized, Tim wint back to his tent.

Guinevere was not there. On the wine cask, under the candle, was a note. It said:

Dear Redhead: Whether ye kill Mordred this night, or whether ye do not, it's come to me mind I'd be more discreet if I did not figure as your brother. But I'll be not far off from ye through the rest of the campaign. I've got me a job nursing in wan of the hospital tents; they're afther volunteers, and, dressed as a nurse and with a gray wig on, I'll not be known. I've cut off me own hair already; ye'll find it in a wad under your bunk. Maybe ye'd like to be wearing wan thick lock of it under your armor as a knightly token. But maybe it would be scratchy; do as ye like about it. I'll be seeing ye now and thin, Redhead. JENNY.

With the broad daylight the nixt morning comes Mordred, with siviral attindants and a face of brass.

"Sir Timothy, King Art's complimints to ye," he says, "and he'd like to be meeting that young brother of yours."

"He's left," says Tim, steady and smiling. "Comes an express in the night, not tin minutes afther you and me left King Art, that wan of our sisters was ill, and he turned and galloped back to Erin ag'in."

That morning Tim struck the Sassenach ag'in, and wance ag'in a week later. He cut off their communications, he outflanked thim, he outgamed thim, he outpunched thim and he outboxed thim, and ivery time he beat thim to the wallop. In twelve great battles he threw thim staggering across the vales and hills of Britain; he circumvallyated thim, he cut off their base of supplies, he thripped thim and he flung thim, and at the last he penned thim amongst the cliffs of Cornwall, and utterly destroyed the remnants of thim in wan final fight. 'Twas to the west he had been chasing thim, so that he'd be nearer Ireland whin 'twas all over.

King Art killed Horsa with his own hands in the last battle, and it plaised him like a child. But 'twas Phelim MacMerlin got most of the credit for the strategy throughout the kingdom; and there was a fad sprung up of eating doughnuts, because, says Phelim's admirers, doughnuts won the war.

Twelve battles and three months it took Tim to lambaste thim Sassenachs off the earth, and during that time he saw but little of Quane Guinevere. His mind was so taken up with military matthers that he was niver wance sitting himsilf down to figure out an honorable end to all the complications of himsilf and the Quane and King Art of Britain.

Mordred he should have watched himsilf, but he made the mistake of laving him to Lancelot, Mordred being under Lancelot's direct supervision in the army. Tim did not realize that sensitive and honorable Lancelot was too refined and too openhearted and aboveboard to cope with the wiles of Mordred. Wance he says to him:

"Lancelot, what are ye doing to make Mordred kape the dacent tongue in his head these days?"

"Four days a week regular I call him into me tent and beat him up good, Tim," says Lancelot, "and the other three days I tell him what it's for. I have no hope I'll iver make a gintleman out of him, for there's no natural refinemint in his nature, but I'm learning caution to him at least."

The gentle paladin sighed to think there could be such baseness in the world as that Mordred's, and Tim went feeling aisy for the prisint.

But he was wrong. For Mordred squirmed his way back into his father's confidence somehow. 'Twas wan of that King's few weaknesses that he could be influenced agin his betther nature by his son.

Toward morning of the night afther the last battle, Tim was wakened in his bunk by the sound of an altercation outside his tent.

"I must see him!" says a woman's voice he didn't know. "'Tis urgent; 'tis very urgent!" The sintry tried to hold her back, but Tim bellowed to let her in. He pulled a blanket about himsilf and lit a candle.

'Twas a nurse stood in front of him, holding out a letter in a hand that trembled.

"From a close frind of yours, Sir Timothy. Read it at wance," she says; and with that she was gone.

'Twas from Guinevere. It ran:

Dear Redhead: Mordred has somehow stole a march on ye. There's been a secret council—King Art and Bedivere and ould MacMerlin and some others—and I'm to be burned to death at sunrise, if nayther you nor God saves me. Whether 'tis on account of Lancelot or because of yoursilf, I do not know; but Art, the blameless angel, is purging dishonor from his realm! I told ye he could be cruel. By the wall of the old ruined abbey outside the camp. Haste, Redhead, haste! JENNY.

Burned!

Tim let out an oath 'twould make the moon turn blue, and jumped for his boots and breeches.

"Me horse!" he bawled to the sintry; and 'twas stamping outside by the time his clothes and armor was on him.

'Twas getting day already. He turned his horse's head toward the east, which direction the old abbey lay beyond the camp, and slashed him with the spurs.

Far off he seen a red light in the mist. 'Twas ayther the sunrise or the fire.

Wance he paused—at Lancelot's tent.

"Lancelot! Lancelot!" he yelled. "'Tis Tim O'Meara! They're burning the Quane! Follow me! The old abbey!"

And ag'in he paused, for the cry brought Mordred's face to the door of his tent next to Lancelot's.

"Rat!" he cried, and ran the King's son through the heart, and plucked out his sword and ran him through ag'in.

"Wance for the Quane," he said as he spurred on ag'in, "and wance for me own satisfaction."

There was two flames now, and only wan of thim could be the sunrise. The nearer wan was half a mile ahead. A sintry at the edge of the camp challenged him. Tim rode him down and scarcely checked his pace. 'Twas a great pace, but wood burns fast. Tim himsilf, as he rode, felt all wan flame, and—ayther it was fact or 'twas his hot fancy—there was a wind raced with him, and lifted him, and flung him on, burning, burning—it flung him on!

'Twas like a mad thing, all afire, and in his hand a sword that was a flame, he plunged across the open space against the flames and swords that ringed the Quane. Twinty men at arms was round the pyre, but twinty score could not have stayed his rush.

"O'Meara!" he cried. "O'Meara to the rescue!" And with each word a man wint down before him, for his sword was the leaping lightning in his hand.

"Redhead!" shouted the Quane.

They'd stripped her to her shift and tied her hands behind, and the light wood and the kindlings was all ablaze, and the big sticks catching under her bare feet, and the long tongues of fire was reaching out and licking up and stabbing at her.

Dazed with astonishmint and surprise was the men at arms, and five of thim was down before they knew was this a thunderbolt was crashing thim, or a man. But they was soldiers in the discharge of their juty, and their dazzlemint was not long; they rallied their wits and struck back. But here and there and iverywhere was Tim, as the storm darts, as the fire leaps, and often the soldiers struck each other.

Tim strove to slash his way toward the swaying platform of the pyre on which stood Guinevere. He saw her, between three thrusts and a parry, bend backward with her wrists to the blaze, and wondered—and thin he realized. Whin nixt he could look, her hands was free—she'd burned the cords that bound thim. She picked up a burning club and beat a trooper in the face.

At that same instant there was a cry of "Lancelot!" And another storm burst on thim from the rear. Five riders was with him—and 'twas none too soon, nayther, for wan man, though he be Tim O'Meara himsilf, and have a Quane with a club to hilp him, is none too manny against a dozen. But in two minutes more the hurly-burly was over, and thim few men at arms could still ride was galloping back to camp to report to the Blameless King.

Tim swept Guinevere up, and she settled onto the crupper behind him and put her arms about his waist. He kissed her clasped hands.

"They're sore as the divil, Tim," she says; "be careful of thim. I'm burned bad in spots."

"We'll cure thim hurts in Ireland," says Tim. Thin they both realized that Lancelot was looking at thim gloomy, and by the light of the fire they seen the nervous muscle in his face was twitching. But he wasn't thinking of thim at all; he was thinking, as usual, of his own refined emotions and his honor.

"O'Meara," he says, "heaven hilp me, but I'm a rebel. I've drawn me sword agin the soldiers of me King!"

While he still looked mournful at that blade, came galloping up King Art himself. "Lancelot," he says, anxious, "ye ain't hurt or annything, are ye? I heard ye was here, and I came on, blaming mesilf ivery foot of the way for burning the Quane. It come to me ye'd be trying to save her, and maybe get in bad yoursilf!"

"No," says Lancelot, getting from his horse, "but I'm a rebel now as well as a traitor, and the end of iverything has come for you and me! We must fight!"

"Does honor demand it?" says King Art.

"Honor demands it, Art—both our honors," says Lancelot.

Art sighed and got from his horse and pulled out his sword.

"Wurra, wurra!" says he, and put himsilf on guard.

"Ochone!" says Lancelot as the blades crossed.

But they couldn't go on with it. Weeping, they lowered the swords and looked at each other. Thin Lancelot lifted his ag'in.

"It's got to be done somehow, Arty!" he said.

They stuck out their swords straight in front of thim, and each walked agin the other wan's sword, and kept walking and walked it through himsilf, and, mingling their tears, they died.

"Thim poor things!" says Guinevere as Tim turned their horse's head toward the seashore. "But perhaps 'tis betther so; nayther wan had the knack of being cheerful. . . . Do ye have a handkerchief,

(Continued on Page 121)

This
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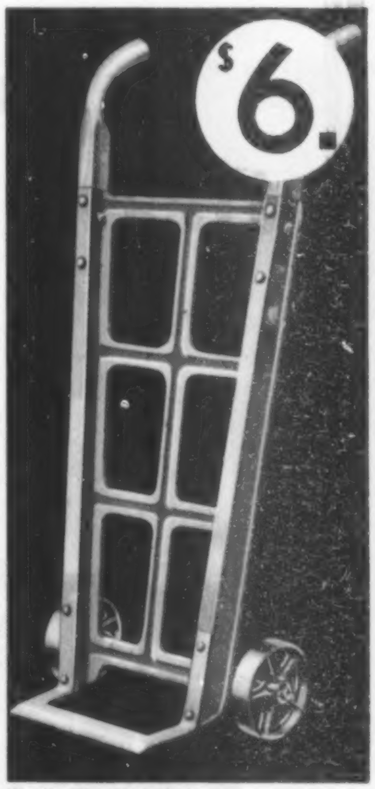

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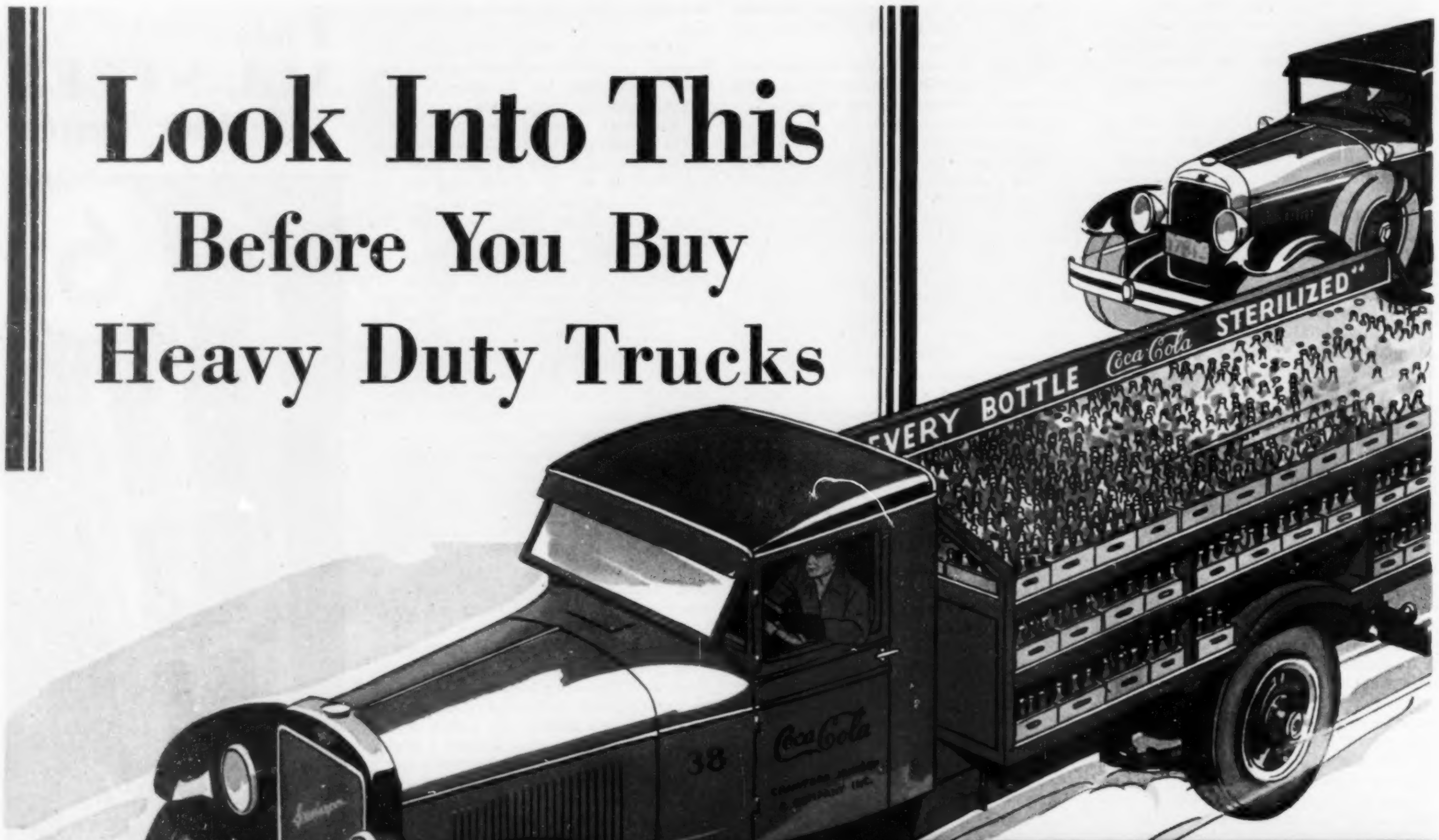
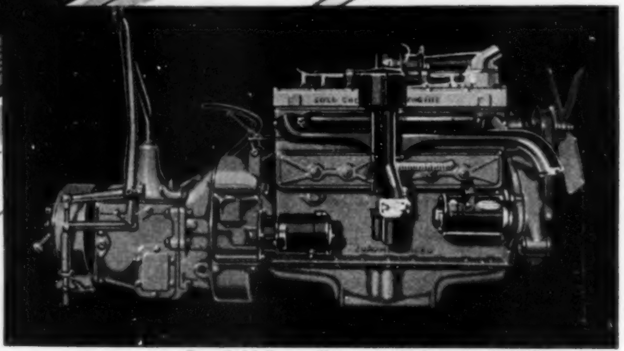


Model "FC" Speed Wagon in the Service of Crawford Johnson & Co., Birmingham, Alabama



Reo Gold Crown Engine with chrome nickel alloy iron cylinder block and low-expansion pistons

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THERE has been a new development in the field of heavy trucking. Big fleet buyers everywhere are investigating it. It marks something new. It means great reductions in cost. Added speed in delivery. Tremendous savings in time.

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Fleet buyers everywhere are switching to this new type of heavy duty truck—the Speed Wagon. It is not necessary to give detailed specifications here because the Speed Wagon will speak for itself when you see it and study it. Suffice to say that every improvement in materials, design and manufacture that can lengthen truck life and increase efficiency has been added to Speed Wagons.

Chrome nickel iron cylinder blocks—the hardest of all cylinder materials; new aluminum alloy pistons—outwearing 3 ordinary pistons; 6-cylinder engines; 7-bearing crankshafts; full pressure lubrication; extra-heavy frames and large bearings; 4-wheel 2-shoe internal expanding hydraulic brakes; 4-forward speed transmissions; Myers built-in magazine chassis lubrication.

Before you buy a heavy duty truck, do as big fleet buyers everywhere are now doing—look into Speed Wagons. There is a Speed Wagon for every hauling need—14 wheelbases up to 210 inches; capacities, with trailers up to 15,000 pounds.

SPEED REO WAGON
LONG LIFE

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Lansing, Michigan*

(Continued from Page 119)

Redhead? There's a cinder in me eye, or something."

Tim swung her from behind him on the saddle and set her in front of him. "Let's not get sentimental over thim fellas, Jenny," he says. "They didn't want to be happy, and they finally got what they wanted."

A few minutes later he says, as the horse walked over a sand dune and down a slope to the sea: "Your lips taste as smoky as new potcheen made with a peat fire, but they're far more intoxicating!"

"Ah, ye red-haired divil of the world," says she; "'tis afraid of ye I am entirely. Whereiver did ye learn to kiss like that, Redhead?"

There wasn't anny ship. But they found a pilchard-fisher's ketch was moored to a stake, and the sail of it was dyed and painted yellow and purple, the way they do along that coast. By the same token, Tim found some spare sailcloth, and he coddled her up a queer coat, for the wan garment she'd wore was burned and torn and falling from her iverywheres in sooty rags, and there hadn't been much of it to start with.

Barefoot she stipped aboard, and Tim shoved off and jumped in afther. They hoisted their gay sail in the sunshine and the breeze, and was off for green Ireland, and her singing, singing.

"What did our ancestress sing, dad?" inquired Terence O'Meara of the narrator.

"She sang The Wife of the Red-haired Man," said his father.

"Well," said the young man, "there was a lot of sighs in that tale too!"

"There was," said the old one, rubbing his bald head; "and they was really me own sighs—I was wishing I had me youth ag'in, and me hair!"

(THE END)

MAKING THE AMERICAN LEAGUE

(Continued from Page 13)

transfer the franchises to Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. Our next step was to inform the National League that we did not care to renew the agreement under which we had been working.

It was not in any sense a declaration of war, for the National had dropped Baltimore and Washington of its own accord, and Philadelphia, like Chicago, was easily able to support two teams. To make our pacific intentions perfectly clear, we offered to accept any reasonable draft rule, volunteered to buy the National's surplus players, and bound ourselves to continue to consider the American League as a strictly minor organization. The National magnates, however, led by Brush, of Cincinnati, and Freedman, of New York, chose to consider us as rebels, and when I begged a meeting with them, refused absolutely to make any appointment. Even more alarming was a sudden move to revive the old American Association.

Invading Enemy Territory

Accepting all this as an open declaration of war, we made up our minds to carry the fight to the enemy instead of waiting for the attack. As a matter of truth, I was without misgivings as to the outcome, for though the National League looked to have every advantage, I knew that it was honeycombed with dissension. The American League, on the other hand, was so close-knit and harmonious as to have the projectile force of a spear point. By way of insuring team play and guarding against desertion, all the ground leases were in my name, together with an option on each plant and franchise. In addition, I was voted power to decide on the National League clubs that we were to raid, and given the right to tell each club what players it could and could not have. It was this authority to assign men that resulted in teams so well balanced that the National League afterward declared that our races were fixed, so even were the pennant struggles.

Connie Mack, capable and faithful manager in Milwaukee, was given the Philadelphia franchise, Jimmie Manning was moved from Kansas City to Washington, and John J. McGraw got Baltimore. Mack, though possessed of baseball brains and a real genius for leadership, lacked funds, and our hope lay in interesting Benjamin Shibe, a fine old German high up in the A. J. Reach Company. Uncle Ben held off, however; so Charlie Somers, with his usual generosity, came to the rescue, and put up the money, giving Connie 25 per cent, with the opportunity of paying for the stock out of profits.

Col. John I. Rogers, owner of the Philadelphia Nationals, laughed at the idea of our entering his city, but merriment died suddenly when we announced the lease of a park site and made public the names of the stars we had grabbed from his team. Almost overnight we signed up Napoleon Lajoie, that mighty hitter and prince of second basemen, Big Bill Bernhard, a great pitcher, and Chick Frazier and Elmer Flick, slugging outfielders. Colonel Rogers obtained an injunction at once, and, though the lower court held the reserve clause to be illegal, a higher court reversed the decision. We transferred the players to Cleveland, however, and our only inconvenience was in being forced to keep them out of Pennsylvania.

I had not looked with any great favor upon McGraw's application for the Baltimore franchise, for Muggsy's reputation as an umpire baiter prejudiced him in my eyes, but my associates regarded him as a great capture, and their enthusiasm outweighed my misgivings. Whatever my fears, he certainly made good on his claim that he had capital behind him, and the team that he put together was one of the strongest that ever took the field. Muggsy himself played third, Gilbert second, and McGann first, with Joe Kelly, Seymour and Donlin in the outfield, and Joe McGinnity heading a string of remarkable pitchers.

Doc White, a pitcher secured from the Philadelphia Nationals in our raid, was handed over to Comiskey, and the Chicago White Sox were also strengthened by Clarke Griffith and Jimmie Callahan from the Chicago Nationals, and George Davis from the Giants. Jimmie Manning put a nice team in Washington, if not a great one, and the grounds we secured for him were well located.

Our most important step, however, was the decision to drop Buffalo and go into Boston, stronghold of the National League. Once again we were forced to call upon Charlie Somers, and he agreed to accept the franchise until other capital could be interested. Moving with characteristic energy, he slipped into Boston, took a lease on the old Huntington Avenue grounds, and started his raid for players before complacent Mr. Soden knew that any invasion was contemplated. Soden's team was gutted no less thoroughly than that of Colonel Rogers, for Somers took Jimmie Collins, La Chance, Chick Stahl and Dougherty. Cy Young was transferred from Cleveland, and other fine performers that Charlie secured were Bill Dineen, that lion-hearted pitcher, Lou Criger, the best catcher I ever saw with the exception of Mickey Cochrane, and Duke Farrell, Hickman, Parent and O'Brien.

As a result of these activities, we started the 1901 schedule with Boston, Philadelphia, Washington and Baltimore in the East, and Chicago, Detroit, Milwaukee and Cleveland in the West. Crowds jammed our parks from the start, and the huge attendance at Philadelphia on the opening day so worked on Ben Shibe that he overcame his doubts with a rush, paying Charlie Somers $15,000 for his 50 per cent interest. No sooner did he see the grand stand packed with people than Uncle Ben shot forward like a torpedo destroyer, yelling to Mack and Somers at the top of his voice, "I'm in, boys! I'm in!"

We finished the season with a flourish, but even as we sat down to count our money and plan future aggressions, I received a call from A. G. Spalding, greatest pitcher of his day, and the real father of the National League. Mr. Spalding, though expressing full sympathy with the aspirations of the American League, felt that they could be realized without a bitter baseball war, and begged for a private truce until he could attempt a correction of the evils that were sapping the vitality of the National League.

Andrew Freedman, the New York owner, may have been pleasant enough in his personal relations, but as a baseball magnate he seemed to feel that his money and his political pull authorized him to indulge every whim and mood.

Free enough with his own tongue, he was abnormally sensitive to ridicule, and at one time or another he barred almost every sporting editor in New York from the Giants' park. Charlie Dryden, for instance, was cast into the outer darkness because he quoted Andy as saying that "the National League is on the brink of an abscess." These personal idiosyncrasies might have been overlooked, but when Freedman struck a blow at the very integrity of the national game, open revolt broke out.

What he proposed was no less than syndicate baseball, his scheme contemplating organization of the National League Baseball Trust. A stock issue was planned, the preferred to draw a dividend of 7 per cent, all of which was to belong to the National League as a body, and the common to be used in payment for the eight clubs. New York, for example, was to receive about 30 per cent, Cincinnati, St. Louis and Boston about 12 per cent, Philadelphia and Chicago about 10 per cent, and Pittsburgh and Brooklyn about 8 per cent. The management of the trust was to be placed in the hands of a board of five, and the clubs themselves were to be under the direction of managers hired by these directors.

No President to Guide Them

It was this proposal that called Mr. Spalding back into baseball, prepared to fight for the integrity of the game, and the anti-Freedman forces at once offered him as a candidate for the presidency of the National League against Nick Young, Freedman's choice. After the taking of a ballot, it was found that Chicago, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and Brooklyn had voted for Mr. Spalding, with New York, Boston, Cincinnati and St. Louis going to Mr. Young. Freedman's four clubs then left the hall in a body; whereupon another ballot was taken, and the four that remained in session declared Mr. Spalding president of the National League.

Freedman went into the courts, securing an injunction, and straightway chaos followed, for Mr. Spalding could not act, another president could not be chosen, and the poor old National, without a hand at the helm, headed for the rocks. Panicky conferences began to be held and, as the result of an agreement between the factions, Mr. Spalding consented to resign on condition that Freedman would sell out his New York holdings, and eventually Harry C. Pulliam was elected president of the National League. The new executive had been a sporting writer in Louisville before going to Pittsburgh as Barney Dreyfuss' secretary, and was an able, delightful gentleman.

Mr. Spalding came to me in early January, 1902, his resignation took effect in April, and in August, John T. Brush, my

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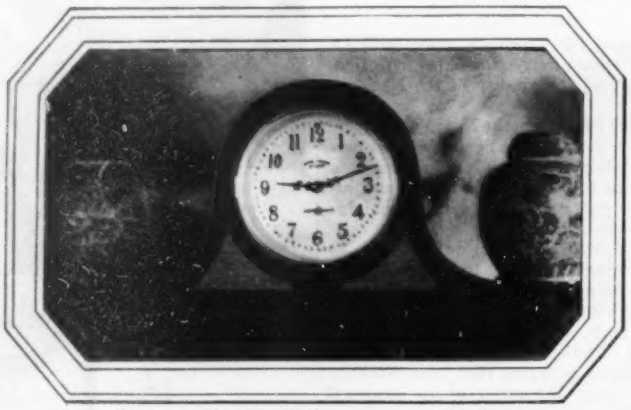

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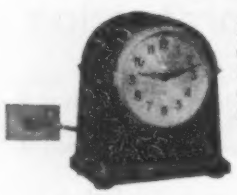

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SETH THOMAS CLOCKS

old enemy, succeeded Freedman as owner of the Giants. By February, however, I had seen the hopelessness of the situation, and after due notification of Mr. Spalding, took up our expansionist program where I had laid it down. What we had in mind was nothing less than the invasion of St. Louis. Milwaukee had finished a poor last in the 1901 pennant race, and the Missouri city, a red-hot baseball town, seemed a 100 per cent better bet. Here again we tried to play fair and square with the National League, for I told Colonel Robison of our intent, and offered to enter into any amicable arrangement for the division of the territory, even including an agreement not to tamper with his players. He laughed at the idea of successful opposition, just as Rogers, the Philadelphia colonel, had; so I went ahead with a clear conscience.

Robert Lee Hedges, a well-to-do manufacturer, succumbed to my siren song and paid Matt and Henry Killilea the sum of $30,000 for the Milwaukee franchise and such players as were worth transferring. I had promised Mr. Hedges, however, that I would provide him with a bunch of pennant winners, and in order to make good on my word, I set about the business of raiding Colonel Robison's club. Jimmie McAleer, one of the most popular men in the game, had just been released as manager of Cleveland, and faced the necessity of going back to his haberdashery store in Youngstown. Feeling that he was the man of all men to conduct the raid, I sent for him and offered $500 for the job, and away he went, flinging back a remark that he expected me to stand the extra expense of gum boots and false whiskers.

McAleer, slipping into St. Louis, established quick contact with his friends, and when he came back to Chicago, he carried the contracts of Jesse Burkett, slugging outfielder, Bobby Wallace, the great shortstop, Dick Padden, second baseman, Catcher Joe Sugden and Pitchers Harry Harper, Willie Sudhoff and Jack Powell. Also, to my disgust, he handed over the contract of Emmett Heidrick, an outfielder, a player that I had specifically warned him not to touch, knowing Heidrick to be under contract.

"Sorry," said Jimmie, "but it couldn't be helped. All the boys refused to jump unless I took Emmett too."

Playing Aggressive Baseball

As I was certain that he would, Colonel Robison appealed to the courts, but we fought the case to a standstill and finally won the decision. McAleer not only received his $500 but when the players petitioned to have him made manager, I granted their request. Never in all this world was there such a fellow as McAleer for lighting on his feet. Let out by Cleveland, he fell into the management of the St. Louis Browns, and when Hedges dropped him in 1909, he galloped up to Boston and talked General Taylor into putting him in charge of the pennant-winning Red Sox.

Now that Hedges had his players, the problem was to get a plant, and we finally took a lease on Sportsmen's Park, where Chris von der Ahe had been lord and master in the days of the old American Association. Hedges spent about $30,000 on the grounds, team and so on; and as an instance of the growth in baseball values, this $60,000 investment sold for $425,000 in 1915.

The 1902 season opened auspiciously, but from the start I had nothing but trouble with McGraw, for baseball, absolutely free from rowdyism, was an American League demand that Muggsy would not or could not meet. Scarcely a week passed that I did not have to impose fines and suspensions for umpire baiting and other infractions.

Joe McGinnity, for instance, spat tobacco juice in an umpire's face, and when I punished him with suspension, begged me for a "chance to explain." This explanation was to the effect that he had been told to play "aggressive ball," and that was what he thought he had been doing. After half an hour spent in pointing out the difference, Joe broke down, and promised that he would never offend again, and I gave him another chance. He kept that promise to the letter.

Whether McGraw went to John T. Brush, or whether my old enemy went to McGraw, figuring that he was in a mood to sell out, is something that I have never known. In any event, on July eighth, without a word of warning, Muggsy jumped to the New York Nationals, taking McGinnity, Cronin, McGann, Bresnahan, Kelly and Seymour. Mike Donlin followed later. Kelly and Seymour, however, instead of being kept in New York, were transferred to Cincinnati.

A Raid on the Pirates

Notwithstanding the surprise of it, Baltimore only missed one game, for I put Wilbert Robinson in charge and called on the other clubs for players. As a matter of fact, Robinson drew even better than McGraw, and our loss on the season was only $1800. The National League, however, was jubilant, feeling that the American League had been dealt a deathblow, but even while I went about with a gloomy face, I was inwardly thanking my lucky star. From the first I had been held back from invading New York by the fears of associates, but now that Brush had started the fight, all came over to my side, and I was given a free hand for the battle.

As always, I put players ahead of the park, and after looking over the ground, selected Pittsburgh as the team to raid. Up to that time we had not touched the Pirates, for it was our hope that Barney Dreyfuss would come into the American League, giving us the chance to substitute Pittsburgh for Washington. As a matter of fact, he had made up his mind to this course and was only dissuaded at the last minute; a switch that I resolved to make him regret.

Direct relations were established with Jack O'Connor, a Pittsburgh catcher who wanted to come to us, and he was instructed to sound out a picked group of players, and then report. This done, I left Chicago for Atlantic City, in company with Charlie Somers and his wife, and as the train was due to pass through Pittsburgh, I wired O'Connor to meet us at the station. When Jack dashed on board, crouched and furtive as became a conspirator, he hoarsely whispered the bad news that our plans were known. Some telegrams had gone astray, and Dreyfuss, alarmed, was driving hard to sign up his players to long-term contracts.

Seeing speed as a necessity, I piled off the train, bags and baggage, and hurried to a hotel as unostentatiously as possible. From these field headquarters I sent Jack out to round up the players, and by morning I had signed Tommy Leach, Jack Chesbro, Jess Tannehill, George Davis, Wid Conroy and O'Connor himself. Dreyfuss fired Jack, of course, but the American League later paid him in full for the salary that he lost. The contracts signed, I slipped away as quietly as I had come, leaving by the freight elevator and going to my train by the way of the freight yards. All of it was trouble wasted, however, for as I climbed into the car I saw the gleaming eyeballs of Harry Pulliam peering around a corner.

Kitty Bransfield, first baseman, was the one player I wanted that I failed to get; so, along in the winter, I tried him again, going to see him at his home in Worcester, Massachusetts. He agreed to terms at last, and we arranged to meet in Boston the next day to sign the contract. Night came without any sign of him, and when Silk O'Loughlin and I went to Worcester to see what the matter was, we found that Harry Pulliam had tracked me again, signing Bransfield up after I left for Boston.

Barney Dreyfuss said no word about the raid, evidently figuring that he would be able to coax the players back, and I said nothing myself, for I wanted to get a New York site before the enemy knew that we

(Continued on Page 125)

A kitchen that was built on a library table

The new Curtis way . . . Build your kitchen in miniature first . . . With just the units you want . . . Arranged exactly as you want them

SHE had seen a hundred "model kitchens." Most of them, she confessed, were attractive enough. Many of them, too, had all the storage and shelf space she could use. But no one of them quite satisfied, quite came up to that dream she cherished of just how she would like to have *her* kitchen arranged.

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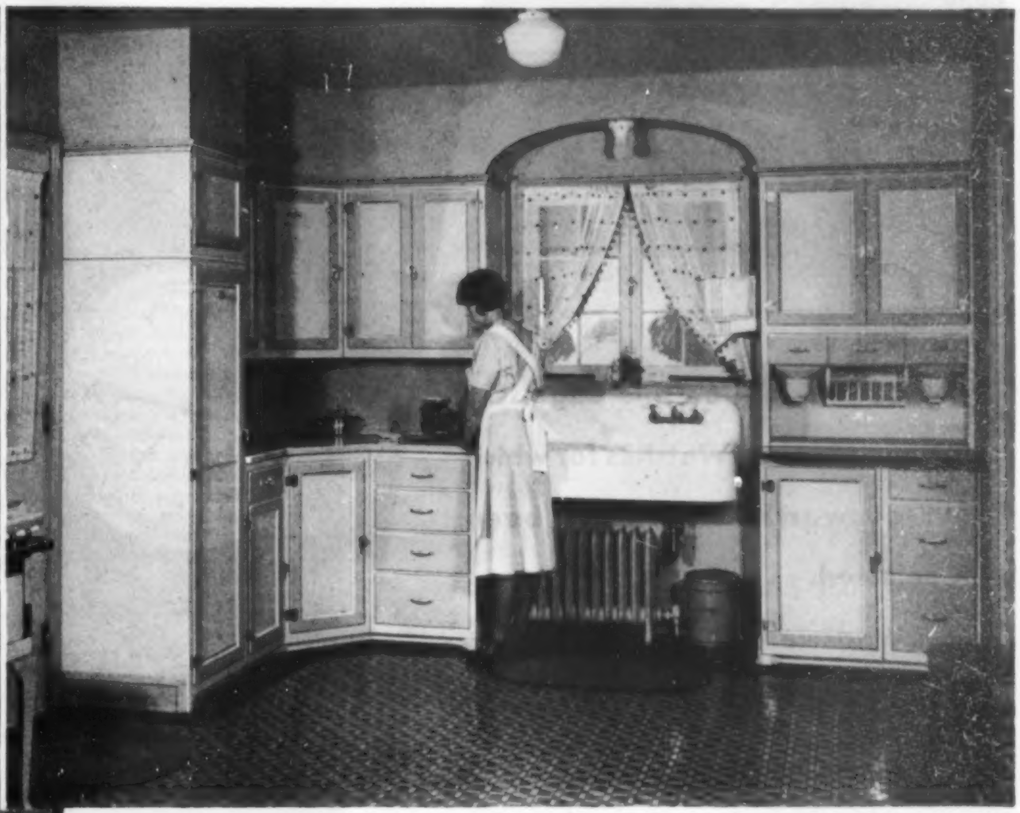

What fun it is to plan your kitchen this easy new way! Shall we have a unit for pots and pans near the stove—or the sink? Where shall we put that clever broom closet, with its ironing board concealed in the door? How about some extra shelf space? And don't forget that special Curtis unit with its sugar bin, flour bin and cutlery drawer that all tilt downward when opened.

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1866
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cases by Wadsworth

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Wadsworth Cases are sold to the makers of good watches only. Therefore, one way to be sure of getting a good watch is to look for the name Wadsworth in the case.

THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE COMPANY
Dayton, Ky., Opposite Cincinnati, Ohio
Case makers for the leading
watch movements

Wadsworth

WORKERS IN
PRECIOUS METALS

(Continued from Page 122)

planned an invasion. Finding a park on Manhattan Island proved no easy task, for aside from the lack of vacant lots, there was the Freedman-Brush political pull to reckon with. Boss Croker was their friend, and both boasted that no American League team would ever find a place to light. It was in the early fall of 1902, while I was right in the middle of my search, that I ran into the late Jim Price and Bill Hannah, two newspapermen of my acquaintance. Both insisted on knowing what I was doing in New York, and suddenly deciding that the time was ripe for a bombshell, I told them I was looking for a park for our New York club.

"You're crazy," exclaimed Price.

"Or drunk," Hannah amended. "Where on earth can you find a piece of ground on Manhattan Island big enough for a park?"

"And where would you get players?" Price demanded.

"I have the players already." I smiled, and then told them about the raid on Pittsburgh, giving the names of the men that I had signed. "As for grounds, I have three sites under consideration, and you can bet your life that we'll have one of them ready for business when the season opens."

The Dove of Peace Alights

Off they went, highly excited with the story, but although Price's paper carried it in full next morning, Hannah's sheet did not even mention what I had said. I learned afterward that he had written it, but his editor, fully convinced that the whole thing was merely one of "Ban Johnson's press-agent stunts," killed the story dead.

It was shortly after this incident, and when the matter of a park site still remained undetermined, that the dove of peace flew into view. I was dining at the Criterion Hotel one night, and looked up to see the stately approach of August Herrmann, of Cincinnati, Colonel Robison, of St. Louis, and James A. Hart, of Chicago. Formally, even stiffly, they stated that they came as a committee from the National League and carried a letter containing a most important proposition. The humor of the situation appealed to me, for both Colonel Robison and Mr. Hart had been loud in their declarations that they would drive me out of baseball, and so I blandly refused to discuss business at that time, but insisted that all sit down and join me in a bottle of wine.

No amount of urging moved me from my passion for hospitality, but once in my room I opened the note quickly enough, and found, as I thought I would find, a request for a conference between representatives of the American League and the National League for the settlement of all differences. I agreed, of course, for while we had nothing to fear from continuance of the struggle, my love of baseball made me realize that the game's best interest demanded peace. A meeting was arranged, and, experience having taught me the importance of a concrete proposition for discussion, I put myself in touch with Joe Flanner, editor of the Sporting News of St. Louis, and Ed Mockler, sporting editor of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, and asked them to set down the principles of an agreement that would be fair and square to everybody concerned. The two men set to work with a will, and when we met in Buffalo, I was able to distribute galley proofs.

Mr. Hart, Colonel Robison, Mr. Herrmann and President Pulliam represented the National League, and Harry Killilea, Charlie Somers, Charlie Comiskey and myself spoke for the American League. It was most amusing to watch the National's representatives read the agreement, going over it again and again to find out just what I was trying to put over on them. At last Harry Pulliam could stand it no longer.

"Where is the joker, Ban?" he asked, tapping the sheet with his finger. "I can't locate it."

"There is no joker, Harry," I assured him. "I told Mockler and Flanner to draw up an absolutely honest agreement, and that's what they've done. But don't take my word for it. Let's wait another two weeks, and that will give all of you time to go over the thing from every angle and suggest any changes that you think fairer."

When we met in Cincinnati, in January, 1903, the agreement was adopted without a single change. The sanctity of contracts was the basis of settlement, and for a while it seemed that the peace ship might founder on the rocks of discord, for various players had entered into contracts with both leagues.

The disputes, for the most part, were adjusted amicably enough. The priority of Detroit's contracts was recognized in the cases of Donovan and Crawford. We could have claimed Leach and Conroy also, but I waived our rights. Where I stood pat, however, was with respect to Mathewson and Bowerman. There was no question that the St. Louis Browns had signed them first, and though Mathewson had not yet shown the brilliance that was to make him the great pitcher of his day, I recognized his ability and wanted him for the American League. Brush, however, was stubborn, and Bob Hedges was crazy for peace, and very much afraid that the agreement might be kicked over. As a consequence, he rushed forward with the statement that he was entirely willing to let Mathewson and Bowerman go to New York, and, much against my will, I had to agree.

The principal feature of the document was the formation of a National Commission, to be composed of the president of the National League, the president of the American League, and a third member to act as chairman. Because I was honestly for peace, I proposed August Herrmann, president of the Cincinnati club, as chairman of the commission. It was not only that I knew Herrmann to be absolutely an honest man and a square sportsman but I felt that this gesture, coming from me, would do more than any other one thing to bury past bitternesses.

A Site on the Island

All through the meeting the National League representatives had been joshing me about my New York park, fully convinced that we didn't have a chance to secure a site, and just as we broke up, Colonel Robison bet a suit of clothes each with Somers, Killilea, Comiskey and myself that we would never be able to find grounds. When I told Price and Hannah, however, that I had three sites under consideration, it happened to be the truth. The most desirable was at Lenox Avenue and One Hundred and Forty-fourth Street, but there was a provision that a street could be cut through the property. Several politicians informed us that they could arrange to have this struck out on payment of $25,000, but aside from distaste for such a transaction, I figured that there was nothing to prevent them from taking my $25,000 and then breaking faith.

Another site was a fine, desirable tract up in the Bronx, but none of my associates liked the idea of locating anywhere except on Manhattan Island, insisting that New Yorkers would not patronize a park in the Bronx, and sorely against my better judgment I yielded to their arguments. How right I was, and how wrong they were, stands proved by the fact that the site I had in mind is now occupied by the Yankee Stadium.

The third site was a lot at One Hundred and Sixty-fifth and Broadway, so mountainous that it looked like a section of the Swiss Alps. This proposition was brought to me by a man named Joe Gordon, who claimed that he had a backer with money and, what was equally important, political influence. This backer turned out to be Frank Farrell, contractor and sporting man, and associated with him were Big Tim Sullivan and Big Bill Devery, Tammany powers. Farrell assured me that the influence of

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Sullivan and Devery would prove sufficient to offset any National League pull with Tammany, so we signed a lease and set to work. Never was there a more heartbreaking task, for at the spot where we located the pitcher's box, a peak of granite ran up almost to the sky.

Farrell made good on his promises, however, and not only was the grading driven forward at top speed but no obstacle was thrown in our way. The grand stand lacked a roof on the opening day, but we had a band, plenty of flags and bunting, and a great team. In addition to the stars grabbed from Pittsburgh, Herman Long, taken from Boston, was at short, and in the outfield cavorted Wee Willie Keeler, lifted from Brooklyn. Long was one of the great shortstops of all time, and Keeler, in my opinion, still stands as the game's most scientific batter, even though he did not know there was such a word as "science."

"It's simple," he said, explaining his skill to a newspaperman. "I jes hit 'em where they ain't."

Clarke Griffith, now of the Washington team, stood forth as manager of the Highlanders; for so they were called at first. Wilbert Robinson had been my choice, for Bobbie had handled himself so well in Baltimore, but Griff's term of faithful service in the American was of much longer duration, and when he begged for the chance, I gave him my support. His salary, by the way, was $5000 a year, a great sum in those days, for even Jimmy Collins, who played third base for Boston, and managed the team as well, only received $3500. Miller Huggins, at the time of his death, was drawing down $50,000.

So ended the fight, although a few sore spots remained. Brush, implacable as ever, made several raids on players under contract, and when we beat him in his attempts to get Fielder Jones, George Davis and Kid Elberfeld, it added to his anger. Boston won the American League pennant in 1903, and defeated Pittsburgh in the first World Series, but when Boston repeated in 1904, Brush stubbornly refused to permit a meeting between our champions and his Giants, winners in the Nationals.

Happily, however, a reconciliation took place before his death. In 1912 the Boston Red Sox and the Giants were again pennant winners, and when the time came to make arrangements for the World Series, Mr. Brush, who was very ill, asked me, as a personal favor, if the meeting could be held at his home in New York. I agreed instantly, and when I saw his ravaged face and wasted form, took pains to concede every minor matter so as to save him the effort of discussion. At the end of the conference, when Mr. Brush left the room, he sent word back that he wanted to see me.

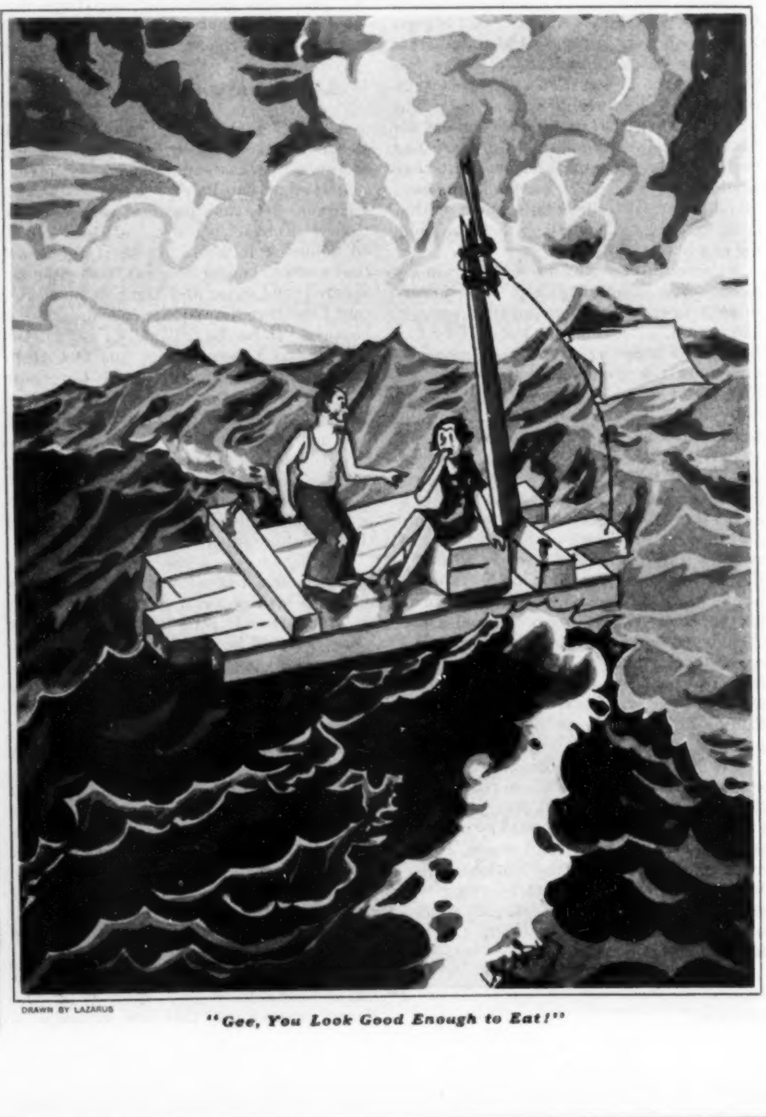
"Ban," he said, holding out his hand as I entered the door, "I'm not going to be here very long, and I want to make up."

An enemy for twenty years and at last my friend. On the other hand, Charlie Comiskey, starting out as my friend, became my enemy. Many explanations have been offered by outsiders, and one, in particular, has the merit of being amusing. I had been fishing up in Wisconsin, and on my return sent Comiskey a string of very fine bass. Unfortunately, however, the fish arrived just as he was opening a notice from my office informing him of the suspension of one of his star outfielders.

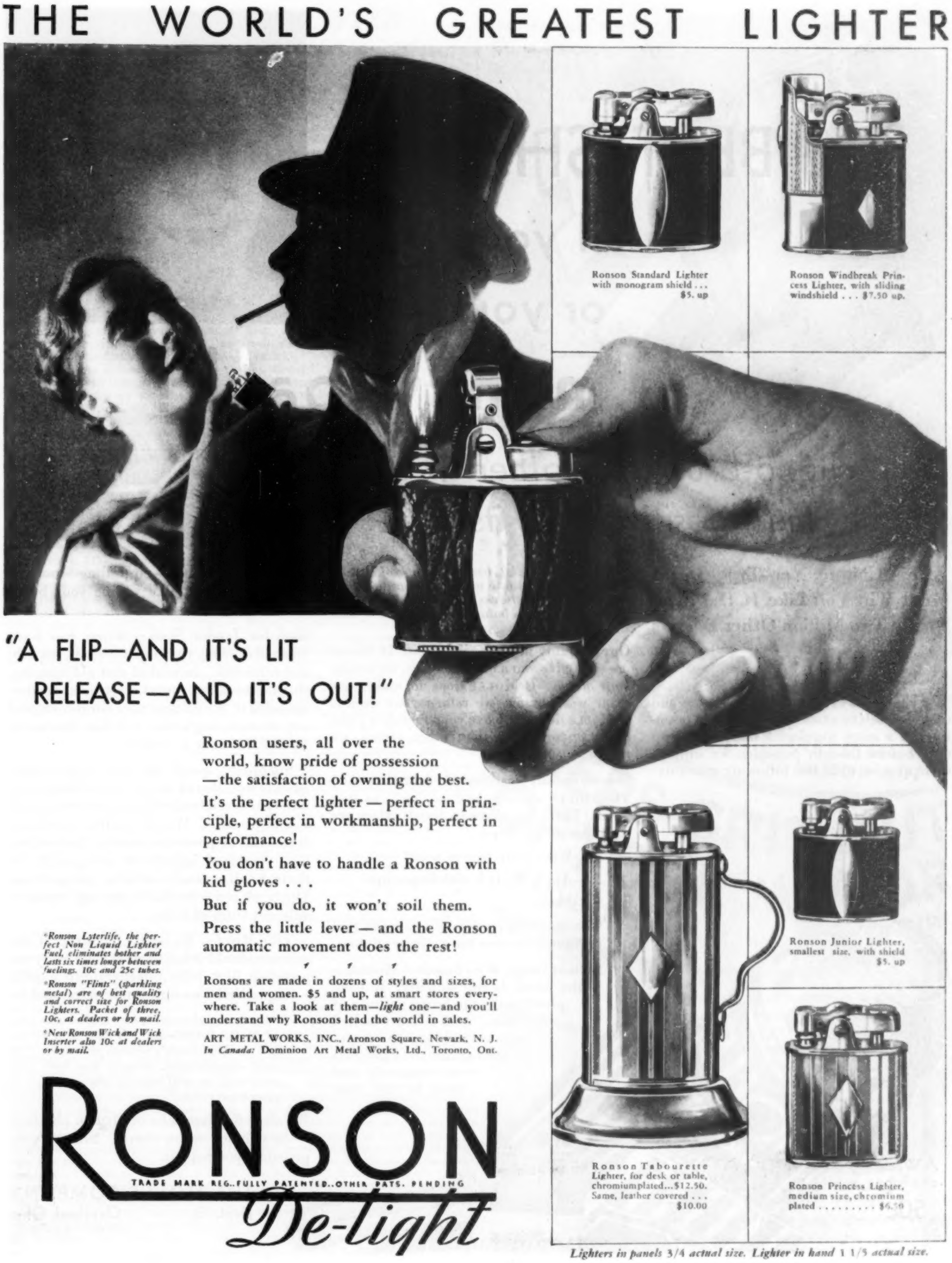
"What does Johnson expect me to do?" he bellowed, slamming the basket on the floor. "Play these bass in the outfield?"

The real cause of the break, however, was a decision of the National Commission in the case of Pitcher Jack Quinn. Comiskey felt that he was entitled to the player and never forgave me for refusing to side with him.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Johnson and Mr. Creel. The next will appear in an early issue.


DRAWN BY LAZARUS

"Gee, You Look Good Enough to Eat!"



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Step right over to the nearest drugstore and treat yourself to a tube of MOLLÉ. We promise you a more wonderful shave than you ever before thought possible. We support that promise with the following guaranty:

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Our guaranty means exactly this: If MOLLÉ does not give you a *quicker* shave, we *return your money.* If MOLLÉ does not make your razor work *easier,* we *return your money.* If MOLLÉ does not leave your face *free from irritation* or *cooler* than other cream, we *return your money.*

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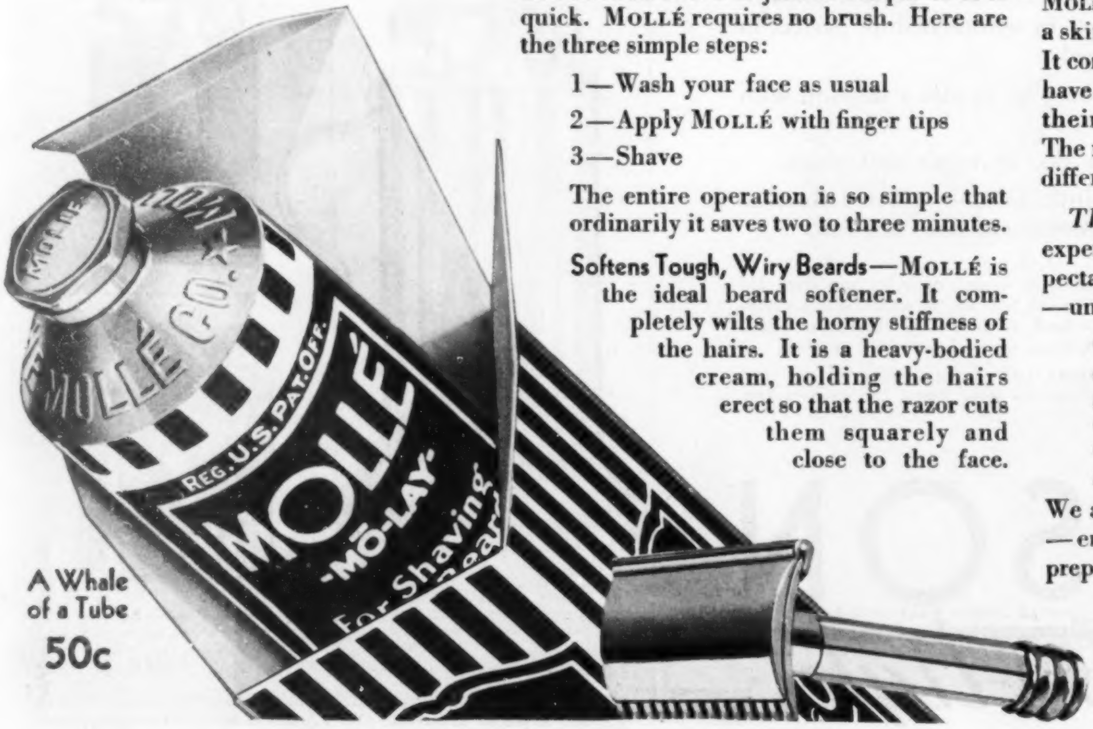

A Whale of a Tube
50c

MY FRIENDSHIP WITH ROOSEVELT

(Continued from Page 5)

curtain and bow, and so did the musical manager. He was not in the least aware that an incensed senior was back there in the noise and smoke. He learned it next morning. Teddy Roosevelt was reported very angry; said that some personalities were not permissible.

"Who says he said so?"

"Oh, it's got around. He said it was bad taste."

"'Waxed mustache and hair in curls' bad taste? He hasn't got them. How very sensitive!"

"It's calling on the girls. He's rumored engaged."

"Well, he hasn't announced it to the Dickey, has he? He's crazy."

He was not crazy; he was merely in that heady state which overtakes the strenuous lover at times, and has been the subject of some of the best literature; and so he jumped to the conclusion that our quite unconscious hit was deliberate.

He was now half through his senior year, and I half through my sophomore. This was winter, 1880; in June he would graduate. We had been eighteen months in the same college, twice in the same room, and had not yet exchanged a word. There seemed no particular reason or likelihood that we should ever so much as shake hands; the Harvard world was large, and we lived in different parts of it—large, I say; but will it seem so when I note that the treasurer of the university football club during my freshman year—Herman S. LeRoy—reported total receipts for that year as amounting to $1390.87, of which the Yale game furnished $340.24?

Within a month I was seeing Theodore Roosevelt familiarly. Out of the clear sky I was taken into a club of less than twenty, among whom I found him. The time I wasted there was better spent than the hours over my books. Whenever we who are of it happen to meet in Vienna, Peking, London, anywhere the wide world over, we convene in its name. Two of us encountered between Richmond and Washington one day in 1863, when one took the other prisoner, and they found out who they were.

"Well," declared the Southerner, "it's the only decent thing in the North."

Almost every day Roosevelt and I met there when he was twenty-one, I nineteen. It was literature in the main, and liking the same things and hating many of the same things, which brought the senior to take cordial notice of the sophomore. He scolded me for my tepid opinion of Longfellow. He knew Longfellow to be a much better poet than it was then—or is now—the fashion to think him. But the sophomore, earlier in his life, had been obliged to commit painfully to memory "The shades of night were falling fast," and "It was the schooner Hesperus"; and he couldn't get over it; his heart was hardened against the man who wrote them. The senior urged him to read the Norse poems, which he did, but remained unconverted for long years after he had ceased to be a sophomore. Senior and sophomore set small store upon most literary literature; perfectly nice, well-behaved prose and verse, that read as if Alfred Tennyson or Charles Lamb had been diluted with warm water and stirred round in a teacup by a teaspoon; but Roosevelt was not ready—never became ready—to go as far the Tom Jones way as I went, even in that day. At his Dakota ranch not long after these college discussions, he read Tolstoy's fiction, fully appreciated its greatness, but disapproved of its author's moral standpoint because he recorded, without censuring, certain actions of his characters. I had already reached, without definitely formulating them, four convictions—that the whole of life is fiction's field; that nothing is wrong that hurts nobody; that within the ever-shifting limits of good taste anything can be told; and that the writer should leave moralizing to the reader. Roosevelt never had the chance to approve or condemn certain plain talk in my Western tales published in Harper's Magazine; this talk never got by the blue pencil of my warm friend and backer and greatest editor, Henry Mills Alden, liberal as he was for those genteel times; but it was in consequence of Roosevelt's immediate and unchanged objection to the facts about what Balaam did to Pedro in The Virginian, which Mr. Alden had allowed to go into print, that I suppressed the details in the later version of that story, when it became a chapter in the book.

Who were the authors then, what was "then" like, anyhow, while this senior and sophomore were comparing likes and dislikes, and becoming Teddy and Dan to each other, and the horse cars—the old Cambridge horse cars—rumbled beneath the window? The bells on the horses tinkled as they went clopping by with the car, they got to Bowdoin Square, Boston, in forty-five minutes; a pair of them in the months of dust and mud, four of them in the months of slush and snow. Straw was strewed thick over the floor of the car during the cold season to keep your feet warm; many citizens spat in the straw, which was seldom changed—who had heard of germs or Pasteur? You couldn't have your appendix out then—you didn't know the word—you got something they called peritonitis, or inflammation of the bowels, and usually died. The Yale game had yielded $340.24; the presidential election had been stolen from Tilden; Rutherford B. Hayes and his temperance wife, Lucy, were in the White House. William M. Evarts said that water flowed like champagne in the White House. He had recently defended the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, named as corespondent by a husband in his congregation. Henry James was writing in his early manner; Howells, one timid eye on Mrs. Grundy, was trying to see life steadily, and see it whole with the other. You got off the horse car at Charles Street if you were going to dine in good society; you continued to Bowdoin Square if you were going to sup in bad, and until you were a junior you weren't asked to parties. Pinafore had recently blazed its trail of tune and laughter all over our map; pretty and witty comic operas from Paris and Vienna drew crowded houses; not a musical show had yet been concocted by a Broadway manager for the American moron; clean-cut, muscular, light music hadn't yet rotted into the fleshy pulp of jazz. You could see Booth in Hamlet, Sarah Bernhardt in Froufrou, Modjeska in Camille, Janauschek in Bleak House, Lotta in The Little Marchioness, and fall in love with Adelaide Neilson as Imogen and Juliet. Tom-and-Jerry was a drink that went to the right spot during a sleigh ride. Long John Silver was soon to become our favorite villain; Mulvaney had not yet risen out of India to warm our hearts; the great gray genius of War and Peace and Anna Karenina had not yet loomed up as the highest peak in fiction. Phillips Brooks was preaching big, broad Christianity in Trinity Church. Father Hall was preaching incense in the Church of the Advent; there was no such thing as Massachusetts Avenue; Gloucester Street was the very outpost of habitation; genteel travelers put up at the Revere House and the Tremont House; eight separate parochial railroads ran out of Boston from eight different terminal hovels; a ninth was to be added to them soon. The Boston and Albany, and the Boston and Providence, with the help of connections, did gradually get you to New York, and produced fair imitations of express trains three or four times a day. The Old Colony took you to Newport and cranberry bogs on a single track. The Eastern took you on a single track to Beverly

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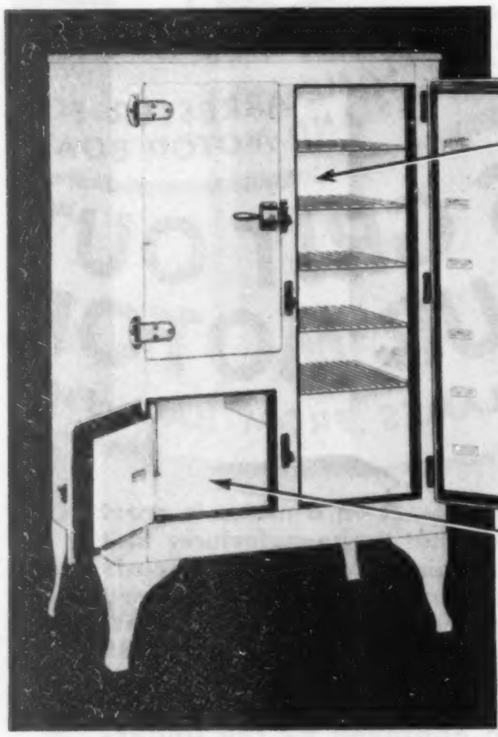

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Farms, and there were those who said that both it and the Boston and Maine would deliver you in Portland if you were hardy and patient; but nobody except the Exeter and Andover boys was quite sure about the Boston and Maine, whose cars looked as if Druids patronized them. The Fitchburg went nowhere in particular, except to Ralph Waldo Emerson, whom I was asked to go and see, and like a young fool did not. The Boston and Lowell trundled you part way to St. Paul's School, but had to be helped out by a local New Hampshire company; the railroad that started for somewhere from the foot of Summer Street kept changing its name, and was seldom mentioned; and two wild little railroads, the Nashua, Acton and Boston, and the Boston, Clinton and Fitchburg, jumped about somewhere in the brush and never got to Boston by themselves at all. You could meet Doctor Holmes if you were lucky, Longfellow came along Brattle Street at times—they outrageously called him Old Poems—Memorial Hall stood for the last word in architecture; there was no music in Lohengrin except that wedding march; at least five people in Boston said that they understood Robert Browning's Sordello; at least thirty others said nobody could understand Sordello, and that, compared with Tennyson, its author couldn't write poetry anyhow. Student quarrels could still arise hotly over the competitive merits of Dickens and Thackeray; Stubby Child taught you Chaucer, in curly hair; Soapy Goodwin taught you Greek, with a wagging beard; Pa Lane taught you Latin with a merry eye and a sharp tongue; Charles Norton opened the world of letters and beauty for you over good claret; Jimmy Mills Pierce had you to dine on the best food in Cambridge; William James was just beginning. Over in the chemical room in Boylston Hall, Jopey Cook would tilt an open bottle, with a hand shaken by palsy, over a half-filled test tube, saying: "Gentlemen, if I were to pour two drops from this bottle into the test tube, this building would be instantly reduced to powder. Gentlemen, I will now pour one drop"—and the stink of it would go right across the hall, where Jakey Paine was analyzing Beethoven's sonatas in Music 3. I cannot hear the first theme of that early sonata in F minor without the prompt reflex action of bracing my smelling apparatus against phosphureted hydrogen. Jakey warned us against Wagner, and a New York critic had spoken of the "Oriental jungle" of Carmen—new to us in 1879—while another said he had found "some pretty gypsy music" in it. Dry monopole, *frappé*, was delicious on Saturday nights. Rum and ginger ale was just right for Sunday mornings, shandygaff quenched thirst at almost any hour, and Chambertin was already among my first and enduring loves.

And all the while, some pleasant doors in Boston and round about in Milton, Brookline and Chestnut Hill stood open to the sophomore, had opened to him directly he came to Harvard. They that lived in the houses had books, and pictures, and horses, and wine; were gentlefolk not restless or ostentatious with their riches; hospitable, not mere entertainers; had spent winters in Rome, crossed the Alps by diligence or in private carriage, heard Rachel at the Théâtre Français, spoke of Grisi and Mario, lost brothers and sons in the Civil War. They had passed through that fiery furnace of the Civil War and their spirits had been deepened by adversity instead of shallowed by prosperity.

English they were by their Colonial names, by their decent standards, by their stable characters—and not one of them had forgiven England for what her spokesmen said and did against our Union when our Union was fighting for its life, and on the edge of losing it.

That was the epoch and that the Boston and Cambridge which surrounded the senior and sophomore while they discussed Longfellow or The Ring and the Book, and the horse cars rumbled beneath the window, and Prexy Eliot, like a flagstaff in motion, was going after the millions which were to make Harvard College a university.

Our discussions rose, certainly once, to a pitch which brought the door to the next room, where more silent ones were sitting, shut to upon us with a slam of withering emphasis. No doubt about it, Roosevelt, eyeglasses and whiskers, and an armful of notebooks clamped between elbows and ribs, would enter that atmosphere too breezily, would hold forth too fluently, for the taste of Woodbury Kane and his like. Kane got over it in the Rough Riders, but some of the others, not having the Rough Riders or any such experience to change their minds, did not get over it. The other side of it was that here was the Roosevelt of twenty-one, perceiving the enthusiasms of a younger man, drawing them out, hospitable to what the younger man had to say; giving the younger man, in short, the full sunshine of his attention, just as he was going to give it all the rest of his life to any enthusiasm, any promise, any achievement in any worthy activity of the human body, mind or spirit which he could understand and encourage.

During those months of our first acquaintance, a fit of conscience impelled me to tell him one day that I was the author of those offending lines in Der Freischütz. He looked puzzled. I grew embarrassed. So far as I knew, his engagement was not yet announced, and no business of mine. It seemed best just to go on and repeat the lines to him:

"Awful tart,
And awful smart ——"

He had totally forgotten the whole thing, and was much amused at me. Years later, when I was meditating a more important confession and put the matter to him, he exclaimed:

"Never indulge yourself on the sinner's stool. If you did any harm, that won't undo it; you'll merely rake it up. The sinner's stool is often the only available publicity spot for the otherwise wholly obscure egotist."

June, 1880, came; whiskers and eyeglasses and breeziness and all, he graduated; and I can recall no significant meeting with him again until after a number of grave experiences had happened to both of us.

IV

WHAT happened to me was of little profit to me or anyone until 1885, when my health very fortunately forsook me.

In June, 1882, I was graduated with highest honors in music, and a *summa cum laude* degree. Our class, like all classes then, had been forced to learn stuff that was utterly worthless in Wall Street and little good for turning even a dishonest penny anywhere. The New Youth had not yet asked Higher Education, What did Homer do for Moses, or How much did Cicero help Jacob to put it over on Esau? Higher Education was satisfied to turn out, year after year, an absurd product known as the college-bred man; a youth whom it had brought face to face with subjects utterly behind the times, such as the age of Pericles, and ancient Rome, and the great intellects of mankind, and the hoarded experience of our race; a type happily obsolete. Today our education, from top to bottom, makes everything safe for democracy. Jakey Paine had corrected my canons and fugues, and assured me that I was competent to become a composer of operas and symphonic poems. This had been the only thing I wanted to do since I had discovered, as a boy at St. Paul's School, that I could make tunes and devise harmonies. This did not at all appeal to my father, who insisted upon an authoritative European judgment before he would give his consent to such a choice of career.

In Wagner's house at Bayreuth, that first summer of Parsifal, I played to Liszt my proudest composition, Merlin and Vivien. He jumped up in the middle and stood behind me muttering approval, and now and

(Continued on Page 132)

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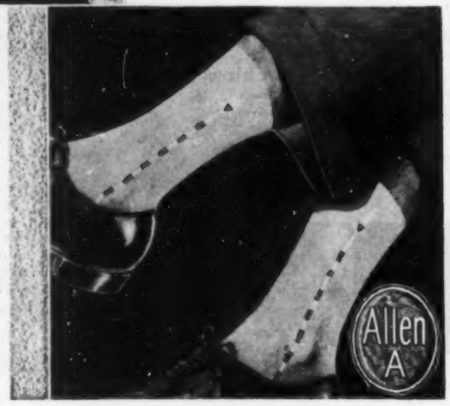

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(Continued from Page 130)

then he stopped me and put his hands over my shoulders onto the keys, struck a bar or two, and said:

"I should do that here if I were you."

And he wrote his old friend, my grandmother, Fanny Kemble, that I had "*un talent prononcé*" for music.

Following this, I went to Paris. There, after a winter's study with Ernest Guiraud of the Conservatoire, a monkey wrench was thrown into my aspirations most unwittingly by Maj. Henry Higginson, himself a thwarted musician in his youth. He told my father that he would like to have me start in the office of Lee, Higginson & Co. One night in 1883 Guiraud drove all over Paris with me, repeating again and again, "*N'abandonnez pas la musique!*"

I was brought back to State Street. There, however, business had meanwhile slumped. Atchison was very sick; Lee, Higginson & Co. couldn't take on young men just then; and so, until they could, I went below stairs into the Union Safe Deposit Vaults, pioneer of its kind in America, and sat on a high-legged stool computing interest at 2½ per cent on the daily balances of our depositors, and helping to make up the pass books each month.

During this period The Tavern Club was organized by a group of painters, writers, musicians, doctors, and other good company, with Howells as our first president. Henry Irving was our first guest of honor. He came to supper after the play and stayed till six next morning. I sang him a lot of songs, and went down at nine to my high-legged stool at 40 State Street with quite a head. During this period, certain Harvard undergraduates, sitting where Roosevelt and I had sat as senior and sophomore, became my intimate playmates. Winthrop Chanler would come at the end of office hours in the vaults to take me for a drive. Amos French was another constant playmate. Our dinners and doings I shall not forget. No friends of my youth surpassed, and very few others ever equaled, the wit and humor of that pair of gay seniors, as they had become before the end of my thirteen months in the Union Safe Deposit Vaults. During this period also I came to know Howells well.

It was my first novel that began this friendship and led me to call him mentor in later days. On my high-legged stool I planned the novel, asked my cousin Langdon Mitchell to do parts of it, and he did them—a very important chapter while our hero was a boy at a High Church School, and some further chapters where a painting master was concerned, and the hero's virtuous and unsuccessful love affair, and part of his virtuous and successful love affair, leaving him in the arms of the wrong wife for him, who was certain to understand nothing about what he cared for most. He was born to be a painter; and his father and the general American idea forced him into business. A Wise Man's Son was the novel's name. And then, good, kind Howells read the entire manuscript—a matter of two hundred thousand words.

"So much young man never seems to have got into a book before," was the opinion that he gave of A Wise Man's Son; and it convinced him that the clerk in the Union Safe Deposit Vaults could write novels if he chose. The clerk wondered. He had merely written his own story and put a bittersweet ending to it. Did this necessarily show that he was by nature an author? Howells had no doubts; he had felt a good many pulses in his time, he said. And then, after many encouraging words, he became an adviser to the clerk, who was just twenty-four. He urged that A Wise Man's Son be never shown to a publisher; some publisher might accept it, and the clerk would regret such a book when he was older. Were it a translation from the Russian, said Howells, there would be no objection to such a book; coming from a young American, it was certain to shock the public gravely. It was full of hard swearing, hard drinking, too much knowledge of good and evil, and a whole fig tree would not cover the Widow Taylor. Put it by. In time to come it would furnish the young American with a mine of material.

No publisher has ever seen that novel. That was in 1884; it was perhaps a dozen years later that Howells asked me was I not going to do something with it?

About that time angry murmurs concerning Roosevelt were stirring in Beacon Street. What had happened to him thus far since his graduation is of general knowledge except, perhaps, that he finished his Naval History of the War of 1812 mostly standing on one leg at the bookcase in his New York house, the other leg crossed behind, toe touching the floor, heedless of dinner engagements and the flight of time. A slide drew out from the bookcase. On this he had open the leading authorities on navigation, of which he knew nothing. He knew that when a ship's course was one way, with the wind another, the ship had to sail at angles, and this was called tacking or beating. By exhaustive study and drawing of models, he pertinaciously got it all right, whatever of it came into the naval engagements he was writing about.

His wife used to look in at his oblivious back and exclaim: "We're dining out in twenty minutes, and Teddy's drawing little ships."

Then there would be a scurry, and he would cut himself shaving, and it wouldn't stop bleeding, and they would have to surround him and take measures to save his collar from getting stained.

Had any of our other great leaders—Washington, Cleveland, anybody—this appealing schoolboy side—to forget time and everything in some hot quest, to break out into enthusiasm or laughter unrestrained, to be suddenly helpless about a collar? It never quite died in him—never quite—this bubbling well of youth. Even after the South American illness, and months of distress at his country's apathy while Europe was in agony, even after Quentin's death was added to this, still it was there, buried deep down, but now and then gleaming out.

In 1884, cartoons of him as the slim young reformer assemblyman at Albany were familiarizing the public with his appearance. They were not very good likenesses; the cartoonists had not yet found the formula for him—the eyeglasses, the teeth and the belligerent jaw. Whiskers were gone. I don't know who put a stop to them. He was still Teddy. By the time I began to see him often again he had become Theodore. I don't know who put a stop to Teddy. Very soon in his married life he had become father and widower. And now Boston was displeased with him.

The Republicans had nominated Blaine; the Democrats, Cleveland. Cleveland was elected. He was the first President for whom I ever voted. That campaign was hot with rancor. To many Republicans it was unthinkable that any Republican could vote against the party that had saved the Union and for the party that attempted to destroy it. Families split over it, friends fell out. Blaine's son, Emmons, came from New York one day into the Somerset Club, and joined a group of us, never doubting we were with him. It was an embarrassing, painful scene—we, his old college mates, fond of him, sorry for him, striving in vain to turn the subject which he forced on us—and his face as the truth broke on him at last. I have seen worse campaigns since, more personal, more distressing, but that one was bitter enough and grew worse as it progressed and more deserters went over to Cleveland. Mugwumps they were called, and voters were warned that Democrats would smother in their cradle our infant industries, which at that time were about the size of Goliath. And down in the dim Union Safe Deposit Vaults one morning, I heard the voice of the originator of that pioneer institution, my chief, and the devoted friend of three generations of my family, Henry Lee, growling these words at his desk in the private office:

"As for Cabot Lodge, nobody's surprised at him; but you can tell that whippersnapper in New York, from me, that his independence was the only thing in him we

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cared for, and if he has gone back on that we don't care to hear anything more about him."

I doubt if that message was delivered to Theodore Roosevelt by his father-in-law, to whom it was given. George Lee was Henry Lee's cousin, and affectionately known as "snub manager" by all the clerks and cashiers in the vaults; and Alice, now dead, had been his daughter. It was in this fashion that these Lee cousins of the older generation not infrequently spoke to and of each other, and of most of the important citizens of Boston, who were generally apt also to be their cousins. Henry Lee had a vast store of scandalous genealogical anecdote; and to have him take you round an ancient churchyard after a funeral and demolish the characters of his collateral ancestors and the ancestors of his friends in every grave you came to was worth all the histories of Salem and Massachusetts Bay together.

He was as proud as Lucifer of his state, and his town, and Harvard; served all of them loyally, wouldn't have exchanged a single Yankee ancestor for ten of the very best from New York or South Carolina; and one day when I was with him, he said to a kinsman, while quizzical humor wrinkled his face:

"Waldo, don't you wish Massachusetts was the only state in the Union?"

"You really mean that, you know!" I said.

"Do I, Dan; do I? Well, if this be treason, make the most of it!"

Henry Lee was one of those fine Americans with Colonial traditions who knew how to be rich.

So Cleveland was elected that autumn of 1884; one of our best Presidents; too good for his party, as Roosevelt was too good for his; as our best Presidents are apt to be. Roosevelt disappeared into the West. Particularly in the eyes of all Boston Mugwumps was he found wanting; in spite of having married into one of their best families, he had been unfaithful to what they expected of him, had not left his party and come out for Cleveland. Instead, he had listened to Cabot Lodge, one of themselves, but his evil genius; they were done with young Theodore Roosevelt from New York.

"He has one idea, and a great many teeth," said Martin Brimmer, whose house was on Beacon Hill, five minutes from Henry Lee's.

If Roosevelt had met me then he would have assured me that he was politically dead. He assured me of this several times in later years.

Still there was no place for me at Lee, Higginson & Co., still I sat on the high-legged stool, computing interest on daily balances at 2½ per cent; dining at the Tavern Club, or in the happy company of Winthrop Chanler and Amos French and the other genial boys out at Cambridge. There was no prospect of the vaults ending. I wrote a letter to my father. I would serve my year, and a month longer, because January was a heavy season at the vaults; then, as soon as might be, I would go to the Harvard Law School, since American respectability accepted lawyers, no matter how bad, which I was likely to be, and rejected composers, even if they were good, which I might possibly be. This letter I showed Henry Higginson during a week-end with him at Manchester, and begged his advice.

He smiled his most whimsical smile. "It's probably the best way out. Don't be too rough on your father. Good parents have a bad time."

In Philadelphia I sat nibbling at Blackstone in the law office of Francis Rawle until the law school should begin a new year in the autumn; and now my health most fortunately broke down. I was ordered by Dr. Weir Mitchell to a ranch of some friends in Wyoming. Early in July, 1885, I went there.

V

IN THE autumn of 1891 I returned from my fifth summer in search of health and big game in Wyoming, and wrote two stories about that country and its people. True, I was now a Harvard LL.B. and A.M., and member of the Philadelphia bar. True, I had begged and got leave from Francis Rawle to argue a case for the plaintiff before the circuit court, brought for infringement of trade-mark, which the office had lost on demurrer in common pleas; and I had won it. True, though we lost it on appeal from common pleas to the Supreme Court, where I argued it again on the same lines as in the circuit court, my brief led Judge Mitchell to write a dissenting opinion, based upon the line I had taken, and that opinion changed the law as to equitable trade-mark in our state; and true, also, that Francis Rawle saw symptoms of a lawyer in me—all true, but I couldn't get Wyoming out of my head.

Never before had I been able to sustain a diary, no matter how thrilling my experiences; and among others, certainly the experience of Bayreuth and Parsifal and Liszt had been thrilling. But upon every Western expedition I had kept a full, faithful, realistic diary—details about pack horses, camps in the mountains, camps in the sagebrush, nights in town, cards with cavalry officers, meals with cowpunchers, round-ups, scenery, the Yellowstone Park, trout fishing, hunting with Indians, shooting antelope, white-tail deer, black-tail deer, elk, bear, mountain sheep—and missing these same animals. I don't know why I wrote it all down so carefully; I had no purpose in doing so, or any suspicion that it was driving Wyoming into my blood and marrow, and fixing it there.

And so, one autumn evening of 1891, fresh from Wyoming and its wild glories, I sat in the club dining with a man as enamored of the West as I was. This was Walter Furness, son of the great Shakspere editor, Horace Howard Furness, my kinsman and mentor. I was lucky in my mentors. From oysters to coffee we compared experiences. Why wasn't some Kipling saving the sagebrush for American literature, before the sagebrush and all that it signified went the way of the California forty-niner, went the way of the Mississippi steamboat, went the way of everything? Roosevelt had seen the sagebrush true, had felt its poetry; and also Remington, who illustrated his articles so well. But what was fiction doing—fiction, the only thing that has always outlived fact? Must it be perpetual teacups? Was Alkali Ike in the comic papers the one figure which the jejune American imagination, always at full-cock to banter or to brag, could discern in that epic which was being lived at a gallop out in the sagebrush? "To hell with teacups and the great American laugh!" we two said as we sat dining at the club. The claret had been excellent.

"Walter, I'm going to try it myself!" I exclaimed to Walter Furness. "I'm going to start this minute."

"Go to it. You ought to have started long ago."

I wished him good night; he wished me good luck. I went up to the library, and by midnight or so a good slice of Hank's Woman was down in the rough. I followed it soon with How Lin McLean Went East. Lin was my camp companion in Hank's Woman. In the revised version, I put the Virginian in Lin's place, having made the Virginian's acquaintance in Balaam and Pedro, and Em'ly, which were the next stories written; and finding that to get all which was to be got out of Hank's Woman, I needed a Greek chorus of an intelligence more subtle than Lin's. A check came for those first two stories from Alden, the first editor who saw them, and I wondered if I should ever know the joy of being illustrated by Frederic Remington. I had also a sneaking suspicion that suits in equitable trade-mark, and all suits whatever, might be over; that if anyone in future should come knocking at my door, he was less likely to be a litigant than an editor. Francis Rawle was as proud of the check from Messrs. Harper and Brothers as I was; he kept me in his office, where I worked at fiction for twenty-five years, and at law nevermore.

Hank's Woman came out. Friends in Philadelphia said, "I haven't read your

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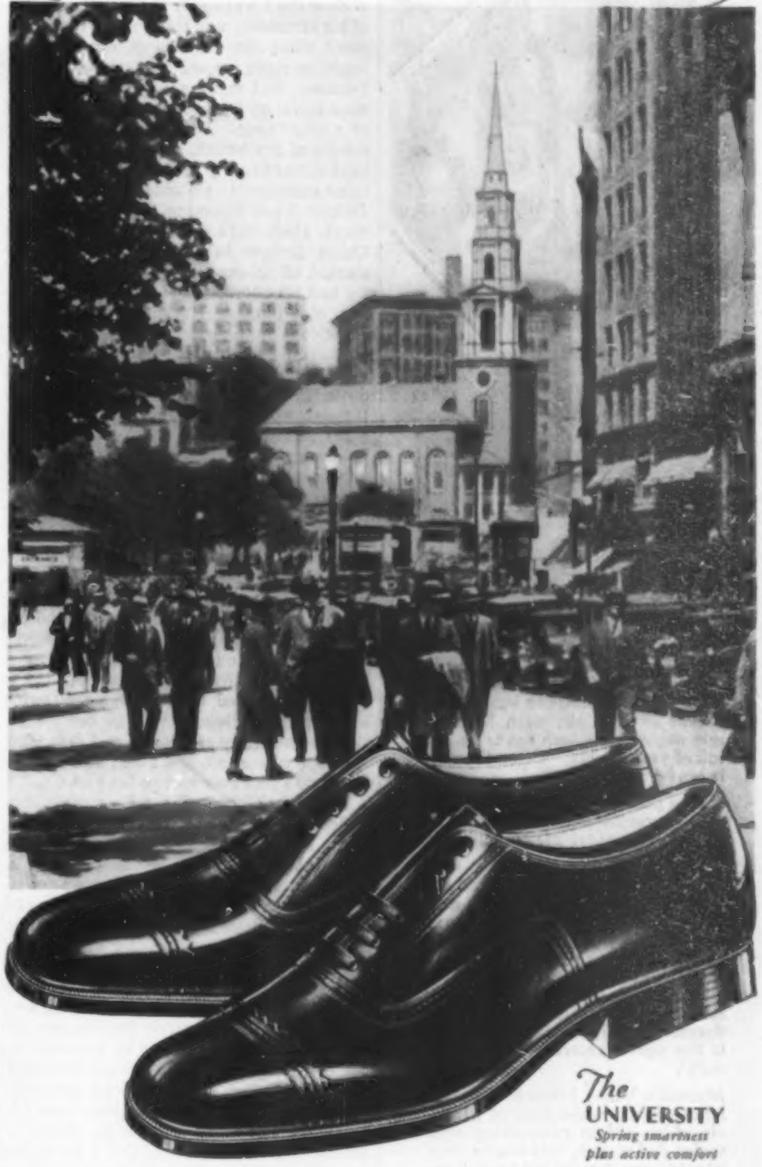

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story." Friends in New York didn't know I had written one. Friends in Boston said, "What a horrible place the West must be!"

It was Theodore Roosevelt who hailed me the next time we met with:

"Bully for you! I'm particularly grateful for 'his—twinkling—white-tailless—rear.'" He spaced his words for emphasis, as was his way so often, and he went up into that falsetto which always denoted emphasis of one sort or another.

So there I was again in the full sunshine of his attention; and this was the exact moment when our old college acquaintance began to ripen toward the intimacy that it became. Not many golden strokes of fortune come up to possessing the friendship of a great man. I owe it entirely to the failure of my health, and the fact that to both of us at nearly the same time came the same experience—we went West. He saw Dakota, I saw Wyoming. After Commencement, 1880, until that luncheon with the Cabot Lodges in Washington, when he started off at once about Hank's Woman, we had occasionally met on just the pleasant, old, familiar Harvard basis; now I signified something more to him—or might. He hoped I might. He hoped I would do what he had been looking for somebody to do in the way of interpreting that West through works of imagination. He scrutinized and questioned me eagerly at that luncheon. Truly, I was on fire with delight as we compared impressions. I told him how every word he had written for the Century Magazine about his ranch life at Medora had absorbed me, and how few of our immediate friends could possibly know how good those articles were; he had been the pioneer in taking the cowboy seriously, and I loved what he said about that bold horseman of the plains. Did I? Did I, indeed? he exclaimed, and seemed as pleased as if what I thought was of importance.

"And I showed Remington your 'twinkling, white-tailless rear,'" he continued; "for in one of my articles he had drawn an antelope with a tail, and I told him that no antelope I had ever met so far had a tail."

How Lin McLean Went East came out. Alden had kept it for his Christmas number. I was hunting white goat in the mountains above the Methow River, in Washington, at the time. I traveled out to the railroad at Coulee City through the snow, three days in a freight wagon. The wagon was to bring in winter supplies for the trading store. The first day we passed the cabin of Cheval. Cheval was all the name he had any longer. He had been in the employment of that eccentric French marquis whose ranch was neighbor to Roosevelt's. He had known Roosevelt. When he found that I knew him, he talked with great enthusiasm, and wanted me to stop there for the night. This was impossible; I had to get on, or the chances were that I should be snowed in. Then I must take his coat—mine was not enough for this weather—and he ran and got it—a thick fur coat. But, I objected, it was three days to the railroad, and no one could say how many days back it would be, and how could he or I be sure that he would ever see the coat again? Never mind. I was a friend of Roosevelt. I had to take the coat or offend Cheval. Without it, I think I might have frozen. The snow came with a vengeance before the freight wagon got back a great many weeks later.

It was in the Northern Pacific train between Spokane and St. Paul that I got my first tidings of Lin McLean. Harper's was out and on the news stands, and a fellow traveler in the Pullman handed me the magazine and recommended my own story to me. I did not tell him my name; the coincidence was likely to prove too strong for him, and I had no wish to have my identity doubted. It doesn't always do to tell strangers who you are. At Ogden, in 1911, when I registered at the hotel there, the clerk informed me that I was dead, that it had been in all the papers. What is a man's word against the papers?

When I got home, Philadelphians were saying, "But it isn't as good as Bret Harte." Well, of course it wasn't, but ah, Philadelphia!

New York and Boston friends made no comparisons in the very welcome letters which they wrote; and this time Roosevelt went into his highest falsetto as he shook my hand and quoted from my story with perfect accuracy a passage concerning Honey Wiggin after he had won a pinto from a Mexican by good card playing:

"'The new owner, being a man of the world, and agile on his feet, was only slightly stabbed that evening as he walked to the dance hall at the edge of the town. The Mexican was buried on the next day but one.'"

According to his wont when quoting words that pleased him, he delivered every syllable as if it were a morsel of food particularly to his taste. "And—I—don't—think—you'll—peter—out," he added, spacing his words and measuring me with his eye.

Cleveland was in his second term then, and too good for his party. At their worst, the Democrats are no worse for the country than are the Republicans at their worst, but the Republicans at their best are better than the Democrats at theirs. In the early 90's, the Democrats were having their silver insanity. Had Grover Cleveland not stood as a rock of sanity against it, American credit would have collapsed. He staved this off; and the amiable McKinley, who wabbled in any direction that the wabbling seemed good, inherited a situation in which his earnest effort to wabble failed, and a gold plank was forced into the Republican platform at the St. Louis convention, thanks very largely to the force, good sense and skill of Cabot Lodge. Lodge's Boston friends gave him praise for this, but their praise was always fainter than their blame for other deeds of his had been. I watched him speak in Memorial Hall at Commencement that year. He was acclaimed for the gold plank, but his face remained pretty grim, and a bitterness rang in his words as he surveyed and addressed that assembly where Mugwump fellow citizens abounded. He told them that action—that taking off your coat and getting into the fight—was not so comfortable as "to sit back and look on and rail." He made "rail" burn like a drop of acid. No wonder. Not long before, Harvard disapproval of his politics had dealt him a very rare humiliation. His first term as overseer had ended. Almost invariably an overseer is elected to a second term. Harvard graduates defeated Cabot Lodge.

When the news of this reached New York, the editor of The Nation sent him a telegram:

> Now you know what your friends think of you.

Since Appomattox and the death of Lincoln, we had lived through no such seething times as those silver-lunacy years; we were to live through none again until the next time the Democrats were in the saddle, when no Cleveland was there to dispel the folly of unpreparedness.

Balaam and Pedro, as I have said, brought a vigorous protest from Roosevelt. Soon after it appeared, the Boone and Crockett Club held its annual dinner in New York, and he came up from Washington to attend it. I sat but two or three away from him, and half through the meal he turned and spoke of the story, beginning with words in its favor—but, he asked, how had I ever come to write the sickening details of Pedro's tragedy? His cousin, West Roosevelt, had thrown the magazine down and declared that he would never read a word of mine again. But the thing had actually happened, I replied; I had seen it with my own eyes, and it was not an isolated case, but typical of a certain streak of cruelty which belonged to that life. Quite true, he asserted; he knew that, but life every day offered degrees of repulsiveness which were utterly inadmissible in art, where violent extremes and excrescences had no place. I stood up for myself; I had seen it, I insisted. What if I had? he asked. That didn't justify repeating it in fiction. Still I stood up for myself. The incident had made a deep impression on me; to strike it out would weaken the story. And I reminded him that we had never liked teacup tales. He twisted his mouth and puckered his brow, and looked as if he was going to purr; and intensity came out all over his face. And he let me have it.

"I'm perfectly aware, Dan, that Zola has many admirers because he says things out loud that great writers from Greece down to the present have mostly passed over in silence. I think that conscientious descriptions of the unspeakable do not constitute an interpretation of life, but merely disgust all readers not afflicted with the hysteria of bad taste. There's nothing masculine in being revolting. Your details really weaken the effect of your story because they distract the attention from the story as a whole, to the details as an offensive and shocking part. When you come to publishing it in a volume, throw a veil over what Balaam did to Pedro; leave that to the reader's imagination, and you will greatly strengthen your effect."

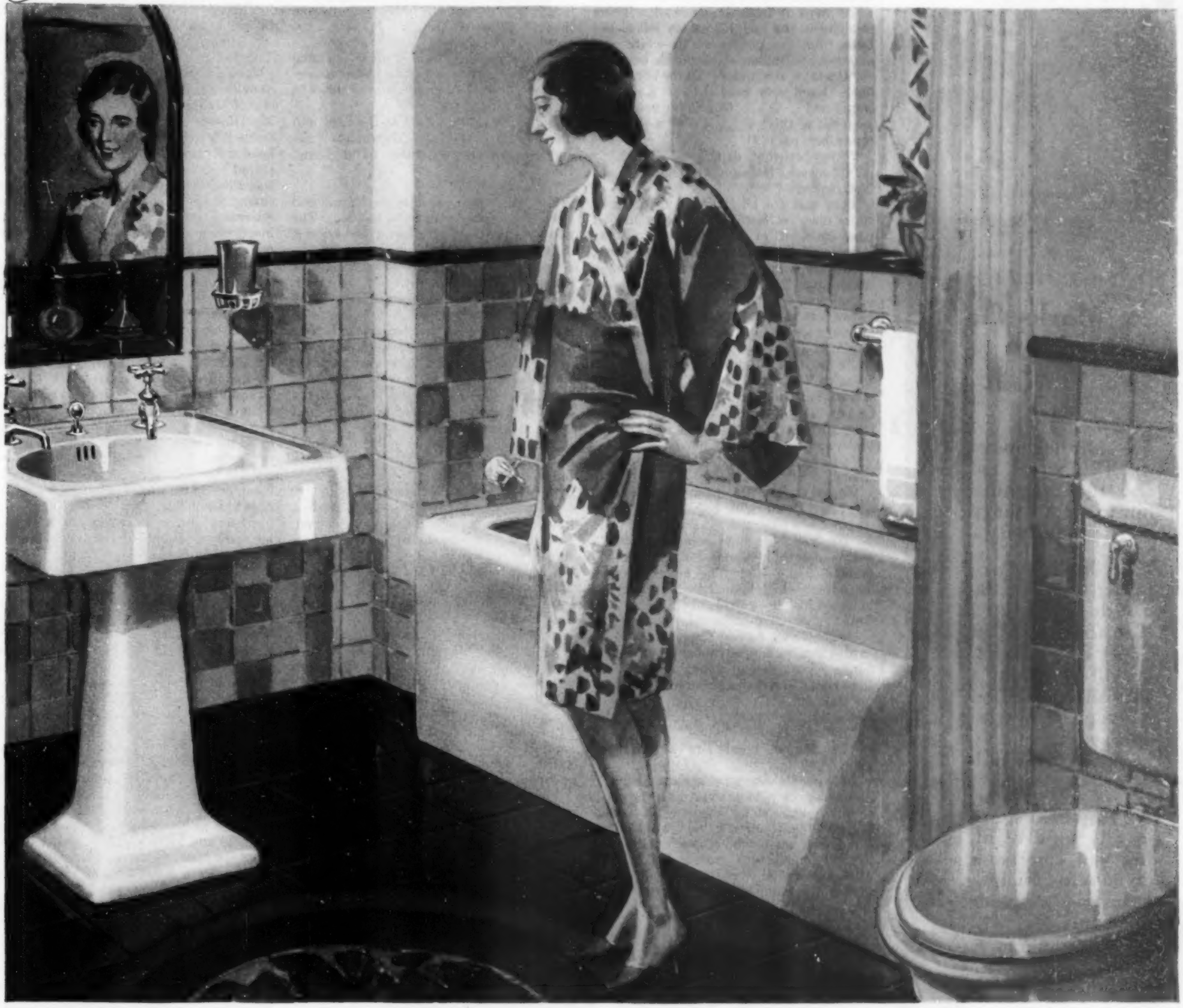
Before I agreed with him about Balaam and Pedro, nine years had passed by.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Wister. The second will appear next week.

PHOTO. BY CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

In the Hills of Iron County, Missouri

Meeting the modern demand for COLOR *in* Bathroom Fixtures



TRULY this is the age of color, and nowhere will you find popular-priced equipment better suited to the new vogue of *color in the bathroom* than this "Lake Forest" outfit in Sea Foam Green. This modern equipment can be ordered from our nearest Mail Order Branch and is displayed in our larger Retail Stores.

Our 550 Retail Stores display a full line of general plumbing equipment, and every unit of Plumbing Ware sold by us carries Montgomery Ward & Co.'s label guaranteeing absolutely highest quality. It is your protection on every purchase . . . and means that each fixture is not only covered by this quality guarantee, but by the guarantee of *satisfaction or money back* which applies to all Montgomery Ward merchandise.

In addition to the "Lake Forest" outfit pictured above, we carry in our warehouse stocks a complete line of white plumbing fixtures and accessories, with prices as low as \$61.75* for a 3-piece bathroom outfit. Any outfit that is not regularly displayed in our stores will be ordered for you and any of our sales clerks will gladly aid you in making your selection. All are subject to purchase on our liberal Budget Plan, which enables you to enjoy these conveniences while you pay for them. We also supply *without cost* a special Engineering Service, maintained to aid you with any problem of planning or installation. . . .

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"LAKE FOREST" Bathroom Outfit. Combines simplicity, dignity and beauty. Gracefully modeled recess Tub and pedestal-type Lavatory of porcelain enameled iron, also quiet syphon-jet vitreous china Closet, are in Sea Foam Green. All exposed fittings excellent quality, and chromium-plated. Comparison with similar outfits elsewhere shows a striking saving at Ward's price. Freight prepaid on mail orders. Complete 3-Piece Outfit, only **$\$157^{45*}$**

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A FILE FOR EVERY PURPOSE

CHERRIES

(Continued from Page 17)

ahead of him down the street and through the Square, past the old fountain with Ulysses Grant on his iron mushroom above the turning waters, past the walnut trees, past uncountable people and halted cars. He knew that his cousin was opening a way for him. In his head nothing moved at all. Here was the hospital with the four white steps up from the sidewalk. There was dad in the hall, his empty left sleeve loose from the pocket of his white coat and great vermilion stains on his trousers.

"Upstairs, son, quick. To the left. First door. Keep your head. . . . Ransome, stay here! . . . . Oh, damn you, man, keep out of this! . . . . Red says you'll remember, baby."

"'Member what, dad?"

"This man. His name or somethin'. . . . Now, in here."

They had got all the way up the gray stairs made of metal and quiet stone. A wind came out of the white room. A fan shimmered in its case of whitened wires, noiselessly whirling the smell of many drugs upon him. Beyond, there was another room with green lockers, and Uncle Nolan was in there, stripping off his shirt, although a nurse was standing near him. A youth in a white jacket leaned over this white tray with Red on it, holding something to Red's torn neck. Everything was white and red in here. Ailanthus stumbled on a seething of blotched clothes. He jarred the white enameled tray which was a rolling table, and it sickeningly moved.

"I feel—lousy," Red said, out of somewhere.

He was staring straight up at the ceiling.

"You'll be all right, boy. Tell 'Lanthus what ——"

"Oh. Yeh. 'Lanthus—remember—you'll remember—the cherries. You'll remember—he had ——" The voice stopped. Then Red shut his eyes and said glibly, "No braid on his —— Remember? The cherries?"

Uncle Nolan flashed close, his face all hidden in a mask, and rubber gloves on his hands. A nurse and young Doctor Feld were close. Everything centered in.

"Get out, 'Lanthus. Get him out, Hosea."

"But ——"

"Get out of here! . . . All right, Feld!"

Doctor Feld was pouring something into something. A terrible sweetness, the smell of ether, entered his throat. His father dragged Ailanthus back through the doors. The young nurse, who played the banjo at parties, smiled and closed the panels. Ailanthus stared at letters of gilt which spelled, No Admittance. Dad had his arm still and was looking at him. After a while the hand released his elbow, and his father's face altered.

"No—no light, baby?"

"Oh, dad! No! It didn't make any sense. . . . Cherries?"

"Take it easy, son. It'll come back."

Downstairs people were being told to get out, always to get out, although rain fell amazingly on the Square and motors hurried. Mrs. Ransome was standing in a doorway with a long stalk of some plant in her hand and cotton gardening gloves making her fingers clumsy. She must be thinking that Red's brother was at a camp for young boys up in New Hampshire. When the lightning flowed on the Square her head went back a little. It was Judge Ransome who came and stood beside Ailanthus at the bottom of the stairs on the patched flooring, white and black.

"Hosea and I were sitting in my study. Red was out on the porch, just outside. In a deck chair. He stood up, I remember. Then he said, 'What are you after?' I turned around when—when the first shot came. The man shot at him three times. M-must have jumped down from the porch at once: Hosea—your dad says he saw a shadow—says the man looked tallish. I didn't see him at all. Three times—shots. Very fast."

"Yeh," said Ailanthus.

Riley, the new chief of police, came rustling down the hallway with a rubber coat dripping. All these grown-up men were speaking sharply, dryly, but quietly.

"One bullet in the roof of your porch, judge. The boy knocked his hand up, or he thought he was through. It's an automatic, of course."

"Mr. Ransome," said a nurse, dodging from nowhere, "Mrs. Washburn's telephoned. They've found an empty pistol in her back yard."

Judge Ransome looked at the floor and did not hear. Dad took command: "Go and see if there are tracks or anything, Riley."

"Yes, sir."

Yet people were standing in the rain and already a chatter swept and frothed. The gun was found. All the town would know it in ten minutes. Boys peeled back from the chief's car and he vanished out of this frame which revealed the pulsation of the crowd. The policeman on the step talked to Toby Edge, whose new boots were black with water. As people tried to come in, they both said, "No admittance!" They let in Mrs. Ransome's sister. Afterward a woman who groaned, in a heap of blankets on a stretcher, was carried past Ailanthus to the elevator, and her husband sat down on a bench and cried.

"If there's been s-some girl, 'Lanthus," said Ransome, "you needn't be afraid to tell me."

"Naw! Don't talk to me, please!"

Ailanthus rested one hand on an iron knob—the newel of the stairs—and stood. Everything turned gray soon. He saw red sunset on the wet Square. Riley came in. Uncle Nolan's horrible white domino flapped on the steps. He stood rolling something tiny on his palm and the policemen looked at it. The bullet. Words passed through the grayness.

"His heart's all right, Ransome. Can't say anything else. And don't give me any nonsense about law and order. He mustn't be disturbed. If he's all right in the morning, you can see him. Missed his stomach by just about one-eighth of an inch. You're lucky."

Uncle Nolan paused on the stairs, then, and said, "Shut your eyes, 'Lanthus."

"I—can—remember—better—with 'em open."

"Suit yourself. Get him something to smoke, Hosea."

Dad brought him a cigarette, and took it out of his mouth, by and by, when it was burning his lips. A foot policeman and two huskies whose red motorcycles stayed at the curb sat waiting for Ailanthus to remember about cherries and that braid. When he had found this man in his memory, the wheels would turn and the feet would run. Boys loitered up to the doorway and stared in at Ailanthus trying to remember cherries and something about braid. All Blandyburg was listening at telephones and waiting for his memory to speak. They turned on bulbs in this hallway. A nurse apologized to dad for it. All the voices and the lights and the noise of gently moving feet went outside of him. Dad put fresh cigarettes in his mouth. But nothing came into him.

He counted all the cherry trees. Bland County was famous for cherries. They ripened early on the slopes. In 1918 mother had taken a basketful up to dad, two days before his regiment slid into the transport at Hoboken. There were nine cherry trees on the Westlund farm. Red didn't like cherries. Toby did. They had a fight about it once, sometime in the war days. He brought Red back in all kinds of pictures. The quiet boy trotted and sat, jumped fences, swam in the river back of Uncle Sam's place, took a prize for Latin in school. Ailanthus remembered more and more. Once his face burned.

"Kids are mean to each other, without—without meanin' anythin'."

"Aren't they?" dad drawled. "Drink this, baby."

Ailanthus drank the milk. The floor was spotted around his dirty white shoes with curls of broken cigarettes. Toby came over the tiles and gave him another.

"Phone Kay, Tobe, and say I'm not takin' her to the Warrens'."

"Colonel Warren called the party off, 'Lanthus."

Michael Smith came in with his arms full of pale roses from his English garden at the end of Gallup Street, and stood talking to Mr. Ransome, then went out. A nurse rustled down and said, "It's a perfectly beautiful little girl, Mr. Schmidt." And the scared man on the bench cried again and was allowed to go upstairs. Ailanthus was sitting on the weeping willow in old Homer Sparrow's yard with Red and Toby, eating huckleberry pie, in 1916, but he saw the man weeping.

He was going mad, maybe. All his life went seething through his head, in rolls of many colored days and hours. He remembered delicate hairs on the legs of a big spider that walked on the chopping block the day dad came home from France with his left arm gone. And there was a pebble that slipped into his shoe on the night of Grandfather Westlund's funeral. This was what dad said to mamma about pitchers and ears when the Folsom girl ran off with that hired man who had a snail tattooed on his left wrist. Voices spoke; his baby sister cried in her crib. There were corn cakes for lunch on New Year's Day of 1921. People ought to stop saying how sweet Edie Phelps had been, now she was dead, and remember her temper. People forgot. People forgot. And he had forgotten.

Shame washed up his legs. Here was his memory, so famous it had got him into the New York papers, and it was worthless. Something had leaked out of it. This man who had killed Red would go sliding off, like a bit of newspaper blowing across the barnyard. He would blow himself away. And here would always be Ailanthus Westlund, this tall, husky shell with red curls and blue eyes, with a shame flooding inside of him. Oh, think! This is Red he's killed! Oh, think! . . . A hammer had knocked down one of his images. There were dad and mamma and Toby and Red and Kay. And Shelley, the cat, and Uncle Sam Edge and old Miss Pollard who had taught him algebra were in a second rank. But dad and mamma and Toby and Kay and Red mattered the most. Oh, think! He put his head in his arms on the iron knob and shook all over.

"Give it up," said Judge Ransome. "Don't torture yourself. Go and get some sleep. It's nearly ten o'clock, 'Lanthus."

Eddie Heffernan, the bicycle cop, said, "He's been goin' to pieces an hour, judge. I been watchin'. See him sweat! He's been standin' there since five o'clock, like statuary. It ain't human!"

A light voice drawled through this mutter and murmur, "He's coming out in the car with me. He had a headache this afternoon. Make him come out with me, Mr. Westlund, please. It's cool now."

His mother spoke just as Kay stopped drawling in that funny, imperious, new voice. Mamma said, "'Lanthus dear, go and take a drive with Kay, and don't try to think. Just go and get cooled off."

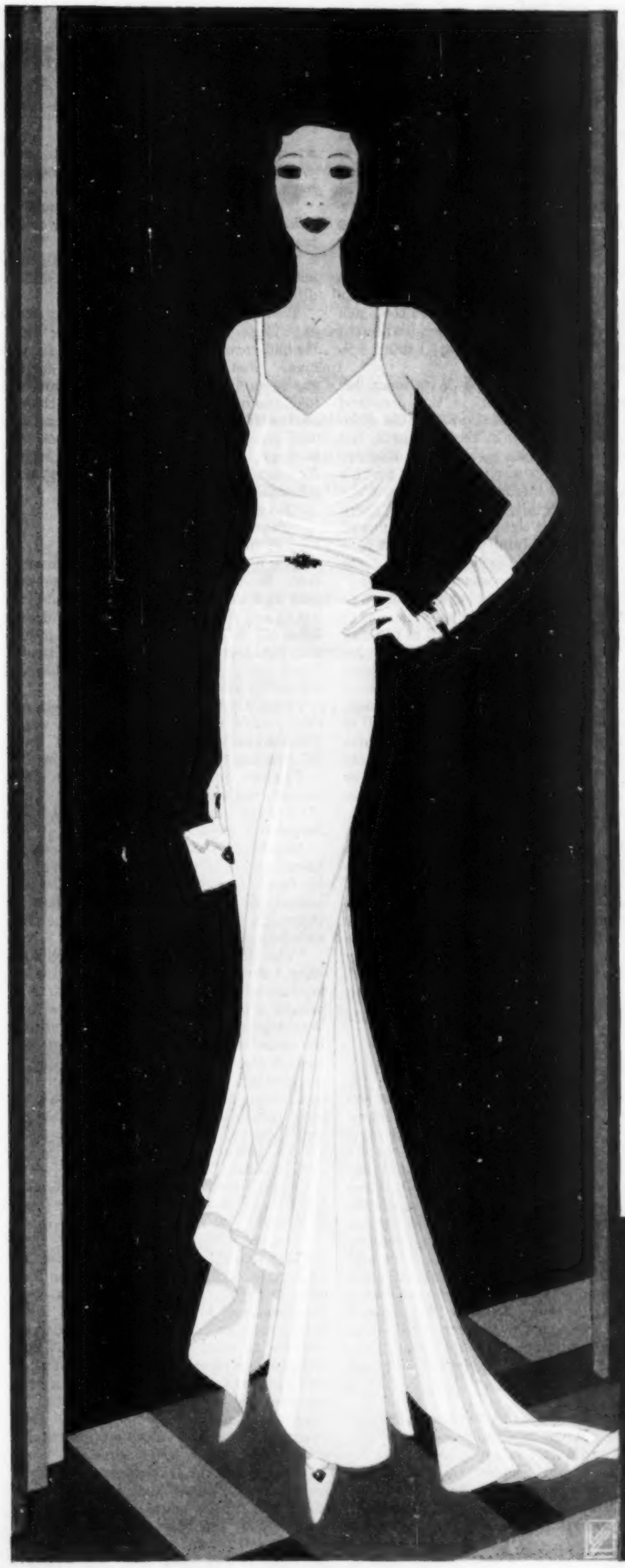
Mother and Kay had been sitting there an hour, he remembered. They always looked a little like each other in white summer clothes, because they were dark. They had come in Kay's brother's small green car.

"Hosea, make him go."

"All right, Sadie. You're right too. . . . Baby, go and ride with Kay a while."

"Yes, sir. . . . Aw, dad, I can't get a thing back!"

"It'll come back, honey. Go along, old man." (Continued on Page 138)



Maybe white is her lucky color. For here she is again in a white dress by Lucien Lelong. Again is precisely the word, since the first time this country saw her she wore a white dress by Lelong while singing her famous song "I Don't Know." And the dress too was named "I Don't Know," after the song she sang. She has played in "Candlelight," "The Battle of Paris," a talking picture, "Charlot's Revue," "The Treasure Girl" and "Oh, Kay!" This portrait especially painted by M. Reynaldo Luza, celebrated Parisian artist. Observe the Parisienne watch, vivid against the whiteness of the glove.

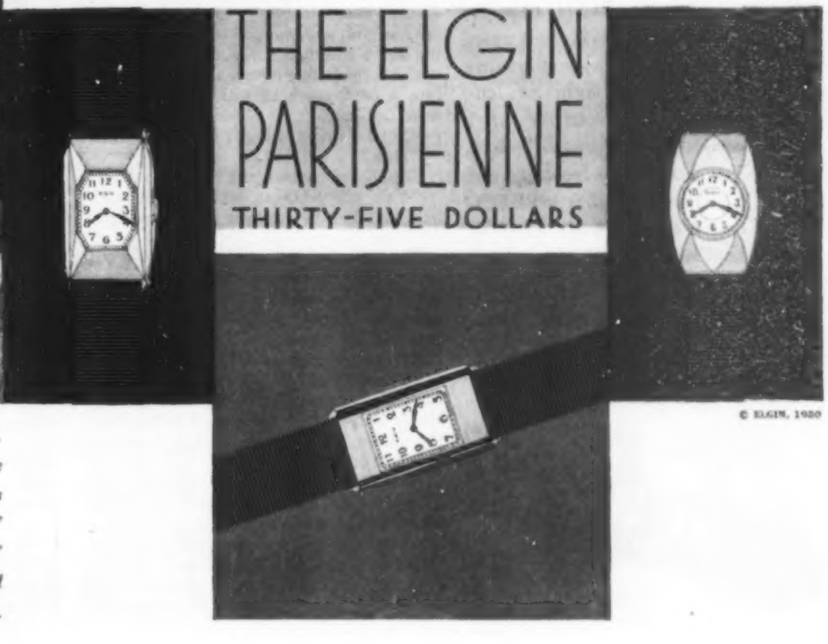
MISS GERTRUDE LAWRENCE

HER CLOTHES BY LUCIEN LELONG

HER WATCH BY LUCIEN LELONG

AND ELGIN

Even her dearest enemy would concede that Gertrude Lawrence is one of the smartest women who ever stepped across a stage or a drawing room. Naturally she goes to Paris twice a year for clothes. To the salon of Lucien Lelong, favorite couturier . . . and personal friend. Although she goes to Paris for Lelong originals she didn't have to go to Paris for a Lelong original in a watch. The usual situation reversed . . . you need not go to Paris, for Paris has come to you. For ELGIN retained nearly every important Paris couturier to design Parisienne cases . . . sheathed ELGIN quality in Paris style. Ask your nearest reliable jeweler. He will show you Parisiennes by Lelong, Callot, Agnès, and by nearly every other famous couturier. And many other ELGINS . . . from $15 to $650 in every mode and manner.



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Here in PEBECO'S cooling tang is more than clean white dental surfaces. Here is more than taste. Here are sparkling white teeth, firm healthy gums—the comfort of a *completely invigorated mouth.* You just know from its distinctive tang that PEBECO is *working,* always *working.* In a week you'll swear by it. Try it!

A Product of
LEHN & FINK, INC.

PEBECO
TOOTH PASTE

(Continued from Page 136)

"How is he?"

"Better than we hoped for," said young Doctor Feld.

Ailanthus unglued his face from his arms and lurched down the four steps into the Square. Dad came along and said ferociously, "Let him be! Let him be!" as two lads stepped forward to the green car. Kay tucked her white gown under her and brushed a big wrench from the seat.

"Good heavens," she said, "poor Mrs. Westlund must have sat on that all the way in from Mr. Edge's and never said a word!"

The car creaked and moved. The wrench rattled and settled under his feet. Ailanthus sank back and shut his eyes, because all these people on the curbs and the iron general on the fountain were ashamed of him and staring at him. But he could not care. There was a little smell of roses from Kay's gown, and the air was cool on his face and his neck.

"What's that perfume you've got on, Kay?"

"It isn't. It's dried rose leaves and bay. Aunt Hermione makes it, up in Hartford."

"Nice," he said.

There was music coming out of the radio shop near Wilson's pool parlor and he smelled candies from Porter's soda fountain. Now they were out of the Square. Ailanthus opened his eyes in Gallup Street. A red Chinese lantern was a horrible cherry on a veranda. He could never eat a cherry again. But stars hung down above the wet leaves of all the trees and a scent rolled up the valley from so much soaked earth, from the cedars on the hills. He was aware of huge space over him, an infinite length of sweetness between the stars and Ailanthus Westlund.

"Your uncle's garage was struck. It didn't hurt anything. Smashed off the gutter on the north end."

"Second time that's happened. . . . Drive awful slow, Kay. My head's achin' again."

She drove very slowly. The electric street lamps were spaced, along here, and shone on hedges. The big colored lamp in the porch of Michael Smith's red house, the last on Gallup Street, sent out a cherry glow clear across the roadway. Ailanthus bit his lips and looked up at the stars again.

If God was man's notion of space, as a book said, it was that God had chosen beautiful robes for the silence outside earth. The stars receded, lustrous fruit in a purple foliage of night and gentle clouds. They piled higher and higher away from Ailanthus in the slowly moving car and seemed to shake in a dance of some unfelt wind. His throat shook, because Red had shyly spoken once of watching the stars from his window, often, when he could not sleep. Ailanthus turned his face from the girl and looked at the last street lamp so that she should not see his eyes, and wondered if the man passing there watched the stars or the street, with his coat slung over his shoulder and his face a hard mask in which only his eyes were brilliant.

"Shall I drive straight out, 'Lanthus?"

"Huh?"

"Shall I drive straight out into ——"

"Yeh. . . . I mean, what did you say?"

"Shall I drive straight out, 'Lanthus?"

"Yes."

The car rolled down a slope on this curve. Here, faintly to be seen, were the huge signboards reared near the ditch on the land of a German farmer. Ailanthus saw them. He heard Kay murmuring. The stars were there and the night was above him. Space or God watched him. He was still what he had been, and yet he was someone else. Every muscle had come hard in his arms. He sat up, in a horror, because he was a little boy again.

Here were the stars and the night, and he panted in the rose smell from Kay's dress, but he was small again in a glare of summer noon, and the cherries spilled every way on the grit of baking boards, and the stink of the heated engine went down his throat. The cherries danced and tapped the planks, and Red cried out, "What's he doin'?" in this noon that was part of the night now.

"'Lanthus!"

"Stop! Quick! . . . Now, Kay, you got to keep cool. He threw his gun away. Lemme out. . . . Now, where's 'at wrench? . . . Now, get back to Mick Smith's. If you pass him, don't look at him! Get to Smith's and phone quick. Get 'em at the hospital. Ask for dad. The judge might lose his head an' not understand. Say it's all right. Tell'm to get here quick—the cops an' all! I'll hold him. I've remembered!"

"Yes, dear," the girl said, and pulled his head to her and kissed him quickly on the mouth. Then Ailanthus stood on the black road and watched the little car turn around him and its bud of red light behind bob like a cherry up the slope.

If it came to a fight with the man, his rubber soles might slip in this drenched clay. He chucked his shoes into the ditch and settled his toes in the wet earth, the heavy wrench in his right hand. Blandyburg ended so sharply at Mick Smith's house that he might be a mile from the town, here, for all one could see. There were no lamps in sight. A real wind flowed on the meadows, and water trickled in a frail sound like a trivial laughter in the ditch. But Ailanthus was not afraid.

This was maturity, as they called it, to be standing here and not to be nervous, not to hate the dark. His toes settled in the clay and the wrench was comfortable in his hand. He would not think any more about his twenty-first birthday in October, with a sort of wonder. He was a grown-up man. He would do what he had to do as well as he could, and dad would not have to nurse him through any defeat. He would hold the killer or be killed. He might just as well smoke too. He held the wrench between his knees and lit a cigarette.

So, having killed Red, for all he knew, this man would go tramping quietly to the north and west along the valley, unless he was stopped. Ailanthus wondered a bit if the tall fellow had any taste for stars. And then it seemed that he had. Up beyond the signboards, just luminous in the glow from space, a voice commenced singing hoarsely and much too slowly:

"Stars of the summer night,
Far in yon azure deeps,
Hide, hide your golden light,
She sleeps! My lady sleeps!
She sleeps! She sleeps, my lady sleeps."

He was utterly unseen, still, but that was his remembered voice, and it was hoarse again. After eleven years it had the same quality of pain and insolence. But the old song, coming so, made something jolt and shiver in Ailanthus. Dad sang this, sometimes, working over an editorial in the littered office of The Argus, with his son sitting on the broad old window sill above shady Market Street, waiting to drive him home. It was not a common song, although the old men all knew it. It was something once sung much, that the boys never whistled. Ailanthus was sorry for the singing man and glad that he did not sing on, but came in a shuffle which could be heard now down the clay.

"Wait a minute."

The man stopped, six feet from him, and coughed. When he finally spoke, it was wearily and with a laugh in his tone:

"I assure you I haven't a cent on me. You can afford cigarettes. I can't."

"I ain't a holdup man," said Ailanthus. "I'm—well, I'm arrestin' you. You can't leave town."

"Oh? Shouldn't I ask you to show a warrant?"

"Haven't got one. I ain't a policeman. But I'm arrestin' you. You shot Red Ransome 's afternoon. On the judge's side porch. 'Bout quarter to five."

The man's shadow did not stir, and his voice did not change:

"You're much more intelligent than the policemen. I sat on a step in that public-square place and watched them have mass meetings about it. The devil had gone out of me. Excuse the scriptural phrase. . . . I was thinking of giving myself up. And now I do give myself up. Only Nemesis oughtn't to have a basso-profundo voice."

"I've got a five-pound wrench here," said Ailanthus.

"You don't need it, my dear sir. I'm a wreck, and I've had nothing to eat to speak of in four or five days. Let's just meander back to jail."

"They'll be here in a minute. I sent for 'em. You can have a ride back to—to town."

"That'll be nice," the man said gently and sat down with his feet in the shallow ditch.

There seemed to be nothing to say about anything. Ailanthus observed the stars. He had grown up, but he was sorry for this man. Men must always be sorry for one another a little bit. Having the stars, and love, and beautiful things all around them—cherries like red jewels in the trees, and cats with graceful tails, and babies to look at—they got into trouble and came to ditches. He was sorry, and Red would be sorry if he got well.

"How old are you, boy?"

"Twenty."

"Let me give you some advice. . . . Oh, for no reason! Just for some conversation. When you see a woman with—with pale hair and lovely blue eyes and little hands and little feet, and an old voice—a voice old as Egypt—just don't fall in love with her. Get out of there and go get drunk. Don't fall in love with a figurine because it's subtle and delicate."

"I don't like little women. And blondes," said Ailanthus, "don't attract me much. I'm red-headed with blue eyes. . . . What did you want to kill dad for, anyhow?"

The man did move now. His face dimly turned. He stared.

"Are you—is your name Westlund? My Sergeant Westlund's kid?"

Ailanthus held the wrench between his knees again and lit a match, lifting it above his face. Presently the man nodded and looked off at the signboards. Ailanthus threw the match away. But in the dimness he heard the man sigh.

"The devil possessed me. Psychologically, I developed an obsession after I'd lost my last job. I had fifty dollars left. So I bought a pistol and started up here from Washington to kill Sergeant Westlund. No sense in the thing. He had to testify against me. Practiced three shots out in the hills last night. . . . Oh, melancholy and fatigue and general misery! Well, the devil's gone out of me. But did someone spot me? See me?"

"No, I remembered you."

"Nonsense!"

"I did, too," said Ailanthus timidly. "I—I know it sounds foolish. I can prove it, though."

"Nonsense!"

"But I can! . . . Listen and see if I ain't right. This—this happened on July fifth, in 1918. Over here at the junction. Mamma and Mrs. Ransome and Aunt Mira—mamma's sister—were the Red Cross c'mittee to meet troop trains goin' East and pass out cigarettes and fruit and stuff. Red and me came along. We had baskets of cherries. Big baskets. We were waitin' for this train from some camp out West. Then your train from New York stopped and—and they let you off to get some air. We—none of us saw that the men were guards, and we didn't understand about an officer that—that's been court-martialed an' all that—havin' the braid torn off his coat. So Red and I went up to give you some cherries. It was awful hot. The sergeant had his shirt all open. I remember how hot you looked."

"You're very accurate. Go on."

"You ate some cherries. 'N' Red saw the handcuff on your other wrist. He kept pinchin' me to look. And then someone called mamma Mrs. Westlund. An' you looked at my hair all of a sudden, and asked, 'Is your father a sergeant in my

(Continued on Page 143)

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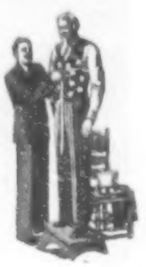

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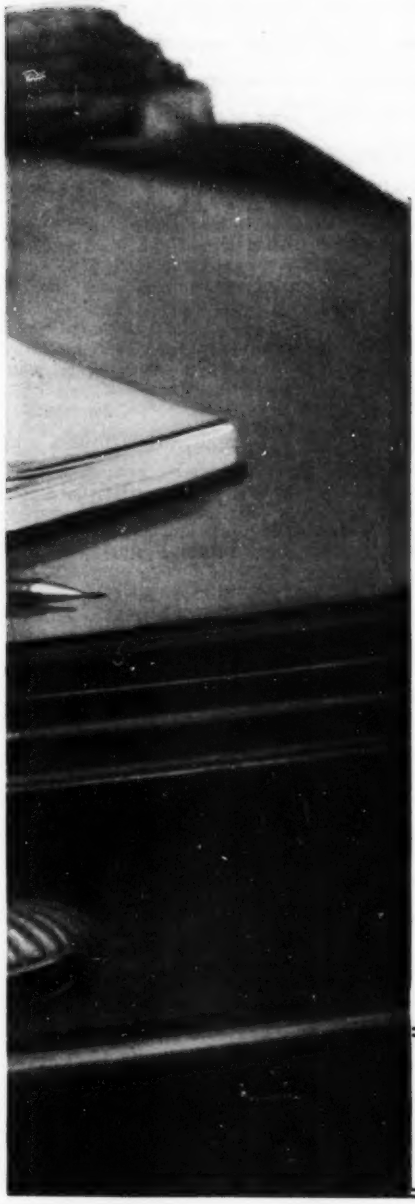

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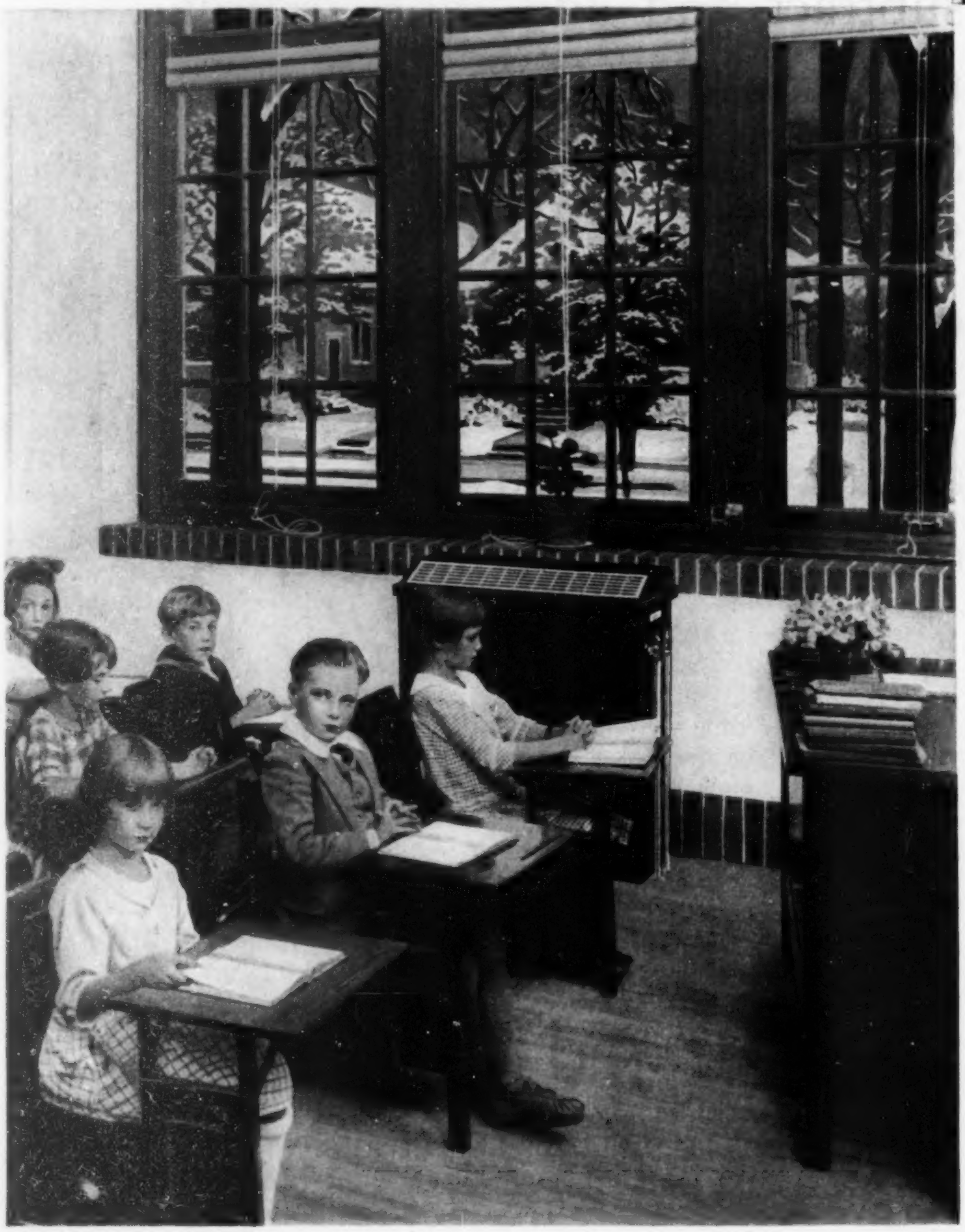

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regiment?' or somethin' like that, and of course I was awful proud of bein' a sergeant's kid. I said yes. 'N' then you knocked the basket out of my hand and said, 'Tell Sergeant Westlund I'll see him again sometime!' And Red was scared, and the sergeant—the guard—told mamma somethin' before they put you back on the train. She told me to forget about it. Never to speak of it. And Mrs. Ransome told Red not to. Mamma explained to me. I've forgotten your name—nearly. It's like Hunter. You were a captain in dad's company. He—he had to testify against you in a court-martial. You—you'd done something."

"I rather had. I embezzled the regimental mess funds. You're a very interesting kid, Mr. Westlund. But remember what I said about those delicate little figurine ladies with voices old as Egypt. They don't mind if you embezzle mess funds. Cherries are always ripe for them. We hang on every tree. And remember that, youngster. Every kid hears about it. It's ingloriously banal. It's a social platitude. But we hang on every tree. By the way, is it electrocution in this state or the good old —— Here come your friends."

There were no lights yet, but horns sounded madly from Gallup Street and something cried madly in Ailanthus. Something howled in his breast. He stepped back twice from the shape on the edge of the ditch and looked up at the stars. The stars shone and were silent, but men judged men. He wanted to be out of this judgment. Let the grown-up men do it! He wanted to run away. He was only sorry for this man in the ditch, and what good would it do Red—that parade you read about, in some early morning, with a priest and the nervous wardens and a door dramatic as an open grave at one end of a corridor? What good would that do Red?

"Here! Here! Get behind those signboards! I'll ——"

"My dear boy!"

"Naw! Quit bein' sarcastic! Hide! What good'll it do Red?"

"You're a good kid. That's all I was going to say. Don't bother about me."

Eddie Heffernan's lamp blazed on the wet road and his bicycle slowed, with mud slushing and chuckling under the tires. He drawled loudly, "What the hell, 'Lanthus?"

"What did you call the boy?"

"His name's Ailanthus. Folks call him 'Lanthus for short."

"Great Cleopatra," said the man weakly. "Ailanthus?"

"It's a kind of tree," Ailanthus muttered.

Two cars were halting abreast. The lights killed the starlight. The grown men had come. He put his wrist against his mouth and stepped farther back. The lost man with his feet in the ditch smiled at the lamps and his great, memorable eyes appeared, glistening drowsily. He was like a child awakened.

"Who represents the majesty of the law, gentlemen?"

"Don't get funny," said Officer Heffernan.

"I'm not being funny. I'm very ill and I must speak to the highest official present. Who is that?"

"I am," said Judge Ransome, and put his glasses on his nose.

"Thanks. My—oh, hello, Westlund! Remember me? My name is Charles Richard Huntsman. I was born on July 12, 1889, in Boston, Massachusetts. On June 29, 1918, I was condemned by a court-martial to degradation and imprisonment—forget the wording of the sentence—for having embezzled the mess funds of ——" the words were a rapid melting. He yawned and said, again very clearly, "Sorry! After they let me out of prison, I —— It's just come into my head that I'd better say this. Some poor devil might get in trouble for it somehow. . . . If there is ever any question about the death of a woman named Vilma Tascher, in San Francisco, on October third of last year, that was my—my quite useless revenge on—on destiny or whatever you call it. I notice it passed as a suicide in the papers. I came here this morning—tramped in—with the intention of murdering Mr. Westlund. Watched him go into a house and—tell that kid, if he doesn't die, I'm sorry. Shouldn't have red hair. Sounds frivolous—cheap. But I'm sorry. I'm very sorry. He stood up. Honestly, Westlund, I thought it was you. I really did. The red hair and the white suit. . . . I'm very sorry."

He seemed to be half asleep. Ailanthus took his hand down from his mouth. The lamps of the rear car made this man a profile with a golden rim. You could see his face and one shoulder as he sat with the other arm drooping in the ditch.

"Couldn't stop the gun. It—I threw it up. Last shot never touched him. I am sorry. It's not important, but I am. The devil's gone out of me. Everything that's happened is my fault and—destiny. I'm just trying to make a—precise confession. *In articulo mortis.* Before witnesses. Is that sufficient, sir?"

"It's very exact," said the judge.

Dad walked forward through the glare and bent down, hiding this man. He asked lightly and cheerfully: "Are you pretty bad, captain?"

"Not now. Euthanasia. Let me stay here, please."

"We've got a damn good hospital."

"No. Let me stay here."

Judge Ransome took off his glasses.

"I'm afraid we can't do that, Mr. Huntsman. But Red's doing very well. We ——"

"Oh, why be so formal and—and generally inconvenient? Let me stay here. It's unimportant—the rest of it. Remember Gretchen's last line in Faust?"

"I'm sorry, but I don't."

"Oh, I do," said Ailanthus.

"Your memory's superb. Let's have it."

"'Judgment of God, to thee I give my soul.' I think it's that."

"It's—just that," said Captain Huntsman, and fell all against dad, as if he were ready to sleep. "It's just that—just ——"

Eddie Heffernan crossed himself. Doctor Feld in his white jacket swung suddenly down from a car and came pushing through the lights.

But everything was foolishly wavering in front of Ailanthus and the stars approached him. Voices and cries were a kind of bubble in a blur of his mind.

"Aw, dad!"

"Yes, baby. Kay's back there in her car. Go along. . . . Here, Feld. Handkerchief."

"Dad! Has he got to—can't you ——"

"Go along to Kay. I'll see," his father said grandly, "that he's taken care of. Go along."

His head was hollow. He stumbled among wheels and things, and just knew that someone had his arm. After that Eddie Heffernan was saying loudly, "Miss Kay, get the poor kid out to his place and tell 'em to put him to bed! He's near sick. Get him right away. This is bad."

He shoved Ailanthus into the little car and the wheels turned. All the world wheeled at a tilt, in a mist of stars that changed to red cherries blown by all kinds of dreadful winds. Only, he could smell the roses on her frock. He put his head on her shoulder. That was safe and sure and warm, in this amazing cold of the summer night.

"Cherries," he whimpered. "The wind—people get shaken down. I mean, we're little. See that? We're so little. Little cherries."

"You're wonderful," she said.

"Little," said Ailanthus.

A quantity of stars stroked his face. When he knew that he was asleep and waking up, he brushed at them and they purred. Shelley, the brown household cat, stood on his chest and kneaded Ailanthus. All the noises of a sleepy noon entered the bedroom.

Corinne was squawking joyfully between the house and the woodpile, and pitching stones at something tinny which rattled. And they were turning the ice-cream freezer in the kitchen and food smelled through the house.

Dad got up from a chair beside the windows and said at once, "Red's doin' fine, son. He cussed the nurse this morning and wanted to smoke. But you're under orders to stay in bed. And there you stay. And now you get some breakfast. It's nearly twelve."

"Who brought me home?"

"Kay. She'll be a tradition down in the barnyard. She brought your remains in and had the men dispose of you. But Nolan says you're to be good. You've got nerves, son, even if you don't know it."

"I'm tired as sin," Ailanthus yawned. "Oh, what did they do with him, dad?"

"He's let off easy," Westlund said, and smiled himself out of the room.

A bee swarmed against the screen of the bright window. Ailanthus stretched down in bed. He was very humble today and not sure of anything, except of being small, and grateful that Red was better. But he was still grown up. He would not hop out of bed, as a kid would, and bleat about not being tired. He would stay where he was and think. His cat purred and wanted to be stroked. And dad had lied to him so charmingly just now about that man. Dad was fine.

"And now you're going to be good," said mother, coming in with a bowl filled with blue flowers, "and stay in bed."

"Know I am, mamma. I feel 's if someone had pounded my back with a hammer. I'll stay in bed. . . . Mamma, that man's dead, isn't he?"

Mrs. Westlund put the bowl down steadily and said, "You're—you're wonderfully shrewd, 'Lanthus. Yes, he's gone. It's very merciful. Your father's so happy about it."

"I knew he was dyin', mother. But what was it?"

Mamma looked at the blue flowers.

"He—he must have cut his wrist open, 'Lanthus, in the dark, while you were talking to him. And Nolan says he was half starved. Doctor Feld couldn't do anything. Your father says he had so many beautiful qualities. It's dreadful, but the other thing's so much more dreadful. This is so merciful."

"I don't think it's so dreadful, mamma," said Ailanthus, after a while, "I think it's swell. It's not any wonder the Assyrians an' things used to pray to the stars. They—they don't—I mean, they make you see yourself. W-we're not awful big, are we?"

"Maybe not, dear. But other people think we are. . . . Aren't they lovely flowers? Kay sent them out this morning."

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THE RIDE IN THE COUNTRY

(Continued from Page 11)

admitted to herself she didn't care if she never got even with him. She only wanted him back. And she couldn't call him up first. She'd have to wait until she met him somewhere.

III

THE Sunday before Thanksgiving was a dull, chill, gray day. Elsie had luncheon with her mother. She almost told her mother everything. But she didn't. She was too proud.

After lunch her mother drove to New York. Elsie was alone in the house. She couldn't wait any longer. She called up the Fairport Hospital and asked for Doctor Orton. He answered his telephone instantly.

"This is Elsie Travers," she said. "Are you doing something frightfully important?"

"Yes," he said. "Why?"

"Because it's such a dull, dreary day."

"It is a dull day," he said.

"Let's do something about it. Let's go somewhere. I'll call for you in ten minutes. How'll that be?"

"I think that would be grand," he said.

Elsie ordered her roadster out and put on a heavy fur coat. When she got halfway down the drive, out of sight of the house, she stopped and got out and opened the rumble. She found the folding handle that went with the jack. She tossed the handle into a clump of rhododendrons beside the drive and drove on. He was waiting for her in front of the hospital. He was glad to see her.

"Do you know what I'd like to do?" she said. "I'd like to take a long ride in the country. I'd like to go to a place I know way up beyond Litchfield. It's eighty or ninety miles. Do you mind?"

"No," he said. "I'm off for the day."

At Danbury there were little swirls of snow in the air. She started the windshield wiper. By the time they reached New Milford the windshield was thickly coated with snow except for the two arcs in front of their eyes that the wipers kept clear.

"I think this is awfully jolly," she said. It was. There was almost no traffic on the road. They were alone together in a snowstorm.

North of Winsted, going down a long hill, she suddenly put on the brakes.

"I've taken the wrong fork," she explained. "I should have turned left where the state road branched. But there's a short cut along here somewhere, so we shan't have to go back."

She ran along slowly, looking for the short cut. It was dark now, and the snow was coming down thicker than ever. But she found the road.

She hadn't gone far before she had to drop into first gear, to climb a steep pitch, with ledges of rock. The fresh snow made the rock so slippery that once or twice she thought she couldn't make it.

"Are you sure this is the right road?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," she said. "I know all these roads. I used to visit up here when I was a child. I've ridden a pony over every woods road and lane in this county."

She made the top of the ridge and started down. She saw a low, rounded ledge of rock sticking up in the road. He saw it too. "Look out," he said. Elsie braked sharply. The car slid downhill, slid gently up on the rounded ledge, the rear wheels spinning.

Doctor Orton got out and struck matches and looked underneath the car. He got behind the car and pushed. But he could not move it.

"I'll have to jack the car up," he said. "If I raise it three or four inches it will clear the rock and slide on downhill."

"The jack is in the rumble," Elsie said.

He found the jack. But he couldn't find the handle. He hunted the roadside for a pole. He found a pole and rolled a large stone out of a wall to use as a fulcrum. But the pole broke off. He hunted for something stronger. He found nothing that would stand the strain of lifting the whole rear end of the car. He had to admit they were stuck.

"I'm terribly sorry," Elsie said. "It's all my fault."

He was nice about it. He said it didn't matter. "We'll walk on till we come to a farmhouse. A man with a team could pull that car off easily enough."

The moment they turned the lights of the car off they were in pitch darkness. He took her arm. They had to walk slowly. Occasionally Doctor Orton struck a match. After half a mile the road joined another and slightly better one. They walked on down the better road.

Elsie stopped short and pointed into the darkness. "Isn't that dim shape over there a house?" she asked.

"The house is dark," he said. "There's nobody at home."

Elsie walked toward the house. There was a stone wall in front of it, but she found the gate.

"It's absolutely dark," he said.

Elsie walked up the path to the front door. He followed her. "If we could get in we could use the telephone," she said.

The front door was covered by a pair of green shutters. Elsie tried the knob. The shutters were fastened from the inside. Doctor Orton struck a match. In the momentary flare they saw that the windows were tightly shuttered also.

"It's somebody's country place," he said, "and it's closed up for the winter."

Elsie led the way around the house. "There'll be some way to get in," she said. "There always is."

They walked clear around the house. Every opening was tightly shuttered. Elsie stopped under the shelter of the side veranda.

"Don't you suppose you could shinny up a veranda pillar?" she asked. "I'm sure the windows on the second floor won't be so well protected."

"I don't like the idea of breaking into somebody's house," he said. "I think we'd better walk on."

"I wish you'd try," she said. "My pumps are full of snow and my teeth are chattering."

He took off his overcoat and shinnied up the veranda pillar. Elsie stood waiting. He called down that he had a window open. She heard him, a minute later, unfastening the door that opened on the veranda. He had a candle.

"Oh," she said, "I'm so glad you made it." She stepped inside. "I'll stand here," she said. "You take the candle and find the telephone."

He went into the living room. She heard him bump a piece of furniture. She hunted for the telephone in the dark little hall. She found it. She got hold of the cord that ran to the box and pulled sharply. The cord came loose.

He was coming back now. "There's no telephone in there," he said. He held the candle high, surveying the small hall. "There it is," he said, "on that table behind you."

Elsie turned and picked up the receiver. She jiggled the hook.

"It's dead," she said.

"Then let's get out of here as fast as we can," he said.

"Oh," she said, "let's get warm first."

She walked into the living room. He followed her.

"It's as cold here as it is outdoors," he said. Elsie saw that a fire had been nicely laid in the living-room fireplace.

"At least we could smoke a cigarette," she said. She found a cigarette in her purse. He held a match for her. She was clumsy. She blew the match out. "Here," she said, "let me light it for myself." He handed her the box of matches. She lit her cigarette and dropped the flaming match deliberately into the fireplace. The fire was well laid.

"Now you have done it," he said. "We'll have to stay here until that fire burns down."

Elsie Travers drew off her gloves and warmed her hands. "At least we'll get warm," she said. "I'm chilled, aren't you?"

He sat down in the big sofa beside the fireplace. "People with money can get away with anything," he said. "Especially women. If they get stalled in a car and choose to break into a strange house and light a fire, nobody can do anything about it. If I did such a thing I'd run the risk of going to jail, but you know that no one would dare prosecute you. I hardly dare object myself, no matter how uncomfortable it makes me."

She sat down in the sofa beside him. "Let's hope that nobody comes along," she said.

They sat smoking for half an hour. "There," she said, "I'm warm again." She jumped up and took the candle. "And now that I'm warm I'm hungry. Come on, let's see if there's anything to eat in this house."

She started out through the side hall. He followed her reluctantly. The next room was the dining room. Beyond that was a butler's pantry, and beyond that a large, old-fashioned kitchen. She tried the taps over the kitchen sink. Nothing happened.

"The water's turned off for the winter," he said.

"There'll be a well somewhere," Elsie said. "There's always a well somewhere near the kitchen in these old houses." She looked at the doors leading from the kitchen. "What I want to find is the cellar." She tried the nearest door. "Oh," she cried, "it's the storage pantry. Look at the shelves full of preserves." She tried another door. "Here we are," she said. She went down the cellar stairs. He followed.

"Doesn't it smell good?" she asked. The cellar was odorous of apples. She pointed out bins of apples—russets and Baldwins and Rome Beauties. There were bins of potatoes and cabbages and beets and onions also. Elsie held the candle high. "Look," she said. "Hams and flitches of bacon hanging from the beams." She pointed to a ham. "Can you get that one down?"

"Listen," he said, "you aren't actually going to take any of these things, are you?"

"Aren't you hungry?" she asked. "I am. I'm starved."

He took down the ham. She walked on into the cellar. There was a row of barrels on a heavy frame. The nearest was marked in large whitewash script, "Russet, 1928." She pointed the barrel out to him. "That will be russet cider," she said. "And there's a mallet and a rubber tube for a siphon. We'll go back upstairs and get a pitcher for cider and a basket for vegetables. You carry the ham up."

She found two oil lamps in the kitchen and lit them.

"Now," she said, "you can build a fire in the range. You'll find kindling in the woodshed and there'll be coal somewhere."

Doctor Orton put down the ham. "Elsie," he said, "don't you realize that this is serious? It's bad enough to break into a house that's locked up. But we might explain that much. We can't explain building fires and cooking food."

"When we're snowbound?" she asked. "We don't know how far we are from the nearest house. We might get lost and freeze to death if we tried to go on. Nobody in the world would object to our seeking shelter and eating what food we need. We'd be perfect fools not to. And we can pay for anything we use."

He built the fire in the range. She wondered if he knew he had called her Elsie. It was the first time he ever had.

She went down cellar with a basket. She brought up potatoes and onions and apples, and got tomatoes and corn and beans in glass out of the storage pantry. He had the fire going. She sent him down cellar with a pitcher to get some cider. She knew from the sounds that he didn't know how to open a barrel. She ran down the cellar stairs. He was trying to hit the side of the bung with the mallet. But the bung was nearly flush with the stave and the mallet had a poor face.

"Here," she said, "let me show you."

She took the mallet and pounded the stave itself. After six or eight sharp blows the bung jumped out. She took down the rubber tube. "Do you know how to start a siphon?"

"I certainly do," he said. He started the siphon while she held the pitcher. When the pitcher was full, she held it up to the light. It was a clear golden color.

"Isn't that beautiful?" she asked.

He admitted it was.

"You might have a look at the living-room fire," she suggested. "And then you can slice a good thick slice of ham, and after that you can find knives and forks and things."

She found an apron behind the pantry door and put it on. She made a sauce of tomatoes and onions for the slice of ham he cut, and put it on to simmer in a heavy iron pan. She put him to work peeling potatoes, while she got out flour and baking powder and salt.

"What's that?" he asked, watching her beat the mixture in a bowl.

"Biscuits," she said.

When the biscuits were in the oven, she suggested that they set a small table in front of the living-room fire. She found a Pembroke table in the front hall. He put it in front of the fire while she got a cloth and napkins and candlesticks and silver. She poured out glasses of cider. She smiled at him over the rim of her glass. He smiled back. He was no longer worrying about breaking into the house. He was hungry too.

"There," she said, when the food was cooked and they had carried it in to the table beside the fire. She stepped back to survey the table and make sure she'd forgotten nothing. Somewhere a shutter banged. "Listen," she said.

He threw up his head, listening. The wind was rising outside. When you listened you could hear it soughing through the pines on the ridge above the house and whining around a chimney. Within, the fire blazed brightly, shining on the table with its dish of ham, and boiled potatoes, and succotash, and hot biscuits, and the cider of russet apples. He had to smile.

"You're incredible," he said admiringly.

They dined happily in front of the fire. After dinner they sat in the sofa, mulling cider with a flip iron that she found hanging beside the fireplace. He was plainly happy. He was so happy that he forgot everything except being happy, until half-past ten.

He jumped up suddenly. "Do you know what time it is?" he asked. "I've got to get going. It'll be morning before we get that car out."

"You mean," she said, "that you're going to start out now looking for a farmer with a team?"

"Why not?" he asked.

"Everybody'll be in bed," she said.

"Anybody can be waked up," he said. He put on his overcoat.

"Dick," she said, "you aren't actually going to leave me here alone?"

"You'll be perfectly safe," he said.

"I know," she said, "but I shouldn't feel safe. I wish you wouldn't leave me."

"But what else can I do?"

"Stay here," she said. She snuggled down into the sofa. "I'm sleepy, aren't you?"

"Have you thought what you're going to say when you get back to Fairport?"

"Why say anything?" she retorted.

He frowned. He really hadn't any answer to that. "Your mother will be worried about you, and when you get home she'll want to know where you were."

"Oh," she said, "mother won't be worried tonight. She's in New York. And when she comes home I'll tell her all about it."

"And she won't mind?"

"Of course not. She'll be amused."

Elsie closed her eyes. She had a gift for going to sleep when she made up her

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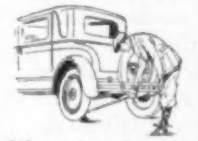

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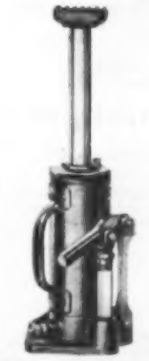

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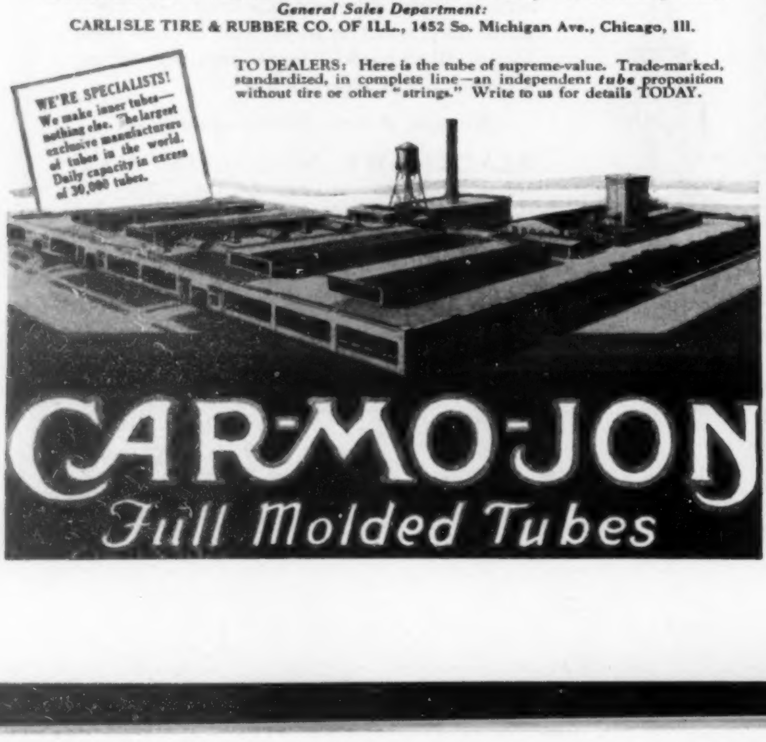
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mind to. She made up her mind to go to sleep now.

When she awoke she could see bright bars of sunlight coming through the shutters. She was warm as toast. He had laid her fur coat over her, and several quilts. She threw back the quilts and the coat, and looked over the back of the sofa. He was asleep on another sofa under his overcoat and quilts. Elsie Travers smiled and tiptoed out to the kitchen and shut the door so he wouldn't hear her.

She opened the shutters over the kitchen windows and looked out on a dazzling world—white and glittering in the morning sun. It was seven o'clock. She stoked the fire in the range, put the kettle on to boil, and made pancake batter, and sliced bacon, and set the kitchen table for two. Breakfast was almost ready when he came out.

"It's a perfectly glorious morning," she said.

He looked out. "It's the most glorious morning I ever saw," he said.

"You wash your face in the woodshed," she explained. "You'll find a basin and a clean towel beside the well."

While he was washing his face she hunted out a jug of maple sirup.

They were sitting at the kitchen table having a second cup of coffee when she saw a man coming down the road. He was plainly not a city man. He was wearing heavy felt boots, with his trousers tucked into them, and a mackinaw jacket, and an ancient cap, and red mittens. Elsie pointed him out to Dick. The snow was deep enough so that the man came slowly. But he hadn't far to come.

"He's coming here," Dick said.

"Yes," Elsie Travers said.

Now that it was coming, she found herself frightened. She didn't mind telling her mother that she had stalled the car and spent the night, perforce, in the same house with Doctor Orton. But it wasn't so simple to explain it to a native New Englander.

"Why don't you disappear?" she said. "I'll talk to him."

He shook his head. "No," he said, "you disappear."

They sat watching the man's slow, steady approach. He was at the front gate now. He paused and looked up at the house and plodded slowly toward the kitchen door. Elsie saw that it was Eben Buckwalter.

"Please go," Elsie said. "Please hide."

Dick looked at her. "Are you frightened?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, "of course I am."

"You needn't be," he said. "I'll talk to him."

He stepped to the kitchen door and opened it wide.

"Good morning," he said genially.

Elsie saw Eben Buckwalter lift his head high, so he could peer from under the visor of his cap.

"Good morning," Eben Buckwalter said.

"My wife and I," Dick said, "got caught in the storm last night. Our car got hung up on a rock and we broke in."

Eben Buckwalter's face broke into a broad grin as he saw Elsie.

"Well, now," he drawled—"well, if it ain't Miss Elsie."

Elsie Travers stepped to the door and held out her hand.

"Good morning, Mr. Buckwalter," she said firmly.

Mr. Buckwalter shook hands with her. "So," he said, "you got married. That's fine. That's great." He looked at Dick. "I aluz said you'd never marry that young Grainger."

"Dick," she said, "I want you to meet Mr. Buckwalter. Mr. Buckwalter, this is my husband, Doctor Orton."

Mr. Buckwalter relinquished Elsie's hand. He shook hands with Dick.

"A doctor, be ye?" he said. He grinned at Dick. "I calculate you know how lucky you be. There ain't no finer girl anywhere than Elsie Travers. No, sir. They don't come any finer. Nor, I might say, no prettier, neither."

"Do you suppose, Mr. Buckwalter," Elsie said, "that you could get a team and pull our car off the rock?"

"I could and will," Mr. Buckwalter said. "I'll have a span of oxen down here in half an hour. Where be your car?"

"Up the woods road," Elsie said. "I'd guess that it's three-quarters of a mile."

"You ain't on that same rock you got stuck on last summer when you tried to come down the woods road?"

Elsie nodded. "Yes," she said, "the same rock."

"Well, now, Elsie, I'd 'a' thought you'd 'a' had more sense 'n to try that road again, after your experience last summer with your mother." He chuckled. "But I spose you wasn't thinkin' much about where you was goin'—bein' with your new husband and all."

"No," Elsie said, "I wasn't thinking as I should have been."

"If you'll just let me use your phone a minute, so's I can tell Aunt Lizzie about your bein' married, I'll go right up and get the oxen," Mr. Buckwalter said.

"I'm afraid the telephone isn't working," Elsie said. "We tried it last night and we couldn't get Central."

"That's funny," Mr. Buckwalter said. "Your grandma never has that phone cut off, 'count of the fam'ly comin' up here for week-ends all winter."

He walked through to examine the telephone. Elsie followed him. Dick followed Elsie.

"Why," Mr. Buckwalter exclaimed, "somebody's gone and pulled the cord loose! It's busted!" He turned to Elsie. "Do you spose anybody's been in the house?"

"I haven't noticed any signs of it, Mr. Buckwalter," she said.

Mr. Buckwalter shook his head solemnly. "You can't never tell nowadays what people'll do. Winter before last somebody broke into Miss Smith's house and took Mr. Smith's trout rod."

He promised to call up the telephone company from his own house and trudged off after his oxen.

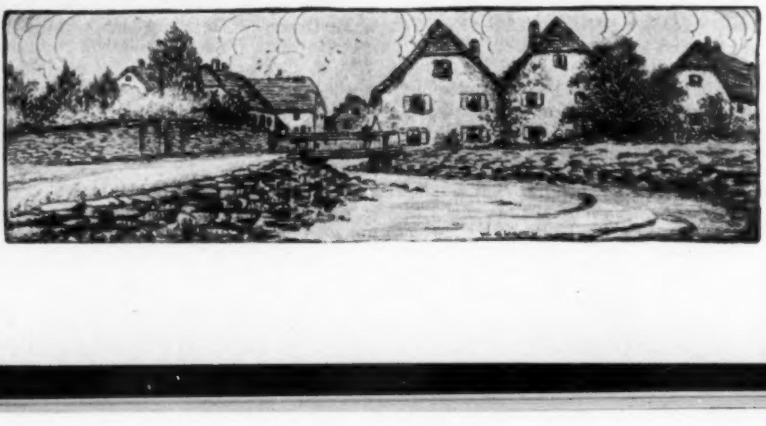
"Now you have done it," Elsie said, when Mr. Buckwalter was out of hearing. "Now you've got us into something that won't be so easy to get out of."

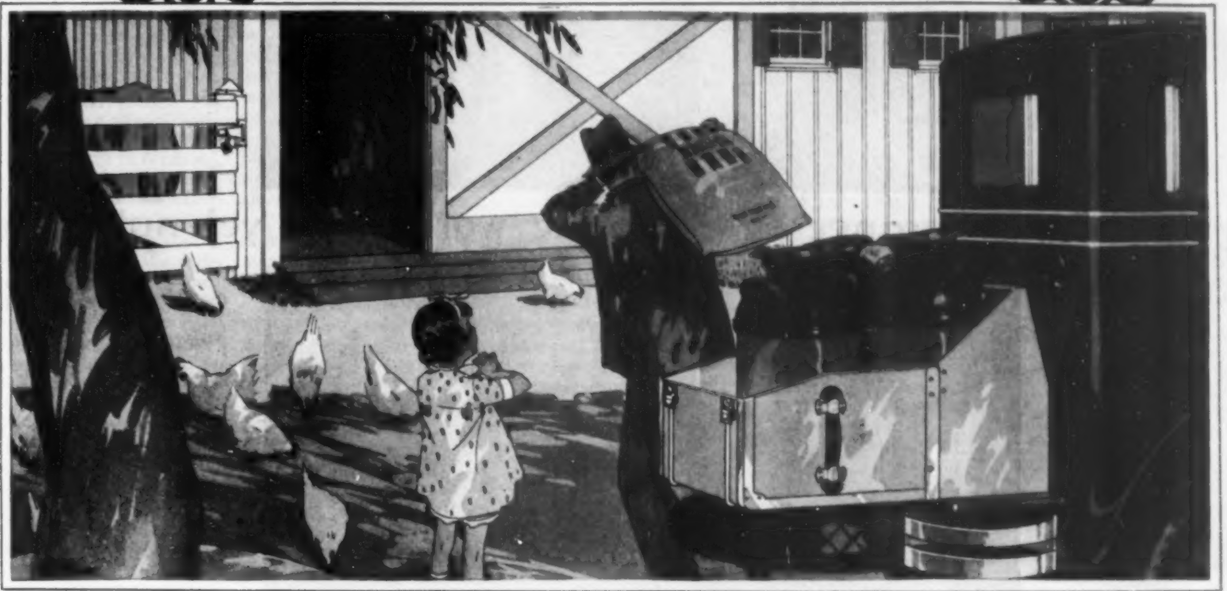
"There's only one way to get out of it," he said. "And that's to drive to New York with me and marry me."

"I wouldn't dream of marrying you!" she cried.

"Yes, you would," he said. "You have dreamed of it. You got stuck on that rock purposely. You insisted on breaking into your grandmother's house when you knew we'd reach Mr. Buckwalter's house in another ten minutes. You broke the telephone cord. And you've deliberately made yourself irresistible to me. Last night you even went to sleep on the sofa knowing that you looked particularly lovely and that I'd sit there beside the fire for hours staring at you and wanting you." He took both her hands in his. "You planned the whole thing."

"I didn't plan the snowstorm," Elsie Travers said. "That was just a break."





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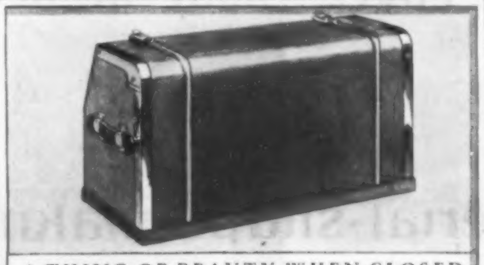

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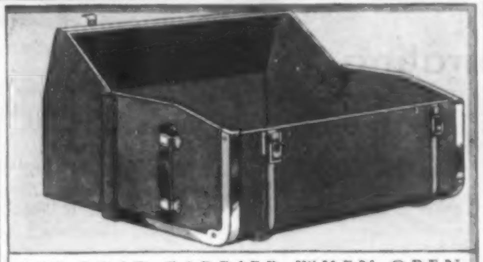

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ANTIQUE HUMBUGS

(Continued from Page 19)

some time after and brought $500. The original price had been nineteen dollars—not hundreds. A dealer offered the auction purchaser $1000 for the chair. The owner had become suspicious and asked me if I made it. After careful examination of certain birthmarks I answered that I did make it. The dealer offering $1000 was so informed. He replied, "I believe it's old and so does my client. Here is your $1000." His client died. It was sold for forty dollars to a dealer; he went out of business, selling it again for a small price at auction. No man on earth but the maker could have identified this chair as new. The faker had washed off the finish, and then, no doubt, subjected it, in some purlieu, to the summer's rain and sun, rain and sun. In six months this treatment would give it every appearance of antiquity.

Chairs are particularly liable to counterfeiting, as a museum has lately learned to its sorrow.

There are probably very few men, even dealers, in America who can always judge rightly regarding chairs, for the reason that such chairs are made of old wood, with glue stained the color of old. Old material for upholstery clutters every shop.

A Recipe for Furniture Polish

A joke of international proportions was perpetrated not long since when a dealer, who did not know he was funny, advertised: "Just returned from England with 1000 pieces of Duncan Phyfe." As Phyfe was a New York cabinetmaker, of course the implication was that the furniture was in the style of Phyfe. This furniture may very probably have been as old as its period.

A thing the public seems never to have taken cognizance of is that new wood may be aged to one or more hundred years by an hour in a steam box. It comes forth in a charming blue-gray color of a Cape Cod cottage. No expert can tell that it is not old. New Windsor chair bows must be steamed. It is only a step to steam all the parts of any chair. In fact, the scientific modern method of drying all lumber is first to steam it to drive out all the sap, after which process it will dry more perfectly. But abroad, that slight trouble is unnecessary, for there is abundant old mahogany, beech, walnut and what not. Especially what not.

It is true that many dealers can usually tell with a degree of certainty if an article is old, except in the case of glass. There is no possible manner of distinguishing old pressed glass of a certain sort from the new. I recently saw a consignment of 300 pieces of Sandwich, direct from the factory, opened at a dealer's.

Good glass of the early period rings beautifully. But modern glass can be made with this resonant quality. Much glass sold with no resonance would ring, were it old, of that particular type.

The dealer who handles many pieces becomes careless, and if he makes a mistake may never know it; nor will his customer, perhaps.

The reputation of great shops is sustained by their rule that "the customer is always right." If the article is returned the customer gets his money back. Perhaps the person in charge of the department was unconscious of the quality of the goods. No fraud was intended, or if intended, cannot be proved.

A prime reason for doubt regarding furniture is that it is usually restored before it is sold. In spite of frequent warnings to buy "only in the rough," the customer of the great multitude will not buy unless the piece looks well. A vast number of dealers have told me that they find it impossible to sell in the rough. Only dealers will buy of them. The writer, in a temporary aberration, agreed to pass on furniture for a large and immensely wealthy buyer. On the first visit to the buyer's place the writer found a large truckload of restored furniture being placed in the house. The position of expert was immediately resigned.

The best repairer of antiques I know took from a client a good piece for repair, and inserted more than 200 pieces of old wood, mostly very small. The work was so well done that the owner could not detect many of the inserts, though he was a very keen collector, equal to any in knowledge.

It is often easy to say that an unrestored piece is honest, whereas the same piece well restored would puzzle anybody. "Consult an expert!"

To gather this matter in a few words: Many antiques are easily seen to be honest; many are evidently spurious; many are on the border line, and in their restored or even rough condition it is often difficult and sometimes impossible to pronounce an unimpeachable verdict.

That the patina on old furniture is a lost art.

The crackle of age on or beneath the patina, and the age itself, help to give pieces, once well finished, a fine surface texture. It requires so much labor to give a new surface a rich old feeling that the thing is not often attempted, since endless rubbing was the method. In good old households furniture was rubbed down with oil or wax at least once a year for two hundred years. The interval between the processes is important, though a much shorter time is ample.

But when men speak of nasty modern varnish and claim that varnish never was used, how do they account for the fact that lacquer reached a wonderful state of perfection hundreds of years since, that shellac has been obtained for ages, that oil was known before history, and that beeswax was a recognized perfect final finish in Egypt and Mesopotamia?

Sometimes, in sport, I tell friends, in a hushed voice, that I will give them the secret of a wonderful furniture polish. Procure a large-mouthed pickle bottle, break into it a quantity of beeswax, add turpentine enough to cover. A small cloth, once moistened in this, will go over the largest piece of furniture. And the method is probably as old as the cave man, and certainly better today than anything else. The bees invented a weatherproof material. The soft effect produced by its use as described, after the turpentine evaporates, leaving a gossamer veil of wax, is good enough for the most exacting.

What Price a Sideboard?

Most old furniture is thirsty for wax and oil; its pores are open. But we have no reason to suppose that, barring the use of lacquer, a fine trade, there are any secrets, ancient or modern, about the finish of furniture. Even paint itself is as old as civilization, and we know that on parts of furniture it was used from immemorial times and in the Pilgrims' day.

That the auction price of an antique is always an honest price.

Let us get this clearly. The great auctions are honestly conducted. But no management can possibly prevent friends getting together and helping one another. At an auction, we will say, that drags, what is to prevent dealers from taking pieces at bid-up prices, and after removing the pieces each to his own shop, selling them thence and settling between themselves? It is so much a calamity to have a great auction fail that the dealers are tempted to take care that it does not fail. An auction price is quoted all over the country and either depresses or increases the prices of other like articles. Thus, when a buyer who could pay anything demanded persevered and secured, for $15,000, at private sale a sideboard—a price several times greater than had been paid before—the public was startled and nobody knew what a fine sideboard might fetch. The splash still sends some ripples to the shores of the trade, but, however we interpret it, we are not to infer that a very fine sideboard must or will bring $15,000. We are happy in having in New York a high-class auction mart for antiques. But the ways of bidding can, by the bidder, be made dangerous. In England there is an even closer clique of dealers. A well-posted American keeps out of an English auction and employs a dealer to bid for him. The dealers regard an interloper as a creature to be stung, and they enforce their claims to be allowed the buying job.

That it is easier, safer or cheaper to find and buy furniture in a private house.

In all the buying the writer has done—he shudders to remember how much—he almost invariably went to a dealer. Methods are employed by the men called pickers, at private houses, which no self-respecting man will follow. Forty years ago it was different. Now one might spend a lifetime hunting picked fields without securing many good pieces. And when he makes a find the chances are he will be asked several prices for it. The owner may not know values, but for that very reason he will ask too much.

Where the Antiques Are

Persons who are really eager to sell, for any reason, usually go to a dealer because they can get quick action. It is much as if one wishes to sell stock. He offers it at the stock market. He does not run about asking the people he meets to buy antiques.

Besides all this, the dealers know where the antiques are. Perhaps they are small-town dealers. They should be shown pictures of such things as the buyer seeks. If not in possession of the articles, dealers often know where they can be obtained, but lack of capital or a sure market has delayed the purchase. Of all hopeless cases, that of following up letters about antiques is the worst. Usually a number receive letters about the same goods. The dealers know of the same goods. It is a case of auction, with the auctioneer holding the right to reject even the highest bid.

The very heavy sole of a picker goes into the crack of the door when a lone woman opens it, and that sole never retreats till it has tracked from cellar to garret, unless the lady of the house is more determined than a Puritan.

Besides, what person with proper human feeling wants to buy a thing for less than it is worth? The writer once paid $3000 for a piece that had been offered, if for a museum, at $2000, only to be haled into court after eight years, when values had multiplied, for buying it under price!

Besides that, furniture is planted in private dwellings as well as elsewhere. A very large proportion of the supposedly antique belongings of families has been collected, and it is just as likely to be spurious as that found at crooked dealers', and is far more likely to deceive a buyer who is off his guard because he is at a private house. The owners believe their pieces good.

There are enough dealers to last any reasonable buyer a lifetime. It is estimated that in New England alone there is one for every township! A customer could not even visit each shop once in ten years, let alone buying from a small fraction of them. But what a joy to follow the charming roads day after day of the long season of beauty, and break the journey by calls at shops that welcome you rather than shut the door in your face!

The habitat of antiques worth while is seldom more than a hundred miles from the Atlantic coast line. Someone, I hear, has written a book on the location of antiques. A single sentence may tell the whole story: Any community has antiques of the period of its settlement and later. Nothing later than the period 1825 is worth having and little of ten years before that. Regions settled later have a few earlier pieces, transported to them, but not many.

ROLLS RAZOR

The ONE BLADE Safety

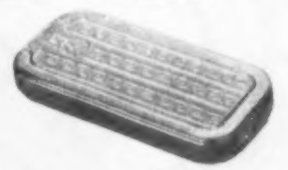
Tested To The Last Detail

A Rolls Razor is not just the product of high speed stamping mills turning out thousands of units a minute to be bought today and fought tomorrow.

Rolls Razors are instruments of precision. In the course of production they are subjected to no less than 243 different gauging tests at the hands of inspectors who are sticklers for .00025 of an inch.

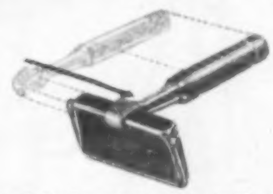
The blade is honed at exactly the right angle, stropped at exactly the right angle, and shaves at exactly the right angle.

No finer shaves can be bought at any price, and at its price it is by far the least expensive razor in the long run.



This Compact Case contains the Rolls Razor, the finest of honing stones, a specially prepared cowhide strop, and an automatic honing and stropping device. Compact and complete to the last detail.

Honing and Stropping is extremely simple. By removing the honing cover, the blade is ready for automatic stropping before shaving; by removing the stropping cover, the blade is ready for automatic honing when necessary.



The Rolls Razor is simplicity itself! Just the One Blade and its handle that slides easily into place. The blade of a Rolls Razor is the real secret of perfect shaving. Made of the finest Sheffield steel and hollow ground, this finely tempered and tested blade accepts and holds a cutting edge not to be excelled by the finest barber's razor. Properly handled, a Rolls Razor blade will give a lifetime of perfect shaves.

A Different Shave. Unlike others, the guard of a Rolls Razor prevents shaving the wrong way. Placed well below the edge it insists that the blade be held flat to the face, not at right angles. It cuts the hairs smoothly, does not hoe them out or turn them in, causing ingrowing hairs.

Ask your dealer to explain the Rolls Razor way, and your shaving worries will be over forever.

Imperial No. 1 Silver Plate....$15.00
Imperial No. 2 Nickel Plate....$10.00
De luxe gold sets and Travel Kits up to $32.50

We recommend Imperial Rolls Shaving Soap in hygienic, indestructible bowl for a superior shave. Priced at $1.50. Or Rolls Shaving Cream. Priced at 75c.

For sale at the better shops throughout the world. If your dealer cannot supply you, send his name with check or money-order and we will fill your order, postpaid, promptly.

Lee & Schiffer, Inc. U. S. Distributors
Dept. P.—305 East 45th St., New York City

Descriptive Folder Sent on Request

Chi-Namel
Paint Products
Sold by
The Best Paint Dealer in Your Town

Chi-Namel
PAINTS
VARNISHES
ENAMELS
LACQUERS
THE OHIO VARNISH

THE GLORIOUS MANTLE OF BEAUTY THAT PROTECTS

CHI-NAMEL is so easy to use—home decorating is fascinating from the start. There is no reason nowadays for the simplest home to lack cheerfulness—even distinction. Your own instinctive color sense will aid you, and you will appreciate the expert guidance you can get at your local Chi-Namel store. ¶ For over 40 years, the makers of Chi-Namel have maintained the highest standards of quality, and appointed only experienced, thoroughly dependable dealers. Look for the name Chi-Namel and the Chi-Namel Boy to identify the best paint dealer in your town.

© 1930 The O. V. Co.

Special Message to Dealers.

This advertisement is part of the new Chi-Namel Expansion Program that is providing strong support for Chi-Namel dealers. In additional territories now being opened, valuable Chi-Namel franchises are available to a limited number of first class dealers. Send this coupon for details of an unusual sales and merchandising plan.

THE OHIO VARNISH CO., Cleveland, Ohio

I would like to know more about the new Chi-Namel Expansion Program.

My Name____________________

Store Name____________________

Address____________________

City____________ State__________

That all sorts of antiques go well together.

At this point more people stumble than anywhere else. I recall a wealthy home where a battered seventeenth-century oak refectory table stands by the side of dainty exquisite mahogany chairs of a hundred and fifty years later. Of course, any clerk would be discharged were he to say no to a customer who picked out two incongruous articles and asked if they went well together.

Neglect of this clear principle is the reason why many collectors' homes lack charm. The collection is not primarily to give dignity to the home, but to get together a lot of unrelated stuff because it is old. Consequence, a bazaar and a lack of attraction. A museum effect is consequent on having too much in a room. The museums are now avoiding this error. Many homes would become far more beautiful—and would lose little in value—if half of the collection was given to the junk man. The least one can do is to take care that no more distant relations than cousinly furniture are kept in the same room. Oak and mahogany spoil each other. Dainty and heavy furniture should not be mixed. Maple, and especially cherry, the native substitute for mahogany, go nicely together with mahogany, if of the same or adjacent periods. But to place a Queen Anne or a quiet sort of Chippendale with degraded Empire mahogany is a "jewel of gold in a swine's snout."

Unhappily, financial ability and good taste are not always wedded. But those who buy should at least try to learn what good taste is.

Six Thousand Pitfalls

That modern furniture is "just as good."

What is modern furniture? There is no such thing. No style has established itself so that it connotes a fashion of design, since the Empire. A spool bed is not a style. It is a bad dream, conceived in a mechanics' age, and is not even old. And as for what is called modern, it is either a good reproduction, a jumble of old styles—always bad—or an attempt at a creation—always worse. Why is this? Because there is not an unlimited number of good forms. Designers have racked and apparently often wrecked their brains to establish something new, but without avail. This proves that the world is old, and that there were good men before us. Obviously the Greeks, who studied beauty a thousand years and absorbed all that was good in Egypt and Mesopotamia, got the lion's share of good things. Romans adapted for several hundred years, and progressed backward. Spain and France acquired something different, new and often good. The Flemings have wonderful interiors. Holland did better than any country since the Greeks, and better than any that has come after.

Chippendale was a kaleidoscope, and turned up many exquisite and more bad contributions because the appalling rococo often overcame him. Hepplewhite and Sheraton, returning in part to the classical, gave us great beauty, but lost the simple charm, with strength, of the Dutch. Finally under Napoleon, the Orient revived itself. Maybe something was left for us, but we have not found it yet. There is no objection to anyone's trying; only he should keep his work in the dark till it will bear the light. The human mind is versatile. Just now the generation is not artistic and should use the work of the generations that were. If "modern" means new, it means something different. The writer has 6000 photographs of different varieties of old furniture and could find others. The twentieth-century designer must dodge all these if he would be original. He may. He has not, except when he has failed of good results.

A Sane Body in Sane Furniture

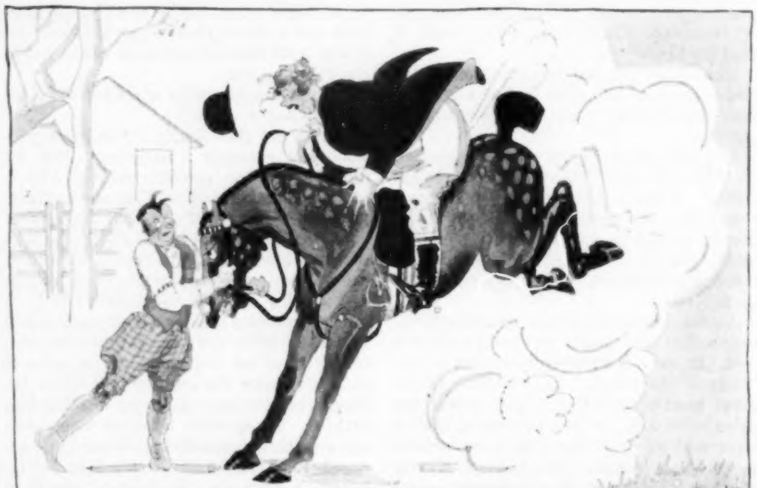
That these days call for types of furniture not made long ago.

Why? Do we do anything in the home dwelling that our fathers did not? Human anatomy has not changed but would need new joints, and sharp ones, to use some of the furniture offered. We sleep sometimes, if not o' nights, as did our fathers. We eat at tables of some size or other. We put things away in receptacles. Our fathers got down on their knees to chests, stood upright at low chests of drawers, or stood on ladders at highboys. What have you to suggest? That we walk on the ceiling or eat on the floor? Whether for writing or play, for children or grandsire, day or night, heat or cold, something fine and good was devised. Can there be anything more comfortable than a well shaped wing chair or Pilgrim slat-back? What is more beautiful than an English wall cupboard of openwork mahogany, almost unknown here? The functions of civilized man have not been modified a hair's breadth in the home. Evolution is great in promise, but the skeleton is said to be what it has been for many thousand years. No new woods grow in the forest. They do make metal furniture, but as yet cannot conform to fine lines. We might make it out of pewter, I suppose, or asbestos. But why not? Because, after all, the majority are either sane, or trying hard to pretend they are.

That wormy wood can be worked successfully for old furniture.

The worm goes into wood by boring a small hole. If wormy wood is used the surfacing of it uncovers worms' channels, and the effect is often an open half boring, of which the worm is incapable, or even man with his tools. Some woods, as walnut, are very inviting to worms. But worm-eaten wood is weak; it will often fall apart of itself, and slight pressure breaks it. It cannot be used to deceive even a novice.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Nutting. The second will appear next week.



Fat Woman—"Hey Stupid! Hold Down the Other End!"

DRAWN BY DIZZY

Wherever this picture is displayed—there you will find Middishade Blue Suits.

ONE reason Blue is always fashionable is—Fashion can work such wonders with Blue! And the particular Blue that is Middishade is the blue in which you'll look your best. It's a blue that is rich, restrained, yet youthful—a color that brings out the best in every man's appearance—a color that holds a permanent place in the style picture.

YOU'LL LOOK YOUR BEST IN BLUE

Middishade Blue Suits are of plain blue, blue with a faint stripe, unfinished, and basketweave. Or, if your fancy runs in that direction, see the new Middishade Blue fancies. A wide variety of models—all guaranteed without qualification—all at one modest price because of specialization. Look up a Middishade clothier in your town—or mail coupon for expert fashion advice as to the style in which you'll look best.

"WHAT IS MY MODEL?" Free Diagnosis Coupon

DESIGNING STUDIOS, THE MIDDISHADE CO., INC., "SERGICAL SPECIALISTS—OPERATING ON BLUE SUITS ONLY", PHILADELPHIA, PA. ¶ Have your famous designer send me a sketch of the Middishade Blue Suit a man of my age and build should wear. Include the Blue Ensemble Chart.

Age________ Height________ Weight________

Chest Measure________ Waist Measure________

Name________ Address________

City________ State________

Your Dealer's Name and Address________

MIDDISHADE

THE SPECIALIZED BLUE SUIT

Florsheim
Shoe

The FLORSHEIM Shoe

In the long run the man who cares will appreciate the very real economy of wearing FLORSHEIMS . . . the price of these superior shoes is within the reach of *every* man who gives thought to getting money's worth and more. The KENT, Style M-388 . . . *Most Styles* $10

The FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY *Manufacturers* CHICAGO

Can You Afford to Pass Up This Cash Offer?

UNLESS you have all the money you want you can't. For we will pay you liberally in cash, month after month, for easy, pleasant work that need not take one minute from your regular job. Mail this handy coupon *today* for full details.

$100 Extra in One Month

Many local subscription representatives of *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* are earning well over $100.00 *extra* every single month. The commissions and bonus that we pay them enable them easily to hold this average throughout the entire year. And one hundred extra dollars, earned during your first month's trial, would be starting right, wouldn't it?

Mr. John E. Griffiths of Pennsylvania is busy with other duties all day, every working day, yet we have paid him more than $80.00 extra in a single month.

Long ago, Mr. Griffiths expressed a *willingness to try*. And he has been making good ever since.

Supplies—Instruction Without Charge

You need not invest a penny. We tell you HOW to make money, supply everything you need to do it, and pay cash from the moment you begin work. A two-cent stamp brings our big cash offer—no obligation involved.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
747 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Please send me your cash offer.
Name .... Age ....
(Please Print Name and Address)
Street ....
City .... State ....

NOT ON TONIGHT'S PROGRAM

(Continued from Page 9)

General Pershing an' Stonewall Jackson. Instead of having so much war an' acting, we could get the same effect, y' understand, in two minutes, if the guns were loud an' the actors talked fast or something."

"But how could we introduce such music?" A slow smile of triumph stole across Mr. Brodie's face.

Mr. McDonald thought of that. "In this way," he pointed out: "Perhaps, instead of opening with Cleopatra, we could open with a dance in some modern home. The orchestra is playing something like Red Lips, Don't Be Blue. A couple steal away from the floor and stroll into a conservatory. The music is just a little bit softer. The girl says that she is hungry. Her escort produces a Wet Smack bar from the pocket of his dinner jacket. This is an opportunity to put over a strong Wet Smack message. Then the girl comments on the decided trend toward health-giving elements in candy—in a perfectly natural manner. Another strong Wet Smack message. Then her escort tells her the romance of candy just as you have it."

"An' without changing the program at all," Mr. Bullfinch pointed out earnestly. "Not a particle, even."

"And then," Mr. McDonald concluded, "the entire program could be ended up by the couple going back to the dance floor, where the orchestra is playing the latest dance hit. Get the idea?"

"But the time element ——"

Mr. Bullfinch waved the time element away with a careless hand. "When we have a program that covers anyhow a couple of thousand years, what difference do a few minutes make?"

"But ——"

Mr. Bullfinch stood up. "Brodie," he said, "you have a great idee. It is okay with Mac an' me, with the exception that a few changes make it even better. When you fix it up we will have a world beater. Positively a world beater! Come back as soon as you have it ready. Any day the end of next week."

II

TEN days later the vice president and account executive of The Atlas Advertising Agency entered the private office of his client, Mr. S. Bullfinch, only to find that rotund gentleman in conference with his advertising manager, Filmore N. Boynton.

"I told them to send you right in, because I knew Boynton here would like to see the corking program you have worked up for our anniversary party," Mr. Bullfinch told him. "Take off your coat an' sit down an' rest your feet an' ears. Wait until you hear what Brodie has worked up for us, Boynton. It's a whirlwind, ain't it, Brodie?"

The artistic soul of the V. P. and A. E. shuddered, but he managed a wan smile. "I have incorporated all the suggestions made at our last meeting," he stated.

"Ha-ha-ha," chortled Mr. Bullfinch. "To hear you say that, Brodie, anyone would think we had changed what hardly amounts to more than a few commas. That's the modesty of advertising men, Boynton."

Filmore N. Boynton was a young man with a pair of middle-age spectacles and a rigid cowlick atop a high forehead. He smiled politely as Mr. Brodie opened his portfolio and extracted a typed manuscript.

"Shall I begin?"

"Commence. . . . Listen to this, Boynton. . . . Go ahead, Brodie."

Once more the Wet Smack Anniversary Program was outlined in detail. Mr. Bullfinch leaned back in his big chair and puffed complacently on his large black cigar. Filmore N. Boynton sat forward and propped his thin arms on the desk before him as the carefully phrased, logical sentences slipped from Mr. Brodie's lips: The dance at the Country Club. The music. The bar of Wet Smacks. The strong Wet Smack messages. The romance of candy. Cleopatra. Elizabeth. Columbus. Jackson. Pershing. Bullfinch. Finale.

"Well, Boynton, what do you think of it, hey?"

"I think it is an extremely interesting program."

"You see, Brodie?"

"Well balanced, colorful, forceful. Full of fine opportunities to make people Wet-Smack-minded." Filmore N. Boynton spoke in the clipped manner of the highly specialized mind. "Really quite bully," he concluded.

"A job that does you credit, Brodie. Eh, Boynton?"

Mr. Brodie's eyes lost the hunted look which had characterized them through the reading. "Thank you ——" he began.

"However, there is one little point—that is, if I might ——"

Mr. Bullfinch nodded vigorously. "Go ahead," he commanded. "That's what we are lookin' for, ain't it, Brodie? If we can make it even better than it is—without hurting it, y' understand—why, so much the better."

"Certainly," agreed Mr. Brodie hollowly.

"My point is this: Here we have a marvelous program that only has one little weakness that I can see. It—it doesn't give the real reason for the broadcast a big enough play. Get the idea? After all, this program is designed primarily to celebrate the fifth anniversary of Mr. Bullfinch's entry into the candy business. Is that correct?"

"Absolutely, Filmore."

"Now, as I listen to the program, there is nothing in it, beyond the announcements, which suggested the anniversary thought. Therefore, splendid as the main theme is, why wouldn't it be much more effective if the entire idea was a little more closely connected with the history of Wet Smacks as well as the history of candy?"

"A good idee, Filmore."

"But ——"

"Suppose, for instance," the advertising manager of Wet Smacks rushed on, his middle-age spectacles aglow with the light of pure creative thought, "that this party, instead of being an ordinary dance in some unknown club, was a great party given by the employes of Wet Smacks, Incorporated, to celebrate the fifth anniversary of the company's business and honor its founder, Mr. Bullfinch? Then, after a few lively opening numbers by the Wet Smack Employes Orchestra, we could get into the main theme of the program by having the dramatic society of Wet Smacks, Incorporated, present a series of scenes such as you have outlined. See the advantages? We give it more the air of a family party. We can work the name of our product in oftener. We can dramatize the achievements of the founder in a much more effective manner—say, by adding one more scene just before Mr. Bullfinch speaks—which would be the scene in his little flat the night he made his first candy bar."

"Perfect!" In his ardor Mr. Bullfinch seemed to slap the word down on the table along with his heavy fist.

Mr. Brodie flushed. "Unfortunately, we haven't the time," he explained. "Your suggestion will take at least four minutes, to say nothing of the possible effect upon the main theme. I'm afraid we can't —— As much as I would like to ——"

"But ——"

"And besides"—here Mr. Brodie stared sternly—"there is no Wet Smack Dramatic Club, and—and I forgot to add, when I mentioned our time element, that we would need several extra minutes at the start, to give your idea of an employes' party the proper introduction. Say, six minutes in all—which we haven't got."

"That's simple enough. We'll just call the actors—or whoever it is you engage—our dramatic club. As for the time, I don't know how it strikes Mr. Bullfinch, but to me it seems that the shorter and snappier we keep our historic episodes the more dramatic and effective they will be."

Mr. Brodie turned appealing to the round little figure behind the desk. "Really, Mr. Bullfinch ——" he began.

"After all," mused that gentleman, apparently not aware of the appeal, "a woman that has been dead, anyway two or three thousand years, wouldn't miss a minute, Brodie. After all," he continued, a touch of hurt in his voice, "it ain't fair to the living to have the dead have—that is, take—if you know what I mean, Brodie. Suppose we took a minute from Cleopatra an' Columbus—a man could discover a lot of things in a minute, Brodie—on the radio an' add two more minutes from the Queen of England an' Stonewall Jackson—we would have five minutes by also cutting Pershing an' the war down to the same time."

"Without hurting the theme," put in his advertising manager quickly.

"Without hurting the th-theme," assented Mr. Bullfinch.

"Without hurting the theme?" repeated Mr. Brodie bitterly and with a rising inflection. "Why ——"

Mr. Bullfinch stood up. When he stood up, all questions under discussion were answered to his satisfaction.

"I am going out of town for two weeks," he announced. "Have everything fixed up by the time I get back, so that I can okay it."

"But the time element," insisted Mr. Brodie desperately. "Two weeks will bring us within two or three days of the program. If we have nothing settled ——"

"Settled?" Mr. Bullfinch laughed loudly. "How nervous you advertising fellas are," he observed. "What more is there to do but to put in the few little details that we decided upon today?"

III

A NERVOUS and rather worn advertising gentleman entered Mr. Bullfinch's private office on the morning of March seventh. He found the chief executive humming softly to himself as he ran through his mail.

"Good morning, Brodie. How's the program that you was so nervous about? All okay? Good. . . . Sit down, Brodie, an' rest your feet an' ears. It's getting warmer out, ain't it?"

"Much warmer."

"I see a notice in the newspaper," Mr. Bullfinch went on genially, "about our little party. Good work, Brodie."

"Thank you, Mr. Bullfinch. I—I hope this program in its—final form will meet with your approval." Grimly, Mr. Brodie hoped the emphasis on "final" did not pass unnoticed.

"Why shouldn't it?" his client demanded pleasantly. "Didn't it make a hit with me from the very beginning? Didn't I say right along that it was a corker of the very first water? Yes or no, Brodie?"

"Y-yes, but ——"

Mr. Bullfinch waved a careless hand. "A few little changes, of course, but what difference do they make?"

Mr. Brodie gulped.

"Go ahead. Let's hear the program as it will be given, Brodie."

Mr. Brodie went ahead. At the conclusion of his completed manuscript, Mr. Bullfinch stood up and extended his hand.

"Brodie," he said simply, "you have produced the perfect masterpiece. I wouldn't change a word of it. Not a comma, even! Congratulations."

For the first time in more than two weeks Mr. Brodie smiled.

"I shall take it home an' show it to Birdie—Mrs. Bullfinch," his client went on proudly. "It will do her heart good to see a real piece of fine work like this."

"But the time ——"

"Come over tomorrow morning, Brodie. I'll show it to her tonight an' bring it back in the morning."

IV

THE morning of March the eighth dawned as cold and clammy as the traditional hand of death. A murky pall hung over the great city of New York. William Alexander Brodie shivered as he made his way toward Lexington Avenue and the executive offices of Wet Smacks, Incorporated.

But there was no hint of trouble in the offing in Mr. Bullfinch's hearty handshake or twinkling eyes. His client indicated a chair and begged him to rest his feet and ears, with a warm smile. The morning began to lose its touch of dire foreboding and assume a warmer, more roseate aspect.

"Well, what did Mrs.—Mrs. Bullfinch think about the program?"

Mr. Bullfinch smiled benignly. "Think of it?" he repeated ardently. "What would any intelligent person think about it? She thought that it was absolutely okay. She wanted me to tell you that she was very much pleased—very much pleased indeed."

For the life of him, Mr. Brodie could not conceal the sigh of relief which escaped his lips.

"Then—then we can go ahead?"

"Of course, you can go ahead."

"Thank you. You have no idea ——"

"Of course, womanlike, she had a few little changes that she wanted made, but I told her you could make them as easy as falling off a log."

In the midst of his happy smile, Mr. Brodie suddenly shivered.

"She don't want that part in about the flat. You know, Brodie? About us making candy in the kitchen five years ago. And also"—here Mr. Bullfinch coughed—"she don't think I am the person that can make a good speech, an' maybe she is right." For the first time Mr. Bullfinch's face lost its sunniness. "A woman that goes to Florida an' rides horseback, the way Mrs. Bullfinch does, knows how people ought to speak; so—so cut that part out, Brodie."

"Any—anything else?" Mr. Brodie demanded hoarsely.

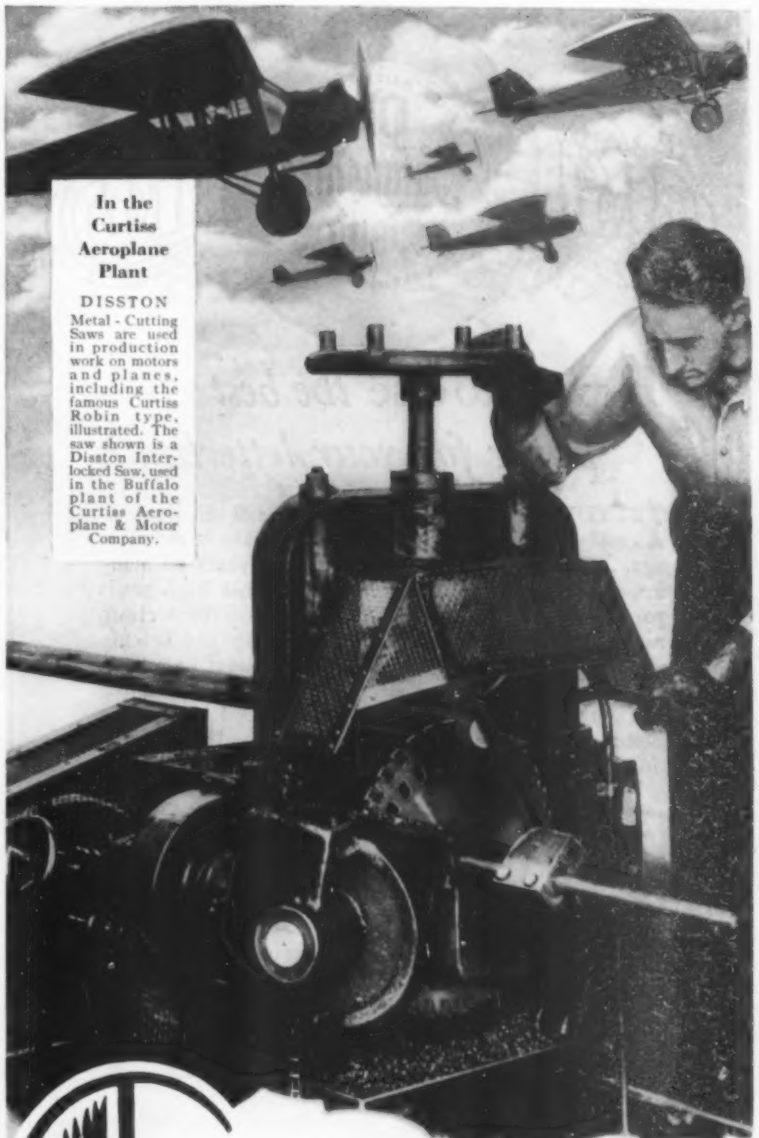
"Only this: Mrs. Bullfinch—I guess maybe I told you—is the president of a society to make people like better music; so—so, instead of having a party or a dance, she wants that we should have high-class music like they have in opera. The very best, Brodie." Mr. Bullfinch smiled again, proudly. "There's a woman."

Mr. Brodie concluded adding up a few figures he had been hastily jotting down on an envelope as his client spoke.

"Do you know what this means?" he inquired in a strangled tone. "It means—at the last minute, we have a twenty-one-minute gap in our thirty-minute program. What shall I do to fill it? What can I do?"

Mr. Bullfinch's bushy brows went up in startled amazement. His mouth gaped in frank astonishment. Slowly, as he stared at the frankly exasperated face of his advertising agent, the blood mounted to his face—a rising salmon tide of anger.

"Do?" he roared. "How can you fill it? What do you mean? Look at all the stuff that McDonald gave you. Look at all the stuff Boynton gave you. And now, look at all the corking, dandy stuff that Mrs. Bullfinch gives you!"



In the Curtiss Aeroplane Plant

DISSTON Metal-Cutting Saws are used in production work on motors and planes, including the famous Curtiss Robin type, illustrated. The saw shown is a Disston Interlocked Saw, used in the Buffalo plant of the Curtiss Aeroplane & Motor Company.

CUT IT WITH DISSTON STEEL

WHEREVER metal is being cut, Disston Saws will cut it. They are used by America's greatest manufacturers, producing airplanes, motor cars, locomotives, and other achievements of this mechanical age.

For Disston Saws are made of Disston Steel, the world's great cutting steel from Disston's own steel furnaces. This steel adds stamina, toughness, long cutting life, not only to Disston Metal-Cutting Saws, but also to Disston Woodworking Saws—Hand Saws, Circular Saws, Band Saws, etc., and to every other Disston product.

If you are cutting metal, stone, bone, fibre, wood, or any other material, cut it with Disston Steel, in Saws, Tools, and Files.

Manufacturers: Write for data on the types of metal- or wood-cutting saws which you use in your plant.

Tool Users: Ask your hardware merchant for Disston, "The Saw Most Carpenters Use," the finest hand saw that money can buy; and for other Disston Saws, Tools, and Files.

HENRY DISSTON & SONS, Inc.
Philadelphia, U. S. A.
Canadian Factory: Toronto

DISSTON
TOOLS FILES SAWS KNIVES STEEL

MADE "A LITTLE BETTER THAN SEEMS NECESSARY"
Old Hampshire Bond

It pays to use *the best paper for your letterheads*

LETTERS written on Old Hampshire Bond immediately classify the writer; they set him above the average. That is why for more than sixty years so many important business houses have used this high-grade paper for their letterheads. It is made of 100% clean, new cotton and linen rags; it has a snap and crackle about it that makes it worthy of your most important customers . . . Ask your engraver or printer to supply you with letterheads and envelopes of Old Hampshire Bond. He can show it to you in white and twelve distinctive tints.

Old Hampshire Bond

HAMPSHIRE PAPER COMPANY, SOUTH HADLEY FALLS, MASS.

KEEPS TEETH *White*

Eager eyes follow the girl with a charming smile.

And it's teeth—WHITE teeth—that make your smile bright and charming.

So if you treasure your teeth and your smile—do as millions now do. Chew Dentyne every day. You'll love its rich, full flavor every bit as much as the way it keeps teeth white. And Dentyne's the highest quality gum made today!

DENTYNE
CHEWING GUM
5¢
5¢
KEEPS THE TEETH WHITE

Chew DENTYNE *. . and smile!*

THE APPETITE OF TYRANNY

(Continued from Page 25)

gatekeeper, who frisked the indignant gentleman and extracted a box of vestas he had forgotten. No protest was made. And if the preservation of a forest is as important as the preservation of a munitions factory, the same process could easily be put into effect when the necessity arose.

To be sure, the necessity could only arise if it were found that in spite of signs, warnings and jail sentences, people did insist upon smoking in their cars and did throw lighted butts into the road. The moment would come when the majority of careful citizens would have to be incommoded because of the carelessness of a few.

Resentful of Nonresentment

Yet, in pure theory, another liberty would be lost, and those who cherish liberty would feel that the authorities were again passing laws for the pure pleasure of enforcing them. This is a common attitude among liberals, and is based on a sound psychology. The unhappiest of philosophers has defined happiness as "the feeling that power increases," and the only way we can feel our power increasing is to extend it over new fields. It is a dull and worthless traffic commissioner who is content with the lights installed by his predecessor; the functions assigned to him may atrophy unless he invades outlying territory and puts flashes and warning signals and stop lights at crossroads where the traffic is perhaps one car every two minutes. The head of the board of health begins with insuring a supply of pure water and by preventing infection of the food supply, but he has power, and in order to justify it, he has to put it to work; as far as he can, he tries to make inoculation compulsory, and nothing excites him more than the announcement of a new vaccine. The old-line liberal goes into office and rejects the idea of optional insurance against accident or unemployment or old age; the laws he passes are for objects long held noble—and another liberty has vanished.

The liberty to poison people with patent medicines has been curtailed and whole nations have abdicated their theoretical right to make war, but the vanishing liberties about which complaint is made are of another order—liberty of speech and print, of free choice in food and drink, of movement. Few libertarians resent the loss of the parent's right to send his child to work at the age of six or the right of the husband to dispose of his wife's property. What they do resent is the idea that laws against obvious wrongs may proceed from the same source as laws against natural rights.

The brilliant biographer of Jefferson, Albert Jay Nock, has recently emphasized the distinction between statute and law, saying that "we are all statute breakers—every man, woman, and child in the land—and the discrimination that we instinctively exercise toward enactments which do not command the common conscience of mankind . . . is not attended by the slightest consciousness of wrongdoing. On the contrary, we know that fundamental human instincts are sound and trustworthy, as Thomas Jefferson declared them to be, and that no one has the right to arraign our allegiance to them as immoral."

Mr. Nock resents the tone in which authority has lately chosen to address the American people, and wonders what has become of our sense of dignity; he suggests that what we need is a little terrorism, reminding petty and even highly placed officials that they may lose their heads. But, it is clear, what he resents most is the almost total disappearance of resentment in others; he is afraid that in another generation no one will protest, no matter how severe the restrictions on our liberty may be.

It occurs to me that hostility to officialism may be only a left-over from the past. We are, by this time, a motorized nation, and may take the problem of freedom of movement as characteristic of our time. The "fundamental human instinct" to dart across the street at any given moment still exists in little children and in elderly people who have not experienced the agony of shrieking brakes, loud curses, skidding cars and broken legs. But it is quite conceivable that the present generation of city-bred young people have lost that instinct entirely. It may connote a loss of human freedom and human dignity; they may be a generation of slaves. These are moral questions and the moralist is right to worry about them. Yet he ought to trace the fundamental instinct back to the environment in which it flourished. A generation is now growing up which, when it comes to maturity, will never have known the open saloon, and it may therefore not feel that selling beer is an inalienable right. The same generation, arriving at taxable age, will be compelled to make out a report on income. It may feel the pinch, the purely financial pressure, as acutely as we do. It will not feel, as hundreds of thousands of us naturally do, that the income tax is in some way an attack on our privacy, an unwarranted intrusion of government. We who lived a number of adult years without suffering that tax have a specific attitude toward it—an attitude which results in our considering the income tax as an added, unnatural burden. Men of sound business sense discount the tax in advance and do not feel that they have an income of ten thousand dollars minus taxes; they have compelled themselves to believe that they have an income of eight thousand dollars. The average individual, however, still feels that he has the ten thousand and that the deduction is something to be worried out of his next year's earnings. In England, where income tax has been in existence a much longer time, this feeling is unknown. The moans one hears are directed against the extent of the tax, and Messrs. Income Tax, Ltd., do a thriving business winning back excess tax paid. The theory of the tax is universally accepted.

In general terms, our ideas of liberty correspond to the sprawling, easy-going rural community which forms the background of contemporary American life. And we are attempting to keep those ideas in practice in a country which has become highly organized, enormously urbanized and industrialized.

Saving Through Fear

Take, for instance, an idea about which there is no controversy—the idea that it is a good thing to save money against the accidents of life, the approach of old age, the chances of unemployment. Obviously, in a highly socialized state which took care of the sick, the aged and the unemployed, the pressure to save would be diminished. Mr. Ralph Borsodi, looking for a way out of This Ugly Civilization, has suggested a form of return to the farm, with a budget allowing a minimum of saving. He has pointed out that if, instead of saving, we spend our money on land and machinery and livestock, which are productive, and if we live in such a way as to preserve our health, much of the object of saving will be gone. The land we have and its stock, the children we raise, the health in us, will all be forms of insurance, easily as effective as money in the bank. If the entire system of production in America were to change tonight and ample assurance given to every human being that they would never be in want, the amount of saving would diminish, but saving would not disappear until a new generation without our instinctive fears would grow up.

A revolution as profound as the complete socialization of America has actually taken place. The country no longer explores new lands; it reclaims known deserts. It moves

(Continued on Page 157)

▼

HER LONGEST WALK IS FROM CURB TO CAR . . .

Yet she has "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

SHE simply *lives* behind the wheel. Her friends say that if the front door were a bit wider, she'd park her car in the living room and save herself walking at all.

Yet for all her sole-saving habit she has a most bothersome case of the ringworm infection commonly called "Athlete's Foot"! And she doesn't know what the little rash-like eruption of tiny blisters between her toes* means.

How many millions of Americans share this girl's affliction and, like her, wonder what it is!

*Many Symptoms for the Same Disease—so Easily Tracked into the Home

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways,* but it is now generally agreed that the germ, *tinea trichophyton* is back of them all. It lurks where you would least expect it—in the very places where people go for health and recreation and cleanliness. In spite of modern sanitation, the germ abounds on locker- and dressing-room floors—on the edges of swimming pools and showers—in gymnasiums—around bathing beaches and bath houses—even on hotel bath-mats.

And from all these places it has been tracked into countless homes until today this ringworm infection is simply *everywhere*. It is so easily overlooked at first that it has stolen up on the entire nation until now the United States Public Health Service finds "*it is probable that at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time.*" And authorities say that half the boys in high school are affected. There can be no doubt that the tiny germ, *tinea trichophyton*, has made itself a nuisance in America.

***WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"**

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist or it may develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your physician without delay.

It Has Been Found That Absorbine Jr. Kills This Ringworm Germ

Now, a series of exhaustive laboratory tests with the antiseptic Absorbine Jr. has proved, by bacteria counts and by photomicrographs, that Absorbine Jr. penetrates deeply into flesh-like tissues, and that wherever it penetrates it *kills* the ringworm germ.

This will be good news to many thousands of people who have worried over a threatening foot condition without knowing how to get rid of it.

It might not be a bad idea to examine *your* feet tonight for distress signals* that announce the beginning of "Athlete's Foot." *Don't be fooled by mild symptoms.* Don't let the disease become entrenched for it is *persistent*. The person who is seriously afflicted with it today may have had these same mild symptoms like yours a short time ago.

Watch out for redness, particularly between the smaller toes, with i-t-c-h-i-n-g—or a moist, thick skin condition—or, again, a dryness with scales.

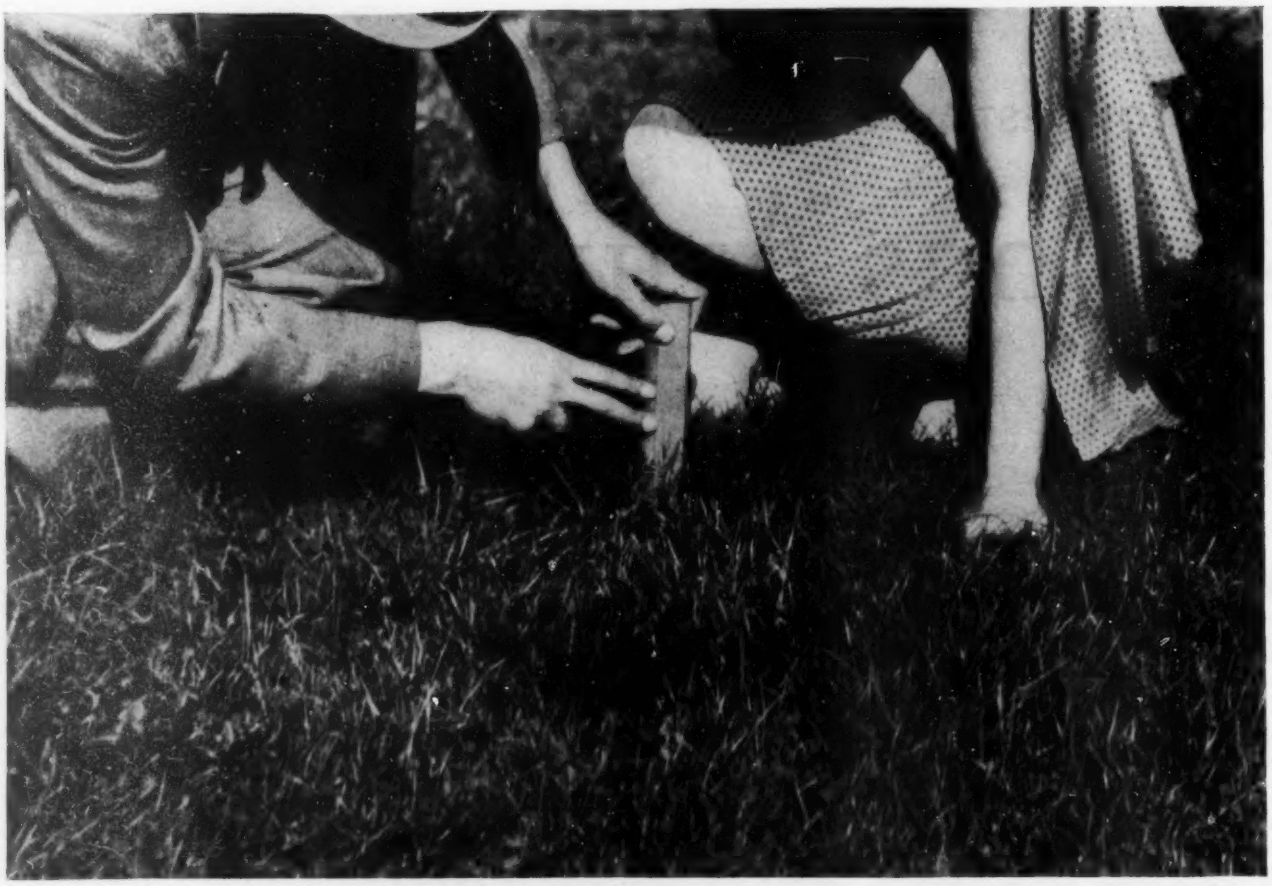
Read the symptoms printed below at the left very carefully. At the first sign of *any one* of these distress signals* begin the free use of Absorbine Jr. on the affected areas—douse it on morning and night *and after every exposure of your bare feet to any damp or wet floors, even in your own bathroom.*

Absorbine Jr. is so widely known and used that you can get it at all drug stores. Price $1.25. For free sample write

W. F. YOUNG, INC.
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Absorbine Jr.

FOR YEARS HAS RELIEVED SORE MUSCLES, MUSCULAR ACHES, BRUISES, BURNS, CUTS, SPRAINS, ABRASIONS.



THIS photograph shows the fine, thick growth of grass on the new lawn of Mrs. M. Herbert Eisenhart, of Fairport, N. Y.—secured in six weeks after seeding. Three days before seeding, this lawn was treated with Lōma.

"In less than six weeks—
my new lawn was a rich carpet of green"

LAST YEAR Mrs. M. Herbert Eisenhart, of Fairport, New York, requested her gardener to build a new lawn area at her country home.

"I leveled off the entire area and prepared it for seeding," says Mrs. Eisenhart's gardener. "Then I bought a bag of Lōma, and also the best of grass seed.

"Three days before I sowed the seed, I applied Lōma to nourish the soil. As it happened, the supply of Lōma ran out before all the soil was treated. Rather than wait until additional Lōma arrived, I sowed the seed over the entire plot, part of which was treated with Lōma—and part wasn't."

In speaking of the results, Mrs. Eisenhart herself says:

"The difference was surprising, for both parts had been sown with seed from the same bag.

"The part where no Lōma had been used, looked patchy. The growth, by comparison, slow and poor.

"But on the Lōma-treated area the effects of feeding were apparent in two weeks, and in less than six weeks that part of my new lawn was a rich carpet of green."

⁂

Mrs. Eisenhart's experience tallies with that of home-owners all over the country. Three or four days before seeding a new lawn, Lōma should be applied at the rate of from 16 to 20 pounds for a plot 20 feet by 20 feet, and then raked through the top soil. After this the area should be wet down thoroughly with a light spray. In three or four days the ground will be ready for the grass seed.

On lawns already built, the effect of Lōma shows within ten days; greener, sturdier grass that crowds out weeds. This rich plant food benefits gardens, too; vegetables grow bigger, and blooms become brighter, more beautiful.

You can get this new scientific plant food in any quantity, large or small, from any store or establishment dealing in lawn and garden supplies. Tennessee Copper & Chemical Corporation, New York, N. Y.

Lōma-FED
UNFED
Lōma
A scientifically prepared plant food for
LAWNS
SHRUBBERY
POTTED PLANTS
FLOWER GARDENS
VEGETABLE GARDENS
TREES

Superb results on flowers

F. W. Godfrey, Oradell, New Jersey, twice winner of Awards of Merit, at the International Flower Show, is noted particularly for his African Daisies. Lōma *was applied to one part of a bed of daisies, while the other part of the bed was left unfed. "Before two weeks had passed there was a noticeable difference," said Mr. Godfrey. "Not only were the fed plants much larger, but they were also an unusually rich color.* Lōma *certainly produces results quickly."*

Lōma

beautifies Lawns *and* Gardens

© 1930, T. C. & C. Corp.

(Continued from Page 154)

less over the face of the earth and more into its depths. Rightly or wrongly, it has decided that it can no longer absorb alien elements, and has declared that the present proportion of racial stocks must be kept, at least for a time—for time enough to integrate the nation. Because no political revolution has accompanied these changes, the assumption remains that the United States is as it was a century ago and the change from expansion to concentration is neglected. What was loose has been tightened and what always changed—the personnel of the citizens, their habits of life—has now become fixed.

The assumption of the libertarians is that if Jefferson were alive today he would hold to the ideas he had in 1790. Certainly if he had the temperament of a liberal he would fight against the encroachments of power where power need not go. But it belittles a great man to believe that he was incapable of change. Jefferson foresaw authority creeping out of the larger cities and the industrial centers; he preferred the rural community, but if he were placed in the White House today, he would have little time for preferences and less for theories. The fact of a changed America—America changed in the direction Hamilton foresaw and preferred—would compel him to a revision of theory and ideals.

It is difficult to abandon an ideal which has never been put into practice. Pure Marxism held the passionate devotion of millions of people for generations, and the cynic might have called its followers bigoted and conservative, because, while monarchy was losing its absolute hold and even democracy was changing its form, they clung to a gospel of the dead. It was only after it became a practical system of government that Marxism changed into new economic policies. But complete freedom has never been tried and the ideal of the utmost possible freedom of the individual has always been forced to compromise with the necessities of the state. It retains, therefore, a sort of virgin purity, an unearthly glamour.

Circumventing Traffic Dangers

And this glamour has often deluded the true believers. They feel, more than anyone else, the nobility of the Jeffersonian ideal, for example, and use it as a weapon against federalized power. The brute power of fact, the existence of a hundred million people who are careless and incompetent and wasteful and perhaps dangerous, becomes an enemy to the liberal who is facing backward. He is an idealist who sees a goal at the end of the road, but it is not the road on which the hundred million can possibly travel, since it is a road built on a cowpath, and the hundred million have no cows.

Quite near New York a town has been built on a new plan. The most highly publicized feature of it is that children can go to school and to play in the numerous parks without ever crossing a motor highway. The belittler of modern progress will consider this an escape and will mock at the negative virtue, reminding us, perhaps incorrectly, that Athens would never have taken pride in such a thing. The point is, however, that the new town is not the product of liberal ideals so much as it is the product of enlightened architecture and engineering and city planning. No romanticism about the return of the horse and buggy inspired the town and, I suspect, very little hatred of the motor car. The problem of motor traffic was solved by the application of other forces as modern as itself.

The bearing is clear. A few generations ago the labor union was a focal point of liberalism, although the labor union intensely disliked the idea of the individual worker making terms with the individual employer. A half century earlier the hand worker, as opposed to the machine worker, enrolled the sympathy of liberals—and the prejudice remains to this day in the use of "handmade" as a synonym for "superior." It is quite possible that, as the power of the state increases, the right of the capitalist to the use of his money and factories and shops may rally the individualist liberals. Yet the inevitable thing, foreshadowed in Italy and in America, is that the problems of producing and distributing goods will be solved without much respect for either side. The scientists and the engineers will discover what is now called the optimum system, and the optimum, the best, will not be the best exclusively for any single party to the agreement.

At moments of crisis we are familiar with such vast reorganizations as war-industries boards and the industrial conferences called by President Hoover in 1929. We hardly note the degree in which they interfere with private liberty until after the crisis has passed, and then we are anxious to remove from the books all the statutes obnoxious to us. But as the ordinary life of the average man touches more and more upon the lives of others, and as industry and commerce become more highly organized, the crisis becomes a permanent state. No statute now on the books forbids the three greatest steelworks in America from closing down tomorrow; the greatest motor works can, in fact, close down while a new model car is being created. But if the owners of the steelworks became suddenly whimsical and began a series of unannounced and unpredictable closings, the way would probably be found to keep them open, just as the way now exists to keep interstate railroads running. The balance of productive life in America is too delicate to allow for purely anarchistic displacements, and when a government can ask the producers of oil to cut down their supply, it is not far from ordering them to do so.

Theoretically, the Government is farsighted and its plans for 1950 interfere with any individual's plans for 1930. It is here that the liberal protest is of the highest value, for the liberal repeats and insists that the man of 1930 has also some rights. If the liberal did not exist—as a separate individual or as part of each of us—to protest and fight against encroachments, the sheer weight of power would crush us at once. A century ago, power was more distributed than it is now, and was less scientific; but because we have enjoyed railroads and steam heat and electric power, we have delivered ourselves into the hands of the engineers.

We are in their hands also because we have become a great nation, because eventually we must import wheat, because we like radios, and because we are too busy making money and enjoying life to master the enormous technical difficulties of life. The old-line liberal still protests and points to our ignorance, for most of us do not know how a printed calico is made, or the design on a necktie, or how the telephone works.

The mockery gets us nowhere, and it is left to the engineers to reduce their vast enterprises to simpler terms; so that we may have television and carbonating machines in our houses without knowing the difference between a washer and a coil. The more they do for us, the more we put our lives in their hands.

Science That's Popular

And because the engineers have to work with their eyes on a more distant future, it is inevitable that when they arrive at full authority their interference will be greater than any we now know. They will combine with the psychologists and find out things about us we neither know nor want to know. They will work on our obscure habits and our unconscious needs, and find ways of satisfying us which may, at the beginning, make life an intolerable burden.

If we are to have any help from the liberals, it will not be in the way of repeating ancient formulæ. It will be in the way of finding principles as noble as those of Jefferson and as applicable to our own time as Jefferson's were to his. The misfortune is that the liberal who is often enthusiastic about the science which reveals human nature is hostile to the science which rehandles raw material—he prefers the psychoanalyst to the chemical engineer. He knows that the chemical engineer and the physicist may work for governments and create deadly gases; he knows that vast foundations, representing millions of dollars—the hated vested interests—engage scientists and engineers, and he distrusts their findings. But the fact that an efficiency engineer found a way to make steel workers do twice as much work without loss of energy could be turned to two uses—the use of slavery and the use of freedom. Those who foresee the freedom and bring it to pass are the true liberals. When they abdicate, the technicians, the engineers and the tyrants have their own way. The oddity is that the engineers may destroy the tyrants without the help of the liberals' principles.

ADAM'S GRANDPARENT

(Continued from Page 18)

except at the risk of having his face scratched; so, being a tactful gentleman, he tried making her ridiculous. It was a hot day and he borrowed an umbrella and gallantly held it over her head while the onlookers hugely enjoyed the performance. But the old lady only settled herself more determinedly and screamed even louder. Then Doctor Andersson bethought himself of his camera, an instrument guaranteed to make any Chinese woman step lively. He politely explained to the spectators that without doubt the old lady would like to have her picture taken while she was sitting in the hole. That was too much! Before the camera could be focused, she leaped out, screaming with rage. But even though she had been routed from her strategic position, she continued to create such a disturbance that Andersson's native assistants advised him to retire, leaving the enemy in possession of the field until the smoke of battle had lifted.

In 1921, Doctor Andersson opened a small fossil deposit twenty-five miles southwest of Peking, in the region of the beautiful Western Hills. On one of his visits to the locality, Walter Granger accompanied him as a guest. A native brought them a few fossil bones to sell, and the men went with him to the place from which they had been obtained, near the village of Chou Kou Tien. In this quiet way was discovered the most important spot in the world from the standpoint of man's ancestry. During the excavation Doctor Andersson found a few bits of quartz which were foreign to the immediate deposit. He thought that they might indicate the presence of artifacts—stone implements shaped by human hands. He said: "In this spot is primitive man. All we have to do is to find him!" It was a dramatic prophecy, as events have proved. The beds were partly explored by Dr. O. Zdansky, an Austrian paleontologist employed by the Geological Survey, and the fossils were studied by him in Upsala, Sweden.

In this collection Doctor Zdansky found two teeth which evidently represented a primitive human type. One was an immature left lower premolar; the other a worn right upper molar. The discovery was announced at a meeting in honor of H. R. H. the Crown Prince of Sweden, who was then visiting Peking.

I happened to be in London at the time. Dr. Arthur Smith Woodward, the famous English anatomist, was lunching with me when the letter was brought in. We were

GEISLER'S
GENUINE IMPORTED
ROLLER SEED
A SCIENTIFICALLY BALANCED FOOD FOR ALL KINDS OF CANARIES, ESPECIALLY GERMAN ROLLER CANARIES. PREPARED BY MAX GEISLER, AMERICA'S GREATEST BIRD EXPERT ACCORDING TO HIS OWN SECRET FORMULA
12 OZ.
THE FOOD THAT WILL KEEP CANARIES IN PERFECT HEALTH AND SINGING CONDITION THE YEAR ROUND. IT WILL SOFTEN AND IMPROVE THE VOICE OF YOUR OWN BIRD AND MAKE HIM SING.

Let your Canary tell you the Difference in Seed

Bird seed, to you or anyone, looks alike. You don't eat it, so you can't tell the difference. But your bird will quickly voice his approval of Geisler's Roller Seed, in sweet, full-throated song. Mrs. J. Mealy, Popular, Wis., says: "To prove whether it was your roller seed and bird biscuit I changed, and my bird stopped singing." At drug stores, department stores and pet shops at regular prices.

Max Geisler's Bird Book

FREE Booklet on Care of Canaries

Max Geisler's Own Bird Book, "The Care of Canaries," will be sent absolutely free to bird lovers. Write today.

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GEISLER
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50 Geisler
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130 Cooper
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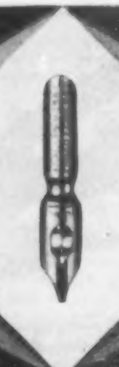
ESTABLISHED IN 1888



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Frances Moore
Broad-Edge Pen

May we send you free samples of the pens that give the best results in —Manuscript Writing— now so widely adopted?

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349 Broadway
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COLORFUL COLORADO

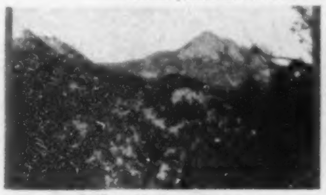
Uncompahgre Peak, Uncompahgre National Forest

NATIONAL FORESTS BELONG TO YOU!

The Government set up a Forest Service to conserve timber, water supply, grazing lands and other natural resources. In Colorado, though, National Forests mean more than conservation. They cover one-fifth of the state's area and form a gigantic playground, used all the year. They constitute one delightful phase of Colorado's many-sided life. You should learn of Colorado's offerings to you by a vacation trip here. Send for new Colorado book now.

THE COLORADO ASSOCIATION

Tell your grocer now that you are going to demand the richer-flavored Colorado melons next summer and fall



In Pike National Forest

In San Juan National Forest

THE KEY STATE OF THE NEW WEST

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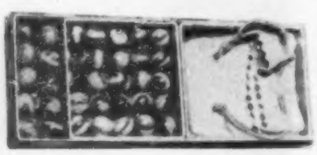

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I shall be glad to have my son take advantage of your business training.
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both enormously interested in the report, particularly because of its bearing on the Asiatic theory of man's origin.

But the world as a whole didn't get very thrilled by the discovery of those two teeth. As a matter of fact, the newspapers, which usually seize avidly upon anything connected with missing links, gave it the scantiest space. A tooth, or even two of them, are hardly enough for anyone except a scientist to get excited about. I suppose most of the people who read the notice said: "Oh, yes, another tooth! Now they'll build up a whole skeleton from that. They'll tell us even what he ate for breakfast the morning of his death!"

Personally I got very excited. Those two teeth represented the first human fossil material accompanied by certain geological data that had ever been discovered on the Asiatic continent north of the Himalaya Mountains. That meant more to me, perhaps, than to the usual investigator, because I had banked on the Asiatic theory of man's origin. I had banked on it to the extent of organizing the Central Asiatic Expedition and spending several years of my life in the Gobi Desert.

Doctor Bohlin Finds a Tooth

More than that, it immediately brought to mind the remarks of a celebrated German paleontologist, Schlosser, who, in 1903, had described a worn tooth which he believed to be human. That specimen had been purchased in a Peking drug shop, but no one knew where it came from originally. Schlosser pointed out that in the future we could expect to find some humanlike type of anthropoid that had lived in China during the early part of the Ice Age.

Dr. Davidson Black, professor of anatomy in the Peking Union Medical College, was so impressed by Zdansky's discovery that he persuaded the Rockefeller Foundation to donate money to carry on the investigation of the Chou Kou Tien deposit. An arrangement was made with the Chinese Geological Survey, who quite properly claimed the site, to work in coöperation, they to own the specimens but he to study and describe them. For the actual direction of the field work he brought out Dr. Birger Bohlin, a young paleontologist, from Sweden.

Operations were begun in April, 1927. That was a memorable summer for those of us who live in China. Anti-foreign feeling had burst into flame over all the country. The British Concession in Hankow had been forcibly taken by Chinese soldiers. Borodin and his corps of Bolshevik propagandists were directing events in the South. Chiang Kai-sheh, in command of the Nationalist armies, moved on Shanghai. Nanking was looted and many foreigners killed. The Chinese, flushed with success, intended to drive all foreigners out of China. Lieutenant Knowles, an officer of the East Yorkshire Regiment, left Peking on a walking trip to the Western Hills and was never heard of again. A correspondent of the London Times likewise disappeared. News of foreigners being murdered came every week. A wholesale massacre was averted only by the prompt action of the British, who sent ships and troops to Shanghai. Eventually they were followed by many other nations. Altogether it was a most unhealthy atmosphere in which to carry on peaceful scientific pursuits.

Still Doctor Bohlin remained on the job. He was continually visited by bands of Chinese soldiery, all of whom are potential brigands. For weeks he was isolated, although only twenty-five miles from Peking. He never could be sure that he would live to see another day.

But the young scientist would not give up. For six months he worked at the excavation, which proved to be of much greater magnitude than had at first been anticipated. Fissures in the limestone rock had been filled with sediments in which were fossil bones of many animals. Many tons of material were removed. Some great blocks containing bones were taken out intact; much loose débris was sifted for possible loose teeth. Valuable animal fossils were found, but not a trace of human remains.

On the afternoon of October sixteenth, three days before the work was to be ended for the season, Doctor Bohlin made an important discovery. Embedded in the face of the exposure was another human tooth. It lay close to the spot where the first two teeth had been found.

On the way back to Peking he was stopped a dozen times by soldiers. They little knew that he was carrying one of the world's most valuable specimens in his waistcoat pocket. When he reached the city we went straight to Doctor Black. Even his wife did not know that he had returned. At seven o'clock in the evening he delivered the tooth.

Doctor Black began to study the specimen almost at once. He found that it was the left lower molar of an individual about eight years old, and definitely human in character. He entered upon a most exhaustive study, comparing it point by point with teeth of a Chinese child of the same age, of a chimpanzee, and with three early human types, the Piltdown Man, the Heidelberg Man and Neanderthal Man. Also with two ancient fossil apes believed to be in the ancestral primate stock.

Like myself, Doctor Black works best at night. Now and then I used to discover him, in the small hours of a Peking morning, out for a breath of air. We might drop in for a bite to eat at an all-night restaurant. Then I'd hear the latest bulletin of the tooth.

Dave Black, you must know, does not live up to the popular conception of a professor. I often complain to him about it. He doesn't wear big, horn-rimmed spectacles and a black alpaca coat or a beard. And he doesn't talk in words of five syllables when he asks you to pass the salt. He can, but he doesn't. He is just a regular fellow. He went with me on the first trip of the Central Asiatic Expedition to Mongolia, and I know. He is one of the sort of men I can best describe by saying that he can eat anything, drink anything and smoke anything. He isn't very big, but when he gets his canine teeth into a piece of antelope steak, even his friend, the Peking Man, would have had to retire way, way back into his primeval cave. And coffee! He was responsible for making me order an extra hundred pounds when we got to Urga. He set such an example to the rest of the expedition that I was sure we would run short before the season ended.

Sinanthropus, Sui Generis

With all these human virtues, he is one of the best-equipped men mentally whom I know. He simply devours work, and when he arrives at the point of making definite statements about the Peking Man and his relatives, I, for one, back him to the limit. His paper on the tooth was completed in record time. It showed pretty clearly that the Peking Man warranted the distinction of a separate genus of its own, *Sinanthropus*, distinct from the genus *Homo* of modern man. It showed many other things which I will speak of later, when future finds have demonstrated the soundness of his reasoning.

It was a masterly dissertation, and Doctor Black went off on a well-earned vacation to Europe and America. Loaned by the Survey, the tooth accompanied him, carried in an ingenious receptacle in his waistcoat pocket. It was literally chained to him. None of the crown jewels was ever handled more carefully than that little brown tooth!

Doctor Black showed the tooth to most of the world's foremost authorities on human evolution. They were impressed. But after all, a tooth is only a tooth, even if it does show to the specialist a good deal more than meets the eye of the uninitiated. There is a distinct limit to what can be deduced from such scanty evidence. Most of the eminent anatomists preferred to wait

(Continued on Page 160)

New Screen Grid Power Speaker Radio *at* NEW LOW PRICES

WITH the perfection and presentation of the new Crosley "Companionship" Series there is ushered in a new era in the development of radio receiving sets for the home. It is now possible to obtain radio receiving sets, complete in magnificent low console utility cabinets with improved power speakers built in, using Screen Grid tubes, having Neutrodyne circuits, and operating from electric light sockets, at prices so low that everyone can afford to have one.

Newly Designed Low Console Utility Cabinets

The cabinets of wood, illustrated here in the "Chum", "Playmate" and "Comrade" models are distinct innovations in radio cabinet design and construction. They serve many purposes in the home other than as mere containers for radio receiving sets and speakers, readily lending themselves to use as end tables, bedside tables and occasional tables. They are easily moved from place to place in the home due to their lowness and light weight.

Improved Dynacone and Dynacoil Speakers

Improved speakers of two types give a diffused non-directional grand piano effect. In the "Buddy" and "Chum" the improved and refined Crosley Dynacone power speaker is used. The "Playmate" and "Comrade" incorporate the perfected Type "M" Crosley Dynacoil power speaker. In all cases the speakers are mounted on or in the bottoms of the cabinets, diffusing the sound into the room instead of blasting it into the faces of the listeners. This mounting of the speakers makes possible better looking and lower cabinets. It eliminates the disfiguring speaker opening in the front and, in the "Playmate" and "Comrade" models, makes it possible to keep the doors closed when the sets are in use.

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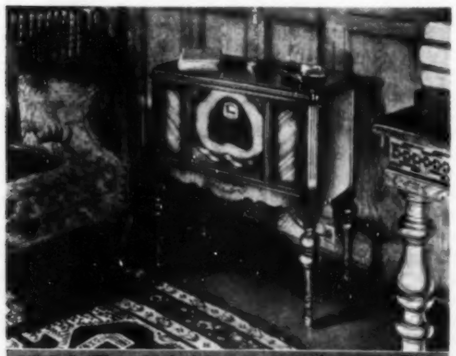
Much of the beautiful tone of these new Crosley "Companionship" Models can be attributed to the suggestion and help of such noted artists as Alma Gluck, Edith Mason, Efrem Zimbalist, Jose Mojica, George Gershwin, and others equally famous. With Crosley sets in their homes these artists "listen in", comment, advise, and give Crosley engineers the invaluable benefit of their opinions. In this manner, the tone quality of Crosley radio is developed and constantly improved to a richness, color and naturalness that mechanical tests alone could never attain. And this beautiful tone is exclusive with Crosley.

All Models Screen Grid Neutrodyne A.C. Electric

All Crosley "Companionship" radio sets incorporate Screen Grid radio frequency amplification. Screen Grid tubes give amplification of fifty times per stage, while the older type of tubes cannot be relied upon to give amplification greater than eight to twelve times per stage. Crosley radio sets are built under the Neutrodyne patents and incorporate the advantages of the Neutrodyne circuits.

Most Amazing Radio Values Ever Offered

Just look at the illustrations of the new Crosley "Companionship" Series shown here—read the descriptions of chassis, speakers, and cabinets—then determine for yourself whether or not they represent the most amazing radio values ever offered. These new "Companionship" models, with their unusual features, will readily become true companions in the homes of millions.



THE CHUM $75

less tubes

Screen Grid—Neutrodyne Power Speaker

This set brings a new key-note in radio furniture design. It is a useful, inconspicuous, low table for use anywhere. It is constructed of 3 and 5-ply walnut veneer with matched oriental walnut front panels. The center panel is of rich golden maple. The dial panel attached to the chassis is recessed and of rich burl walnut finish. The heavy top and moulding enhance the appearance of the cabinet. Do not confuse this cabinet with cheap all-gum affairs stained to imitate walnut. An improved Dynacone moving armature electro magnetic power speaker is concealed in the cabinet. The radio set itself is new. It is designed to use six tubes—two Screen Grid No. 224, one No. 227 as a bias type power detector feeding into two No. 171-A's connected push-pull, and a No. 280 rectifier tube. This set has an illuminated dial marked numerically from 0 to 100 in black, with kilocycle readings in red. Has built-in power supply unit incorporating genuine trouble-free Mershon condenser. The dimensions of the "Chum" are: 28½" high x 26½" long x 14" deep. The startlingly low price is only $75.00, less tubes.

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It has been estimated that there is about 73 million dollars spent each year in broadcasting entertaining, amusing and educational programs through the 600 or more radio broadcasting stations of America. Every minute, every hour of the day and night, the world's greatest artists are saturating the very air you breathe, the atmosphere around and through your home, with musical entertainment, information, amusement and educational features.

A slim wire for an antennae, a ground connection to a water pipe, an inexpensive receiving set, and you are ready to tap the ether and bring in any selection of programs to suit your moods or tastes. All this entertainment costs you nothing—yet if you do not have a really satisfactory radio set you are missing the value of the 73 million dollars spent each year to entertain and amuse you.

The price of one night's entertainment at the theatre will pay the cost of a thousand nights of entertainment by radio. A radio receiving set purchased today will put you in tune with the world. The cost is small—the value to you is great.

THE PLAYMATE $90

less tubes

Screen Grid—Neutrodyne Power Speaker

THE BUDDY $55

less tubes

Screen Grid—Neutrodyne Power Speaker

This handsome model has a metal case with panels in beautiful burl walnut effect. The trim is silver and ebony inlay finish. The legs as shown are standard equipment, making the over-all height 24 inches. An improved Crosley Dynacone power speaker is included at the price, and is installed under the cabinet. The "Buddy" is recommended for use as an end table for the couch, a side table for the reading chair, a bedside table, or as an occasional piece to be placed out in the middle of the room.

The radio set itself is new. It is designed to use six tubes—two Screen Grid No. 224, one No. 227 as a bias type power detector feeding into two No. 171-A's connected push-pull, and a No. 280 rectifier tube. This set has an illuminated dial marked numerically from 0 to 100 in black, with kilocycle readings in red. Has built-in power supply unit incorporating genuine trouble-free Mershon condenser. Never before has a Screen Grid, Neutrodyne, A. C., floor-type radio set, equipped with power speaker, been sold at anything like this low price of $55.00, less tubes. The dimensions of the "Buddy" are: 24" high, 17¾" long, 10½" deep.

The PLAYMATE This beautiful wood model, shown to the left, is built of two-tone walnut veneer. The swing doors are of diagonal matched veneer. The heavy top and moulding enhance the beauty of the cabinet. This set incorporates the seven-tube refined Crosley Monotrad chassis. It uses two Screen Grid tubes No. 224, one No. 227 tube as a bias type detector, one No. 227 resistance coupled first audio, two No. 245 tubes in push-pull, and one rectifier No. 280. The "Playmate" incorporates the latest refined Crosley Type "M" Dynacoil power speaker, concealed in the cabinet. The dimensions of the "Playmate" are: 29¼" high, 28" long, 16¾" deep. Nothing ever approached this big value at only $90.00, less tubes.

The COMRADE This set is enclosed in the same cabinet as the "Playmate" but incorporates the refined Crosley Unitrad eight-tube chassis, giving somewhat greater sensitivity and performance due to the use of three Screen Grid tubes instead of two. It is recommended for use in those places where maximum sensitivity and volume are required for distant stations. The dimensions of the "Comrade" are the same as the "Playmate". You've never seen so much value in radio for only . . . . **$105.00** Less Tubes

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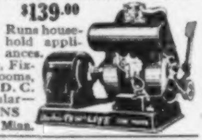

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(Continued from Page 158)

until more data were available before making any pronouncements upon the Peking Man.

Doctor Black returned to China in the autumn of 1928. The excavations at Chou Kou Tien were continued by Doctor Bohlin, Doctor Young and Mr. Pei. They had great success. Most important was the right half of an adult jaw containing three molar teeth in position, and the sockets of three others preserved; also there were twenty or more teeth from individuals of various ages, and the chin portion of a child's jaw; in addition, several fragments of the parietal bones of the skull of an adult and that of a child.

This wealth of new material made us all realize that almost anything might be expected from this superb deposit. Evidently it was not the result of stream action, as was at first supposed, but was an actual dwelling cave. The remains of so many individuals in a single spot could hardly mean anything else.

The jaw furnished most important information. It is extraordinarily apelike and yet the teeth are distinctly human. A similar condition in the jaw of the Piltdown Man of England gave rise to a bitter scientific controversy which this gentleman from Peking will settle pretty definitely. The famous skull known as the Piltdown Man was found in 1912 at Piltdown, Sussex, by a geologist, Charles Dawson. It lay in a gravel bed which was being dug for roadmaking purposes, and workmen had scattered the skull with their picks. About two-thirds of the brain case was recovered and fitted together by Dr. Arthur Smith Woodward, who named it *Eoanthropus dawsoni*—the dawn man. In the same stratum, three feet from a part of the skull, lay the right half of a jaw. This was what caused all the trouble. The two molar teeth are more human than ape, although they are relatively longer and narrower than those of modern man. But the jaw, with its extremely receding chin, is more ape than human. In fact, it resembles nothing so much as the jaw of a young chimpanzee. Some anatomists contended that the jaw did not belong to the skull; that it had been washed in with other animal bones in the river drift. Others maintained that the two were of the same individual.

The controversy became heated. Scientists are just as human as anyone else, and one Britisher and one American hurled broadsides at each other across the Atlantic through the medium of their respective national scientific journals. The rest rather stood on the sidelines and watched the fireworks. Finally the contending parties became distinctly personal. They even expressed in public their opinions of the other fellow's brain capacity. It really was most amusing. At the end the majority of those men competent to judge agreed that the skull and jaw did belong together and that the Piltdown Man was a remarkable early human type with very thick skull bones and an apelike jaw.

Before Man Acquired a Chin

Another specimen which bears this out is the famous Heidelberg jaw, found in 1907, in Germany. It is a remarkably massive jaw, bearing definitely human teeth, but with a recessive chin. Had the teeth not been present, it would have been impossible to diagnose the jaw as human.

Now comes the Peking Man of about the same geological age as the other two, with a jaw of much the same character. Most fortunately, there cannot be the slightest question that the jaws of the Peking Man belong with the associated remains of the type. Therefore, Doctor Black is certainly correct when he says that it is evident that "in the human family teeth of distinctive human type were developed long before the jaw architecture lost its apelike form."

We say that a man has a firm or determined chin when his symphyseal region is prominent. I hardly think that we can safely deduce what the will power of our primitive relatives was from the chins which they have left us as a legacy. Nevertheless, we do know beyond doubt that as the human race developed, the chin became a really important feature of the face. It accompanied, in a way, mental development; thus, in the Neanderthals—a race of men who lived more than a hundred thousand years ago and were hunters of the mammoth and cave bear and woolly rhinoceros—the chin is in just about the halfway stage between ape and modern humans.

But to return to the story of the Peking Man. The jaw, as I have said, showed much of importance. The many teeth confirmed all Doctor Black's conclusions as to the genus *Sinanthropus* and its distinctly human character. The fragments of skull demonstrated that the Peking Man was a relatively large-brained type. In fact, his "cranial capacity was well within the range of normal variation of this character in modern man."

Work at Chou Kou Tien continued throughout the summer of 1929. Doctor Bohlin had left to go exploring with a division of Dr. Sven Hedin's expedition to Chinese Turkestan. The excavations were in charge of Mr. W. C. Pei.

Meeting the Peking Man

Early in December, 1929, I was present at a farewell tiffin given at the club to a retiring member of the British Legation. Doctor Black was there. When the last speaker had told the guest of honor for the last time how sorry we were to have him go, and the last glass of port had been drunk, I saw Dave Black signaling to me across the table. A moment later he said:

"Roy, we've got a skull. Pei found it on December second."

He didn't have to explain what kind of skull. I knew that it could only be the Peking Man. I bundled him into my car and we drove to the Medical College. Two other nonscientific friends followed in another motor. On the way he told me that a new section of the Chou Kou Tien deposit had been opened. Apparently this was a part of the dwelling cave where the bones were but slightly damaged by the pressure of rock and débris. A rhinoceros skull lay close to the human remains.

In Doctor Black's laboratory I saw the specimen. There it was, the skull of a man who lived perhaps a million years ago, the most important evidence in the whole history of human evolution! He couldn't have been a very impressive individual when he was alive, but dead and fossilized he was awe-inspiring. The base of the cranium was still inclosed in a block of hard travertine, but the remainder was exposed. It is almost perfect except for the face, which is gone. Although the individual was a young adult, the sutures are distinct. When I thought of the pitiful fragments of other primitive human types which scientists have studied for so many weary hours, this superb uncrushed specimen seemed an embarrassment of riches. It would tell so much of what is true about the beginning of those peculiar beings called men, who dominate the earth today.

While we stood there, in came Père Teilhard de Chardin. Everyone in the scientific world knows this brilliant Jesuit father, but perhaps not many beyond those realms. He is a great savant, a brilliant paleontologist, an indefatigable searcher for the truth of human evolution. It was he who found another tooth of the Piltdown Man a year after the first discovery. At the edge of the Ordos Desert in China he dug up the first implements of the Paleolithic, or Old Stone Age, known from Asia. Teilhard is an old friend of Black's and mine. With him we rejoiced exceedingly.

This article is being written just after the public announcement of the great discovery. The skull has been partially removed from the inclosing matrix, but fragments in other blocks of travertine have not yet been exposed. It is possible that some of the facial parts may be there. Of course scientific study of the material has not yet

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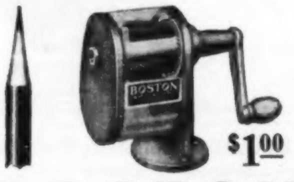

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begun. It will be months before any final pronouncements can be made. There are, however, certain generalities which may be stated definitely.

The age of the Peking Man can be positively fixed as the very beginning of the Pleistocene, or Ice Age. This is most important because in both the Piltdown Man and Java Ape Man—*Pithecanthropus*—the geological position is uncertain. After years of discussion authorities still disagree. They may or may not be as old as the Peking Man. Probably not. "The beginning of the Pleistocene" does not mean much to the average layman. The inevitable question comes: "How many years?" Geologists always shy at that. They don't like to commit themselves, because they do not know. There are two widely recognized ways of estimating geological time, and neither is very satisfactory. One would put the beginning of the Pleistocene at half a million years; another at twice that long. Probably the latter is more nearly right than the former. Visualize, if you can, a million years as the age of the Peking Man and you won't be far wrong.

A Submoron at Best

Science now has, for the first time, a very primitive human cranium which is complete; one in which the bones are in their original position, uncrushed; not even distorted. Of the Java Man we have only the skull cap, in addition to the teeth and the femur. The remainder of the cranium had to be restored according to the individual ideas of different scientists. The same applies to the Piltdown Man—considerably more of the skull was preserved, but it was broken. The Heidelberg Man is represented only by the jaw. There will be no guesswork about the Peking Man.

In a short time Doctor Black can tell us exactly what was his brain capacity. Almost certainly it will prove to be well within the range of variation of modern man.

The Peking skull demonstrates in a most satisfying way that the deductions made from the previous fragmentary material are correct. It is a vindication of science. The important characters are present and accounted for, just as anatomists said they would be. Of course the Peking Man has a very receding forehead. It would have been a distinct shock to scientists if he had not. It means that the prefrontal area of the brain, where the higher mental faculties are located, was only slightly developed.

The Peking Man was not very intelligent. Had he lived today he would have been complimented to be called a moron. He had a very limited faculty of profiting by experience. His power of attention, self-control, conduct, and the other requisites of an acceptable member of modern society were sadly lacking. Had he been invited by some lion-hunting hostess to a dinner party, doubtless he would have gobbled all the food within reach and made it a very disagreeable evening for the other guests. Still, he was distinctly better off than *Pithecanthropus*. There is a little rounded swelling in his forehead which shows that our friend from Peking had begun to think. Most important it is too. When a brain cast is made, it is going to tell an interesting story about the development of his prefrontal region.

The posterior part of the skull demonstrates that his brain was advanced over that of *Pithecanthropus*. The parietal eminences are distinct and the vault is higher. In all primitive human and anthropoid types there is a comparatively great development of the central and back parts of the brain, because these sections control muscular action and sensory impressions. Naturally, humans that were virtually in an animal stage must have good control of arms, legs and body, and excellent eyesight, taste, smell and hearing. Thus the skull of the Peking Man approaches a modern human in the development of its posterior part. Moreover, it foreshadows in the small frontal bulge the brain growth which enabled his descendants to dominate the earth.

The massive eyebrow ridges of the Peking Man are like those in *Pithecanthropus*. Strangely enough, in the Piltdown Man apparently these were lacking. When the base of the skull is freed from rock, a good many important things can be learned. For instance, the foramen magnum, through which passes the spinal cord, and the occipital condyles which articulate the skull with the backbone, will tell in what position he held his head. Probably he didn't have a very erect carriage. His head must have projected forward in a rather unbeautiful manner, according to our way of thinking. Even if his mother had continually slapped him on the back when he was very young and told him to hold his head up straight, it wouldn't have done much good. He wasn't built that way.

The new site of the Chou Kou Tien deposit where the skull was found has been only partly excavated. Work has stopped for the winter. Next spring it will begin again and almost anything may be discovered. Doubtless this was a dwelling cave, and I confidently expect that parts of the skeleton may come to light. If only a foot could be found, it would be a great boon to science. We don't ask much—just an astragalus in preference to any other single bone. For one thing, it would help to settle that bothersome question of the migration of the big toe about which so many learned discussions have taken place. You may be certain that every anthropologist in Christendom will be praying for a foot this winter.

The archæologists will pray just as devoutly for some indication of artifacts; something to tell whether or not a man in his stage of mental development had begun to use stone for tools and weapons. Thus far, not a sign of an eolith has been discovered. Père Teilhard de Chardin has examined the deposit with just that end in view. It would have to be a very elusive eolith to escape his trained eye. Eoliths, so called, are not honest-to-goodness implements. They are pieces of stone of such natural shape that a being of low intelligence might utilize them for tools by striking off a few flakes. If the Peking Man did use eoliths, they ought to be somewhere in that dwelling cave. He may have been in the wood stage. That is, he may not have had brains enough to use stone, but he did utilize sticks. Most archæologists believe that a wood culture preceded the Stone Age.

Artifacts and Theories

Just how much eoliths were used by primitive humans is a disputed point. The archæologist of the Central Asiatic Expedition, N. C. Nelson, would, I believe, look with suspicion upon the finest eolith ever discovered. He found that our camel caravan could make excellent eoliths with their feet when they crossed the desert where there were certain kinds of rock. Their heavy bodies and great flat feet would crush stones one against another in such a way that flakes were struck off and a bulb of percussion made. Still, I always say that Nelson is probably the most conservative scientist out of captivity.

Some years ago, J. Reid Moir found flints near Ipswich, England, which he believed to have been used by primitive humans. These were from the Pliocene, at the close of the Age of Mammals, the geological period just preceding that in which the Peking Man lived. The authenticity of these eoliths is still questioned. Sir E. Ray Lankester believed in them. Professor Osborn, Abbé Henri Breuil, and the late Dr. Louis Capitan assert that they actually are artifacts. Even in the face of this weighty authority, some other scientists are distinctly skeptical.

With all that, indications point to the fact that the Peking Man may have had intelligence enough to use bits of stone as implements, even if none is found in this deposit. Whether or not he used fire cannot be ascertained as yet, although about 10,000 cubic meters of material have been examined. No such indications have been discovered, but future excavations may give some clew.

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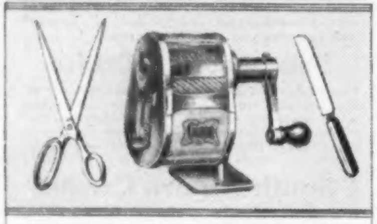

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We can picture these primitive humans of Peking living in the caves of the beautiful Western Hills. The saber-toothed tiger was an enemy. The hyena prowled about their doorways; rhinoceroses browsed upon the plains below. They must have been hunters of small game, but that they dared attack the larger beasts is doubtful. Roots probably formed a part of their food; grubs, locusts and other insects may have been used as a hors d'œuvre.

Why did the Peking Men disappear and not continue to propagate their kind upon the hills and plains of China? That is an interesting question, because, except at one spot on the edge of the Ordos Desert, no evidences of Old Stone Age men have been found in China. They possibly were not here. The reason may well be sought in the climate. After all, climatic fluctuations have been the greatest determining factor in human migrations. I am a fanatic on climate, so I'd better not enlarge upon the subject. My self-starter works beautifully, but the self-stopper not so well. But in its relation to the Peking Men it is really very pertinent.

They lived in the warm period just preceding the first glaciation of Europe. The work of my expedition and that of other geologists have shown that there was nothing but alpine glaciation in this part of Asia. No extensive ice sheets covered the region. It was probably a period of terrific winds. The loess of North China was deposited after Chou Kou Tien time. It is fine wind-blown soil. The wind storms near the end of the period when the Peking Man lived must have made the worst gales of the Gobi in the present day seem like gentle spring zephyrs. I have been battered and pounded by the sand storms of Mongolia for ten years. I don't like them at all. I might even go so far as to say that I loathe and detest them. If they were any worse than they are, I'd never go there.

Why the Peking Men Left Home

That may well be the reason why the Peking Men and all their relatives left China. The wind got so bad that they just could not stand it any longer. They probably did not have very sensitive nerves, but I'll wager that the wind annoyed them. It annoys almost all animals today. You can seldom find big-game mammals moving about in a gale unless they have to. They stay comfortably curled up in some sheltered nook. The primitive humans either died under its attacks or else they moved to more genial climes. Of course this is my personal theory and you must take it as only that. But I am going to stick to it until someone advances a better reason for the almost total absence of Old Stone Age man near Peking, where he ought to be if the Peking tribe had stayed in residence, or finds undoubted paleolithic remains in other parts of China.

The discovery of this primitive human type in just this region lends strong support to the theory of the Central Asian origin of man, which has been so strongly advocated by Prof. Henry Fairfield Osborn, president of the American Museum of Natural History. Professor Osborn has never said that we were certain to discover the earliest ancestors of the human race in Mongolia. He maintains that eventually they will be found somewhere on the Central Asian plateau. Mongolia is a part of that general region and is a good place to look. Doctor Black and Doctor Grabau believe that further to the west and south—Chinese Turkestan, to be exact—is a better place. They may be right. But so many of Professor Osborn's brilliant prophecies have been fulfilled that I'm a great rooter for Mongolia.

The Globe-Trotters

You may well ask why the Peking Man should have been found in China if the human race originated in Central Asia. The answer is that he is a long, long way from being the missing link, if one must use that exceedingly unsatisfactory term. He is a missing link in the broken chain of human ancestry, but the remote progenitors of man will be found in very much older strata. Probably in the early Pliocene; possibly as far back as the Miocene. The beginning of the former period is now estimated at seven million years; the latter at nineteen million.

The Peking Man is only one group of the human family which long before his birth had become definitely human. The family had already split up into many different types, or genera. These had wandered far afield from the original dispersal center of the Asiatic plateau.

The Piltdown Man represents one of those groups. He got as far as England. *Pithecanthropus* was another, and he reached Java. The Heidelberg Man migrated into Germany. Just when these wanderings began one cannot tell, but it must have been in early or mid Pliocene.

Climatic fluctuations can account to some extent for such migrations from the homeland. By the time our friend's ancestors started for Peking, Central Asia was becoming a less hospitable region for human existence. It had already begun to dry up and in many parts was assuming the aspect of a real desert. Game was less abundant, and lakes and rivers not so frequent. The search for more happy climes was probably the chief cause of migration, but man, even in his most primitive state, seems to have had the tourist instinct. He liked to move about; he was a born traveler and explorer. It is not surprising, therefore, that these related types should have been discovered in such widely separated parts of the world.

It is a real comfort to wanderers like myself, who can never rest content until we have seen what lies over the next hill, to realize that the precedent has been long established; that our most remote ancestors were rolling stones. Perhaps they didn't gather much moss individually, but as a race they inherited the earth.

POST SCRIPTS

(Continued from Page 26)

that truck couldn't do more than kill us, could ——

Carl! Carl Hinkle! Another word like that and Grace and I'll go in the train as soon as we get to a town. If you haven't any more respect for me, at least you ought to have for Grace. If you're going to drive like mad and then insult us because we think of our safety, I'm not going to ride with you, that's all. . . .

No, I won't drive. I wouldn't have you criticizing every move I make. Ha-ha! Me give you that opportunity? Well, I guess not. —JOHN O'HARA.

Hate at First Sight

AS SOON as their eyes met they framed
the thought,
"This woman is an enemy." They sat
Together on a cushioned Chesterfield;
Gayly they laughed, and spoke of this and
that,
And balanced egg-shell cups on silken
knees,
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strike
A mortal foe, with flashing fangs. . . . You
see,
Their dresses were in every way alike.
—Margaret Mackprang.

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—Joseph Anthony.

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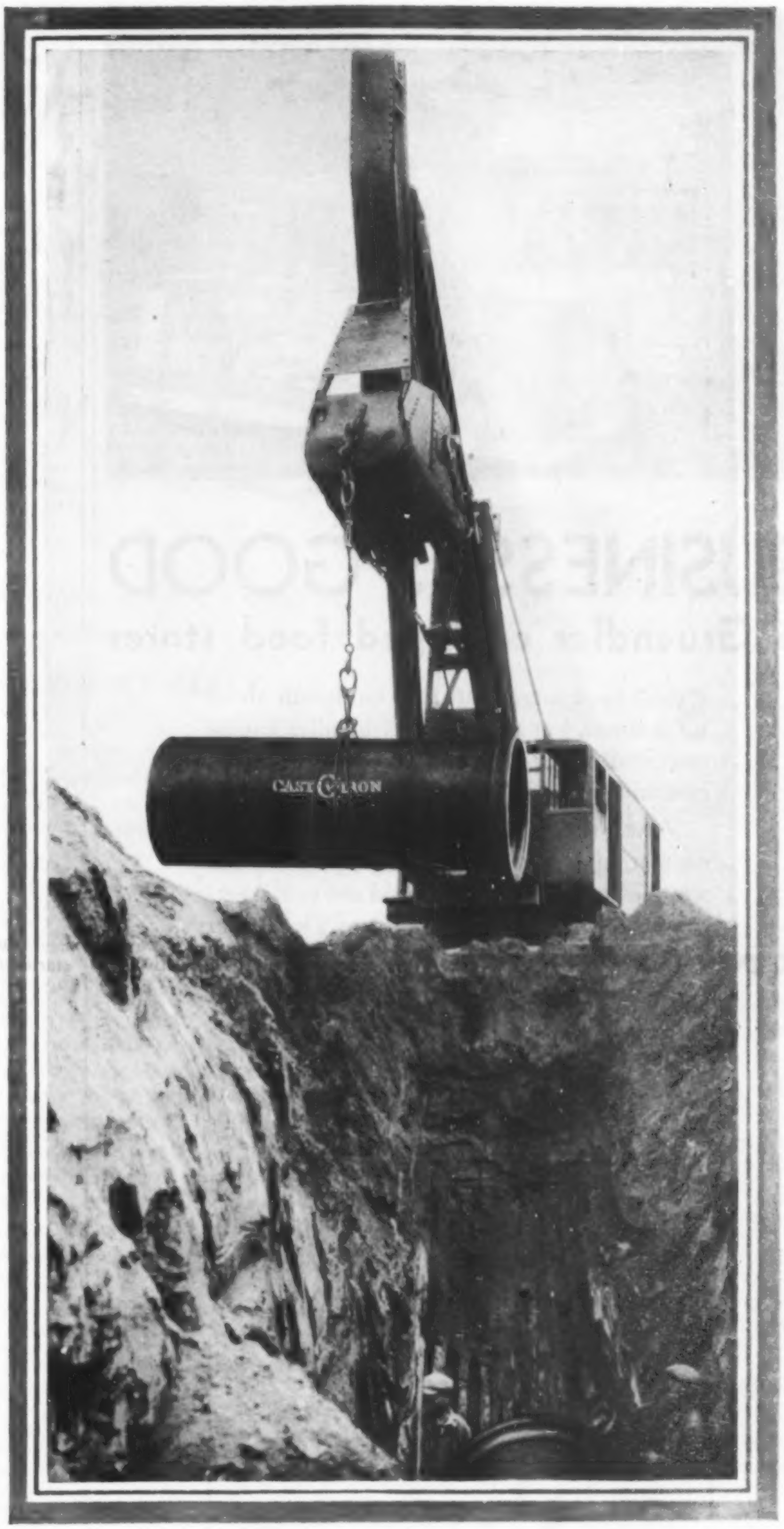

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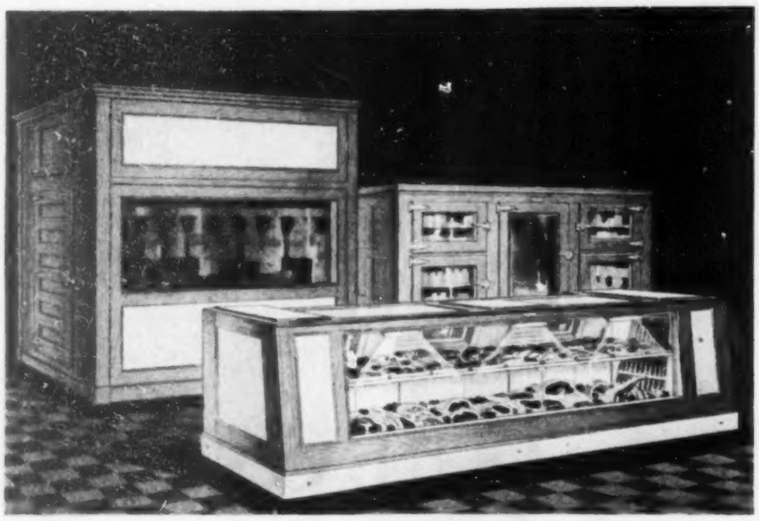

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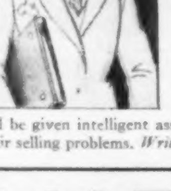

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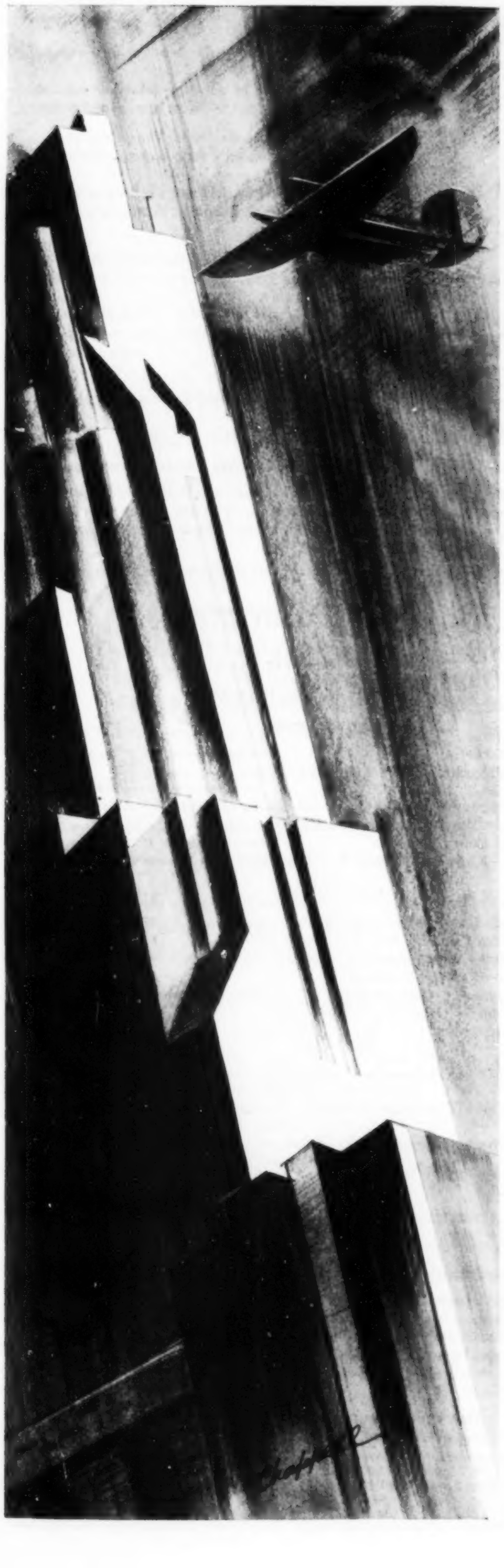

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And the way to find out is not by wading through a billow of words. But by sliding your razor through a thick, creamy blanket of Listerine lather.

You realize that this new cream is different the instant you brush it up. It absorbs water like a sponge. It feels soothing and moist. It *is* moist. It *stays* moist. And next to your skin, it deposits a microscopic film of glycerine.

That makes a royal road for your razor. The sharp steel fairly glides along on the path made smooth and easy by that cushioning film of lubricant. Since there is no friction, most men find that it instantly ends dreaded scrape and pull.

There is no sticky feeling. No heat or harshness. Instead, your skin feels clean and contented, pleasantly protected and exhilarated by the antiseptic essences of Listerine.

Is it high-priced?

That all depends on your point of view, and on the toughness of your beard. This cream is the "baby" of the Listerine family. On it our chemists have lavished the attention always given to the last-born. So it is a superlative product. Price 50c for the big tube containing 118 inches of cream, enough for four to five months of painless shaving.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE
Shaving Cream

The Poets' Corner

The Braver Dream

I WHO have lived in crowds,
Hearing the weary tumult night and day,
Where smoke and steel have shut off sun and clouds,
Still look for distant roads that lead away
To some far solitude of rest and dreams,
Where silence, like a guarding mantle, falls,
And only shadows stalk the singing streams,
As through the years no voice of duty calls.

There I could watch the sky,
Clouds, sunlight, stars and moonlight overhead,
Clean mountains where no smoke drift meets the eye
Nor weary feet march by with weary tread;
And I could find lost dreams of other years,
Dreams of dim gardens in some vanished June,
Dreams made of ghosts and laughter, love and tears,
Of quiet twilights and a summer's moon.

And then I'd dream again
Of all the crowded, struggling drifts of life,
Back where the roaring battle lines of men
Drive on to some dim goal through endless strife,
The strain on nerve and heart, but just ahead
The phantom flag of glory waving still,
The crash and thunder where the sky is red,
The bugle calling to a storm-swept hill.

—Grantland Rice.

Whenever You Come

THE gate will be open—whenever you come—
The coals in the hearth will be ripened in flame;
And I will be waiting—whenever you come—
Loving you, needing you, just the same.

Over the meadow road linnets still cry,
Still comes the lark to the garden's small door,
The sunlight still covers a drowsy blue sky
And the little house dozes, the same as before.

Comfort will wait you—whenever you come!
And peace when you ask it, and sleep when you will;
And I will be waiting—whenever you come—
Loving you, wanting you, needing you still!

—Bert Cooksley.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of the *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly), in U. S. or Canada 10c the copy, $1.00 the year, 2 years for $1.50, 3 years for $2.00; and of *The Country Gentleman* (monthly), in U. S. or Canada 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00. Foreign prices on editorial or title page, or quoted on request.

2 What has the price of a stamp to do with the world's largest food service?

IN THIS message A&P reveals the inside facts about food prices . . . what makes them high . . . and how the family food expenditure can be reduced.

The price you pay for food when you step into a grocery store is, naturally, much higher than the cost of that food at the place where it is grown or made.

For instance . . . it costs money to bring coffee from the plantation to the store . . . to ship it . . . to roast it . . . to truck it. In addition, if that coffee changes hands four times on its way from plantation to store there are four companies who take a profit.

But if one company controls every step in getting that coffee from plantation to store, it can do this work more efficiently and at lower cost . . . and for one profit instead of four. And this is exactly what A&P does.

A&P's own buyers and representatives buy direct right where the best foods are produced. A&P operates its own packing plants, bakeries and canneries to provide other fine quality foods. A&P's own organization directs the movement of these foods right from their source . . . by ship and rail to its own immense food distributing depots . . . by great fleets of trucks to its 15,000 stores in the United States and Canada.

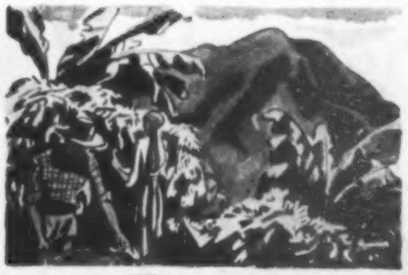
As a result, when you buy your food in an A&P store, you pay less because A&P's prices are not burdened with excessive costs . . . and because you pay only one profit for A&P's complete service . . . a very small profit . . . less than 2½¢ on each dollar you spend . . . only a fraction more than the cost of a stamp.

Reduce your food expenditure during 1930. Shop at an A&P Food Store.

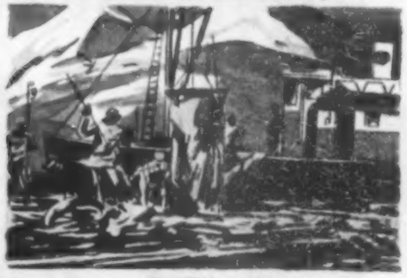
A&P
ESTABLISHED 1859
"WHERE ECONOMY RULES"

The Symbol of the World's Foremost Food Service

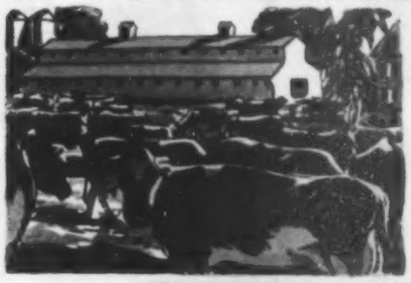
THE GREAT ATLANTIC & PACIFIC TEA CO.



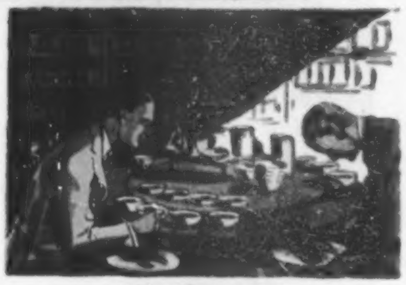
To the tropics . . . to Colombia and Brazil . . . world's greatest coffee growing countries . . . goes A&P for coffees of richest flavor.



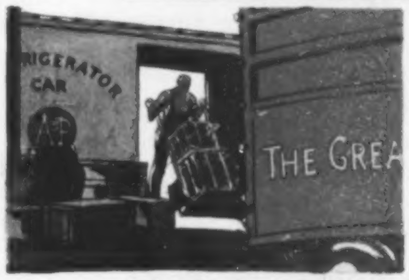
From cold Alaskan waters . . . A&P's fishing fleet speeds freshly caught salmon . . . to A&P's own nearby canneries.



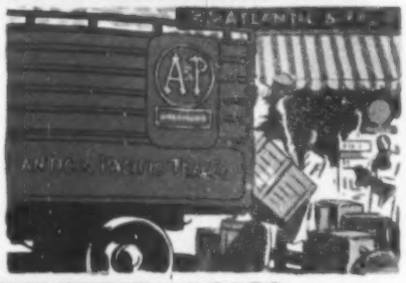
And direct to America's finest dairy sections goes A&P for fresh, country-churned butter and other fine quality dairy products.



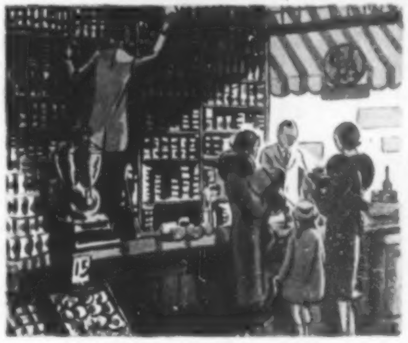
Choicest teas . . . from India, Ceylon, Japan and China . . . purchased by A&P's representatives in the Orient . . . tested and blended by A&P's own tea experts.



From field and farm, from orchard and plantation, the pick of the crop is rushed to A&P's 44 food distributing depots.



Swift motor trucks speed these fine, fresh foods . . . from A&P depots to A&P Food Stores.



From all over the world . . . A&P gathers the finest foods at their source and places them within finger-tip reach at your nearest A&P Food Store.

43,040
HOUSEWIVES HELPED
PERFECT IT

"No one
can buy
better bread!"

BOND BREAD comes to you with the approval of those who know good baking.

Food authorities assure you of its quality. They have tested the purity of each ingredient. They have observed how thoroughly each loaf is baked. Their measured opinion is that "nobody can buy better bread."

Housewives agree, and their standard in comparing Bond with other loaves is the texture and flavor of the best home-baked.

And you may rely upon their judgment. It is supported by the constantly increasing number of home-makers who are exclusively Bond Bread users.

After all — *there is no bread like* **Bond**

The *home-like* loaf

Bond Bread *is delivered fresh from the oven each day to most grocers within 50 miles of these cities:*

Albany, N. Y.
Allentown, Pa.
Baltimore, Md.
Boston, Mass.
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Buffalo, N. Y.
Canton, Ohio
Cleveland, Ohio
Columbus, Ohio
Detroit, Mich.
Enid, Okla.
Hartford, Conn.
Hutchinson, Kans.
Indianapolis, Ind.
Jersey City, N. J.
Kansas City, Kans.
Kansas City, Mo.
Louisville, Ky.
Newark, N. J.
New Haven, Conn.
New Orleans, La.
New York City
Norfolk, Va.
Oklahoma City, Okla.
Omaha, Neb.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Providence, R. I.
Reading, Pa.
Rochester, N. Y.
St. Louis, Mo.
Springfield, Mass.
Steubenville, Ohio
Syracuse, N. Y.
Toledo, Ohio
Tulsa, Okla.
Washington, D. C.
Waterbury, Conn.
Wheeling, W. Va.
Wichita, Kans.
Worcester, Mass.

GENERAL BAKING COMPANY

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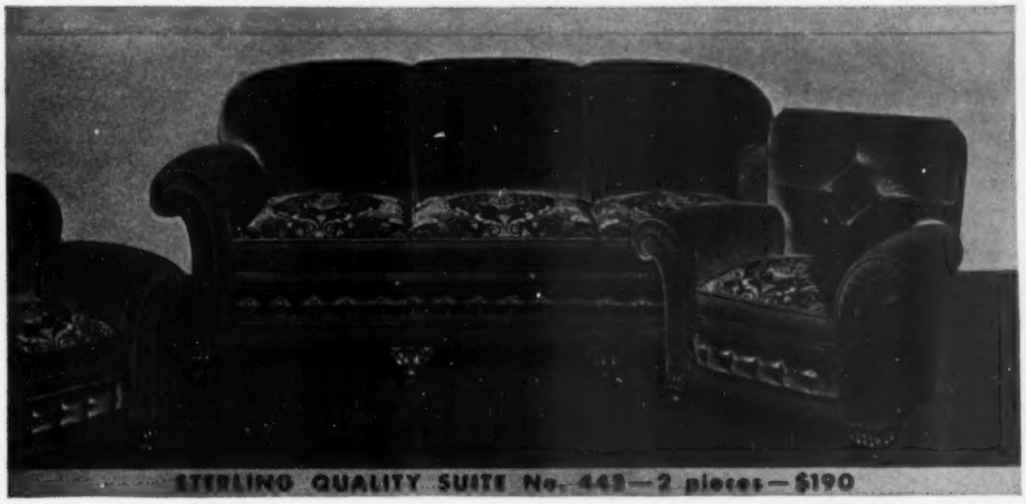
Make these new Kroehler value standards YOUR buying guide



STERLING QUALITY SUITE No. 445—2 pieces—$190

No. 445—A super-value at the moderate price quoted. Large davenport and matching button-back chair. Smart-looking extended front design. All around covering of apricot mohair with harmonizing, colorful figured jacquard moquette on reversible cushions. Kroehler non-warping frame of finest hardwood. Patented Spring Steel Underconstruction. Davenport bed in place of sofa at slight extra cost. Two pieces, only $190. Extra matching chair to complete a three-piece suite where desired, $63

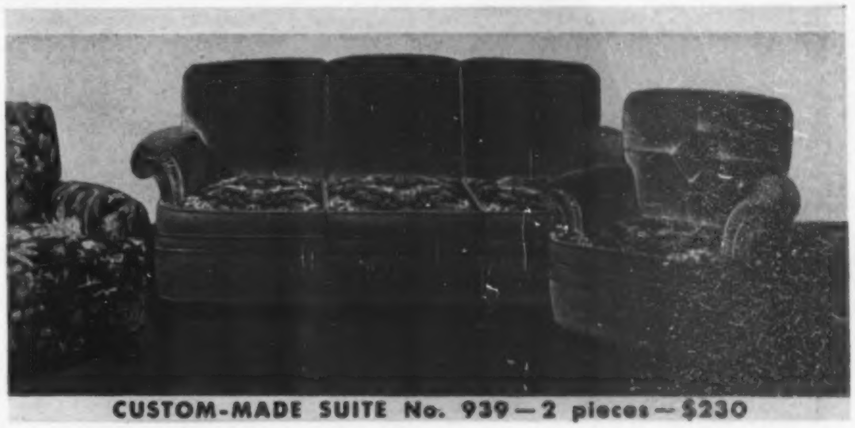
$190

All previous ideals of living room furniture value have been completely revolutionized by these three new and amazing Kroehler Value Standards. Study them carefully.

Each of these specialized groups offers a maximum of quality at the price. Adopt them as your buying guide—as your basis of comparison—and no cheaply built, *false face* furniture will ever find its way into your home.

A typical suite from each of these new Kroehler *super-value* groups is illustrated, described and priced. Please note that, irrespective of the price you select, each piece in each group has the two basic features for which Kroehler quality construction is famous everywhere. (1) Non-warping, lifetime frame of selected hardwood. (2) Patented Kroehler Spring Steel Underconstruction, in place of ordinary webbing.

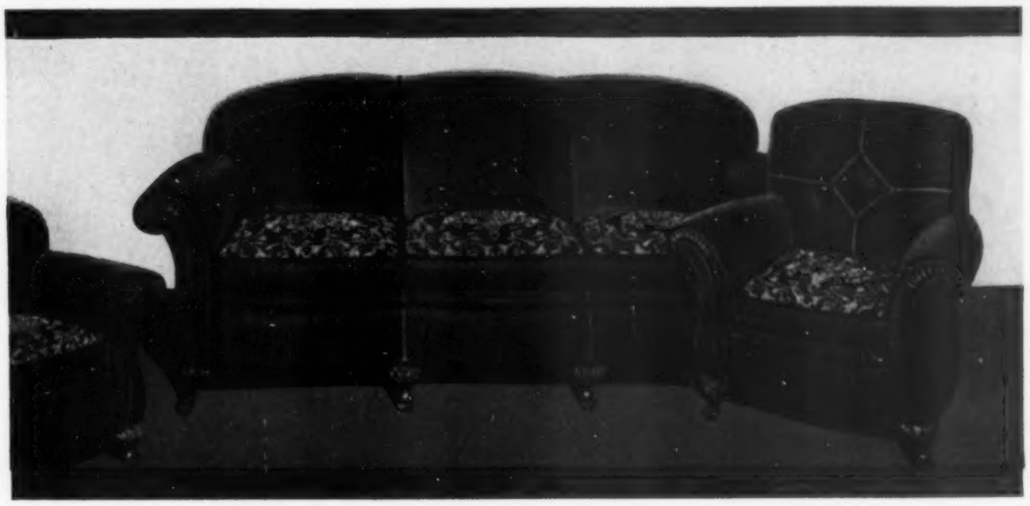
Sturdier construction than this you cannot find anywhere, *at any price*. Only the vast resources, facilities and specialized experience of the great Kroehler organization—eleven modern factories—can produce it so economically.



CUSTOM-MADE SUITE No. 939—2 pieces—$230

No. 939—*Kroehler's finest quality.* Luxurious sofa and button-back chair to match. Covered all around in rich silver taupe mohair. Reversible cushions of jacquard moquette. Kroehler non-warping hardwood frame. Patented Spring Steel Underconstruction. Davenport bed in place of sofa at slightly higher cost. May also be had in a choice of many other attractive coverings. The two pieces, $230. Lounge chair No. 8956 in figured green tapestry, $75

$230



No. 237—Typical two-piece suite from the Standard Quality line. Large sofa of serpentine design and extra deep cushioning. Smart button-back chair to match. Covered all around in rich taupe mohair with reversible cushions of colorful jacquard moquette. Same suite available in many other beautiful colors. Kroehler non-warping hardwood frame and patented Spring Steel Underconstruction. Davenport bed in place of sofa at small extra cost. The two pieces priced at only $150. Extra chair to harmonize, where three pieces are desired, $48.50

$150

All prices slightly higher west of Rockies and in Western Canada

If you are furnishing or refurnishing your living room, see these sensational *super-values* at once. Kroehler dealers everywhere are featuring the three beautiful suites illustrated and hundreds of other attractive Kroehler styles.

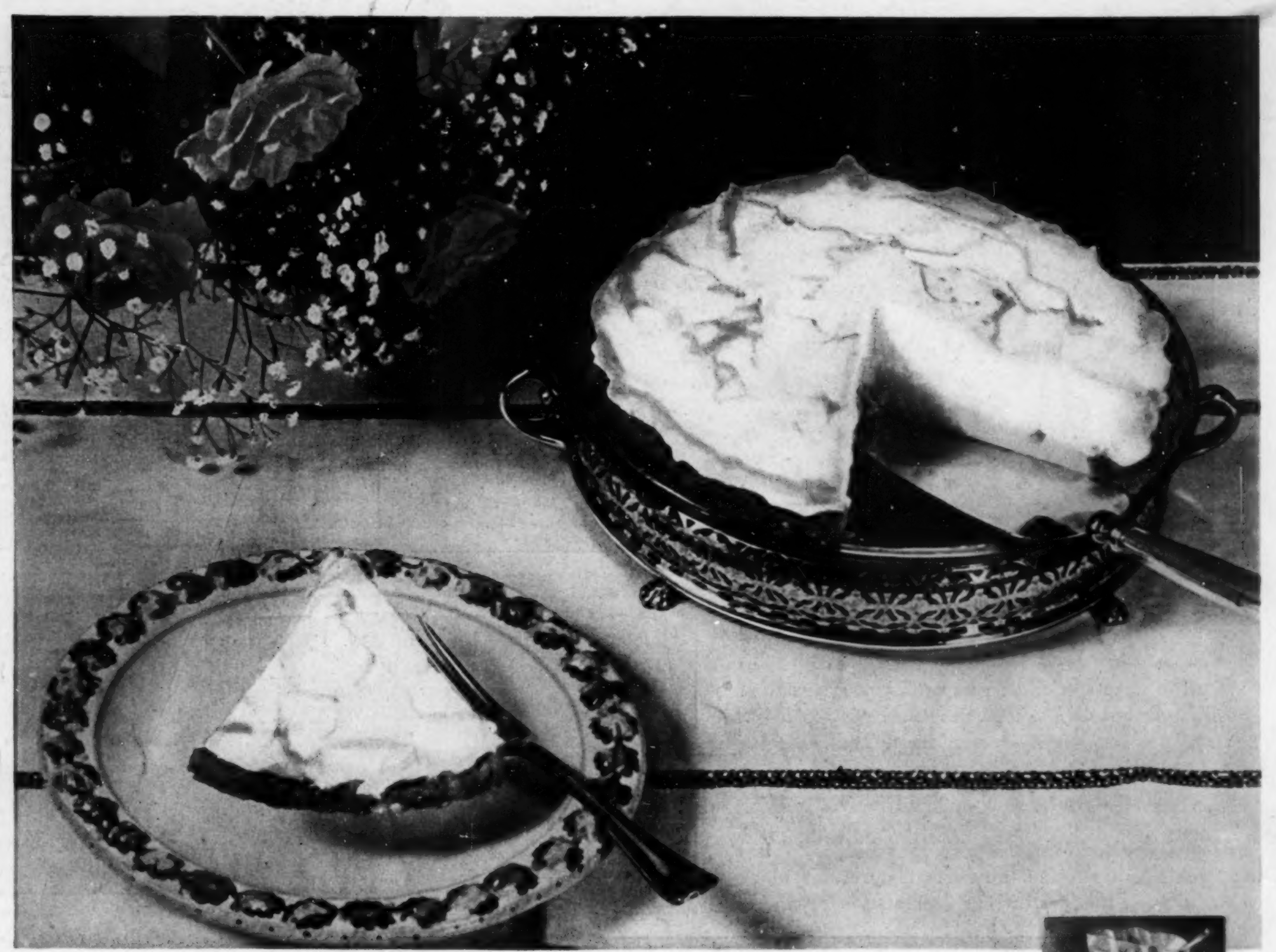
If you do not recall the Kroehler dealer in your locality, write us. We will promptly send his name and address, also a *free* copy of our widely read booklet, "Enjoyable Living Rooms by Kroehler." There is no obligation.

KROEHLER MFG. CO., CHICAGO, ILL.
or STRATFORD, CANADA

Factories at: Chicago, Ill.; Naperville, Ill.; Kankakee, Ill.; Bradley, Ill.; Dallas, Texas; Binghamton, N. Y.; Los Angeles, Calif.; San Francisco, Calif.; Cleveland, Ohio. *Canadian Factories:* Stratford, Ont., and Montreal, Que.

KROEHLER

LIVING ROOM FURNITURE & DAVENPORT BEDS



Successful baking is something more than avoiding failures

Pillsbury's
BEST
XXXX
Flour
Bread
Biscuits
Pastry
PILLSBURY'S

When you avoid baking failures you're halfway to real baking success—but *only* halfway. There's something else, just as necessary.

Of course, avoiding failures is important—so important that Pillsbury's Best Flour is constantly tested, by daily baking, by every scientific method known, to make sure that it will never fail you—that every sack will work perfectly for any baking purpose, bread, biscuits or pastry.

But there's something else that deserves consideration—a kind of success that is more than a matter of dodging failures. Haven't you noticed sometimes that one baked food tastes just a little better than another—although there's no particular difference in their appearance? That's the secret of this higher type of baking success—*perfect flavor*, the mark of the real artist. There's no mystery about it. Simply choose ingredients (flavorings, shortenings, etc.) with greatest care, and use a flour that is *rich* as well as dependable—Pillsbury's Best. For Pillsbury baking chemists have discovered one secret of finer flavor. They have found that certain blends of wheat make a richer flour—and that foods baked from this richer flour have a better flavor. Pillsbury's Best is made only from this carefully selected, plump, full-flavored wheat. It gives you double value—dependability, plus finer flavor.

Here is something really worth having—the certainty that your flour will never cause a failure, and, more than that, the knowledge that everything you bake will have that delicate, unmistakably richer flavor that is the mark of really fine baking. All good grocers have Pillsbury's Best Flour—ask for it by name—for better flavor and more certain success in all your baking!

LEMON MERINGUE PIE

1½ cups boiling water
1½ cups sugar
5 tablespoons Pillsbury's Best Flour
1 tablespoon butter
3 eggs
Juice of two lemons
¼ teaspoon salt
Grated rind of half a lemon

Mix the Pillsbury's Best Flour and sugar together and add to the boiling water, stirring constantly until the mixture thickens. Add the butter, salt, lemon juice and rind and pour the mixture into the egg yolks, well beaten. Return to the heat and cook for two minutes. Transfer to a baked pie shell and cover with a meringue made by beating the egg whites stiff together with three tablespoons of powdered sugar and one-fourth teaspoon of lemon extract. Bake in a slow oven, 325 degrees F. until the meringue is a golden brown—about ten minutes.

PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY
General Offices: Minneapolis, Minn.

Millers of Pillsbury's Best Flour, Pancake Flour, Wheat Bran, Farina, Cake Flour, Rye, Whole Wheat and Durum Flours.

Pillsbury's Best Flour

milled for richer flavor in breads, biscuits, pastry